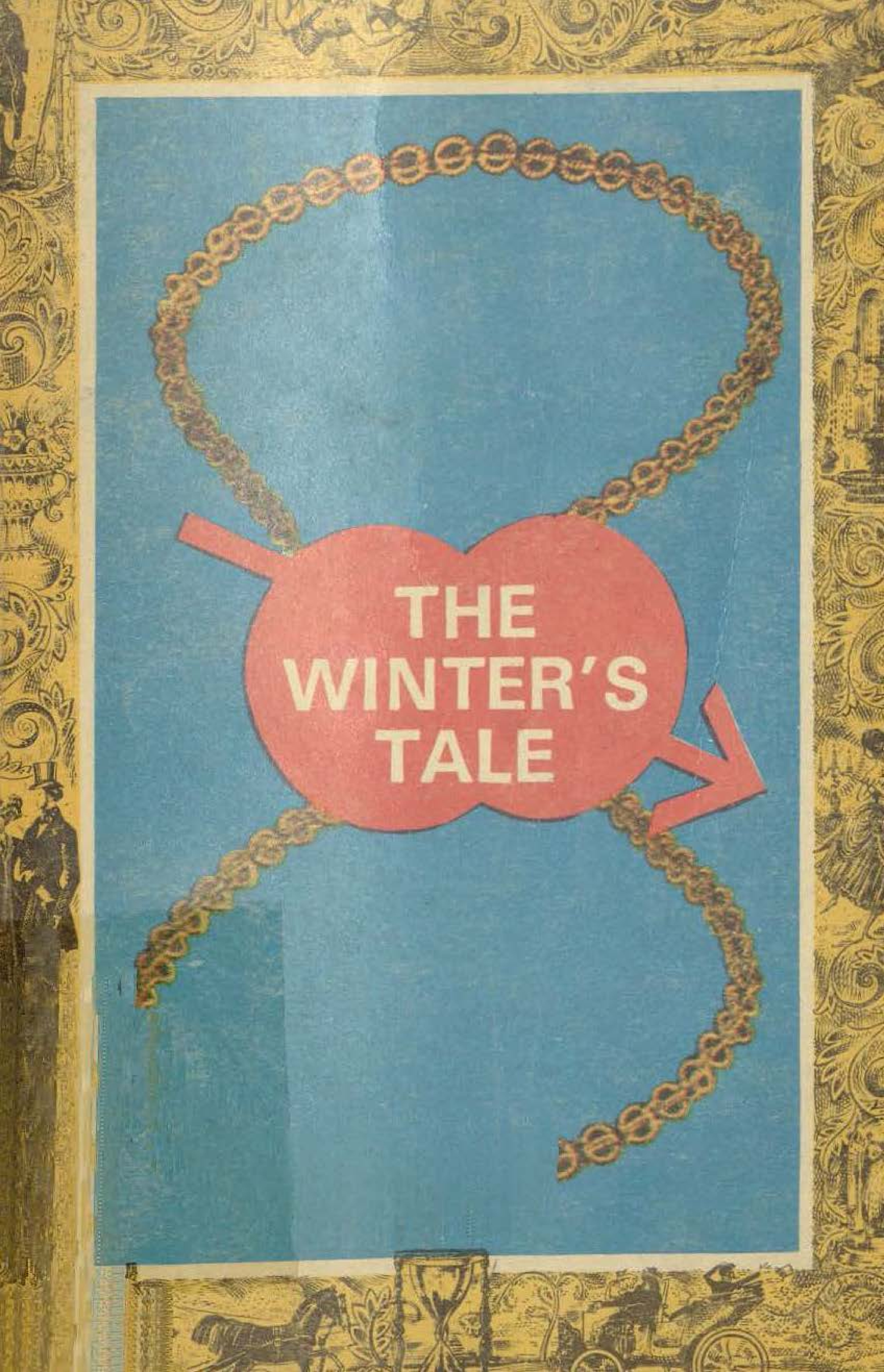

THE
WINTER'S
TALE

SHAKESPEAR'S

THE WINTER'S TALE

WITH

Introduction, Paraphrase, Critical Remarks, Notes, Annotations and Questions & Answers

Publishers :

Kitab Mahal Publishing Co.,
URDU BAZAR, LAHORE

Rs. 15.00

Printed at : Acadamic & Shah Press, Lahore

CONTENTS

PART I

PART II

GENERAL INTRODUCTION

I. THE ENIGMA

George Bernard Shaw in his preface to *The Dark Lady of the Sonnets* has remarked :

"With the plays and sonnets in our hands we know much more about Shakespeare than we know about Dickens or Thackeray."

Nevertheless, it is a fact that about Shakespeare, the man, who was born four centuries ago in England, and wrote his immortal sonnets, poems and plays during the spacious time of queen Elizabeth, we have no authentic records and documents sufficient enough to reconstruct his life from the cradle to the grave.

Centuries of adulation and admiration for the great art of Shakespeare had placed him on a pedestal to be worshipped as a God. But then, with all his greatness, all the supreme qualities of a master mind, penetrating into the deep recesses of human soul in all its joys and sorrows, trials and tribulations, quiet happiness and turbulent ecstasies, Shakespeare is represented to us as a god, denuded of all his humanity. The pity of it all is that we can worship and admire him from the nether distance that seperates him from us, but it is seldom possible to offer him our love as a fellow human being. Again through deep appreciation, penetrative insight, rich sensibility and imaginative sympathy, many eminent and worthy critics have presented us with many hypothetical Shakespeares according to their individual admiration, love, bias or idiosyncrasy. Yet Shakespeare the man seemed to have eluded the imaginative grasp of all of them.

Dowden, a great critic, had traced the development of Shakespeare's mind and art—an excellent effort in the study of the gradual growth of a master mind from the bibliographical stand point of criticism. Dowden, in his excellent book, had traced the immaturity of the master's mind in the immaturity of his early works ; and the maturity of his genius from the

master's mature and more artistically finished works ; or at times the process is reversed in Dowden's analysis of Shakespeare's mind and art. From an early work, he had deducted the immature style and rawness of the master's genius and again found the scintillating brilliance of his genius in the ripe maturity of his later works. Once Dowden had established, rightly or wrongly, the Shakespeare Canon, he could, it seems, easily trace the development of Shakespeare's mind—a gradul rise to excellence and eminence in his art till Shakespeare reaches the height of his glory and genius, then a falling off, a decline of his art and genius in his later tragedies and comedies. The whole attempt of Dowden in recreating for us the totality of the personality of Shakespeare, becomes a art of a mechanic rather than the intellectual probing into a master's mind with human sympathyand understanding in order to reach at the core of the essential humanity of a master artist. Excellent and crudite as the criticism and analysis of Dowden is, yet we fail to touch through him the human qualities in their weakness and strength, with all their follies and foibles, of the great dramatist from such mechanical abjustments of mental development in a creative genius, with preconceived conformity of that growth of art to an established formula.

Nor all the patient labour, protracted through half-a-century, of the bibliographical critics like W. W. Greg. Dover Wilson, Edmund Chambers and A. W. Pollard, to establish the Shakespearean Canon, brought us nearer to Shakespeare, the man. As yet how much do we know of the authenticity of many quartos and folios, which go by the magic name of Shakespeare ? Even the little details of Shakespeare's life and activity as a playwright and stage manager, that we possess as authentic history, do not lead us to that final approach to Shakespeare, the man. And all the analysis and psycho-analysis of Shakespeare, the man and the artist, as reflected in his works, leave us cold and unsatisfied, and somehow the master with all his titanic greatness seems to recede further and further from our understanding to remain for ever as enigma.

Yet the painstaking effort to solve the riddle of the Sphinx goes on. Caroline Spurgeon, with infinite patience and labour, had studied the reiterated imageries in Shakespeare's works in order to trace the workings of a master's mind in the white heat of creation. Yet all her researches seem to be pointless in

understanding the totality of that master mind or in recreating the personality of Shakespeare, the man. And is it not a fact that her excellent and ingenious deductions from Shakespeare's imageries, are at times too far-fetched and unconvincing even to the most gullible of Shakespearean critics ?

Erudition, industry and perseverance of eminent Shakespearean critics like E. K. Chambers and Allardyce Nicoll, of recent years, had added to our knowledge many facts about Shakespeare, the man and his activities as a dramatist and playwright. Many emendations and corrections have been made of Shakespeare's texts : much has been added to our meagre knowledge of Folios and Quartos of Shakespeare, of the method of printing in Elizabethan times, and the conditions of the stage for which Shakespeare wrote his immortal dramas. Yet why do we feel, with a nostalgic sense of loss, as Matthew Arnold felt about Shakespeare's enigmatic personality—'Others abide by our questions, thou art free' ? How, then, George Bernard Shaw can claim to know more of Shakespeare from his works than he knew of his near contempories, Dickens and Thackeray ? Is it possible for us today after four centuries, to feel and enjoy, the genial companionship of gentle Shakespeare and understand the man intimately as his friends and relatives Burbage, Heminge, Condell, Ben Jonson, Anna Hathawaym, the Dark dady and the Fair boy of his Sonnets had the fortune to know him ? From the authentic facts of Shakespeare's life, that we are in possession at the moment can we reconstruct his childhood and adolescence at Stratford-on-Avon, his roving unsettled life of early youth in London, his escapades and hasty marriage with Anna Hathawaym, his many pregrinations in the wild metropolis till the associates with the public stage, his emulation of the University Wits at the beginning of his career as a playwright, his struggles, his inner mental conflicts at curbing the intensity of his passionate nature, his many friendship and loves, his Dark Lady and Fair Boy, his intimate association with the seamy and boisterous side of life on the Bank side of the Thames, the Gruellingly cruel atmosphere of the Paris Garden and the Theatres impressing their darkness and filth on his sensitive and young soul, his constant companionship with his friends and associates and players at the Court and the Inns, his goading inspiration for greatness and aspirations for worldly goods, the ultimate reaching of the heights of

Parnassus, and the attainment of worldly glory of a country gentleman—the consummation of his literary career and the end of his mortal glory ?

II. UNWILLING TO SCHOOL

Yet a true Shakespearean scholar, after he had known all that can be known about Shakespeare's life must form his own impressions of the Man, and these impressions objectively derived, must bear the impress of the Scholar's own personal predilections and prepossessions, of his own mental and spiritual make-up in all his reconstruction of the personality of Shakespeare.

One historical document we can trust for certain is the announcement in the register of Stratford Parish Church that William, son of John Shakespeare was baptised on April 26, 1564. We do not know the actual date of birth of Shakespeare. April 23, was the day of Shakespeare's death : and it is also the day of St. George of England : so critics and scholars had gladly attached the sanctity of the day to the birth of the world's greatest dramatist.

Naturally we are interested in the parents of this child, christened William, who was destined to rise to such greatness, John Shakespeare, the father, had married, probably in 1577 Mary Arden, youngest daughter of Robert Arden of Wilmcote, and William was their third child. John Shakespeare was a glover by profession. His business was to cure and dress the skins of animals. He also dealt in barley and timber as a side line. The early part of his life he spent in prosperity. His wife also had inherited property at Wilmcote.

So he was a man of property and in 1576, when William was aged twelve, he had been granted the coat-armour of gentlehood. He became a prominent figure in public life, and beginning as juror, constable and assessor of fines, he rose finally in 1568 to become the Bailiff. But just after he had applied for the coat-of-arms, his fortunes declined. The rest of his life was passed in financial worries. He had completely withdrawn from civil and municipal affairs of his native place. He must have borne his misfortune bravely in his old age for he was a forceful character, good natured and humorous, and was respected by his town folk. The last impression we would like to

keep about him is that 'John Shakespeare was a merry-cheeked old man who cracked jests with his son William'. John Shakespeare died in September 1601.

Shakespeare's mother, Mary Arden had aristocratic blood in her. The Ardens were once lordly people, pre-conquest notables, accepted by William the Conqueror. And that blue blood in William Shakespeare might have prompted him, after his success in London, to recover from the Herald's College a Shakespeare Coat-of-Arms. His mother died in September 1608. Ivor Brown in his biography of Shakespeare remarks :

> "No incontestable fact is known about William Shakespeare's life between the day of his baptism in Stratford and the announcement in Worchester of his intended marriage."

So we cannot assert for certain that young William attended the Stratford Grammar School. If he did, he was not happy there. In those days discipline in schools was imposed through jerks of the rod and by detention. Reminiscences from his own school days must have prompted Shakespeare to describe one of the seven ages of man as 'Creeping like snail unwilling to school'. As a boy, William's progress each day 'toward school' must have been 'with heavy looks'.

If ever William went to school, what did he learn from those pedants that with cruel lashes flay them ? He must have read the Bible (The Geneva Version) and learnt Latin thoroughly. The great scholar and the scourge of the age, Ben Jonson had declared that Shakespeare had 'small Latin and less Greek'. Yes, 'Small Latin' when compared to consummate scholarship of Ben Jonson and 'Less Greek' certainly, for all the knowledge of Homer he paraded in his plays and poems, Shakespeare must have obtained it from Ovid and Chapman's translation of *the Iliad*. Compared with the University Wits, he had according to his own confession in one of his sonnets, 'rude ignorance'. But with his essential speed and aptitude for assimilation, he could, later in life as a playwright, master without much effort, all the essential knowledge he needed, as a dramatist, of Caesar, Livy, Horace, Virgil, Seneca and Plautus. And according to Hesketh Pearson, "the only classifical author he knew well in the original text was Ovid, parts of whose *Metamorphoses* he studied closely." And Shakespeare's copy of Ovid bearing his own signature is in the Bodleian at Oxford. Three other books which influenced

Shakespeare at different periods of his life are Holinshed's *Chronicles*, North's translation of *Plutarch's Lives* and Florio's translation of Montainge's *Essays*.

William's life as a school boy must have been a strenuous one. And surely it was a dull existence for him if ever he worked as a Usher in the Grammar School at Stratford or served as an apprentice to a Lawyer. With the straitened circumstances of his father, he had, most likely, not a happy home, congenial to his intense sensitivity. But his boyhood must have been enlivened by river side beauties of the Avon where he spent hours bathing and fishing, and observing the sports of lordly falconers and the poor Wat, the hunted hare standing "on his hinder legs with list'ning ears".

The sweet midland region of England in which Shakespeare passed the years of his adolescence left a deep impression on him, as it sustained the poetic fancy and maturing imagination of young William. The exquiste rever-the Warwickshire Avon is the leading physical feature of Shakespeare-Land. On the north-west side of this beautiful river lies the wooded region which formed part of the famous forest of Arden. On the south-west side of the River Avon is region of orchards and grasslands with corn fields. The country round Stratford-on-Avon is rich in its vegetation, containing as many as 852 species of wild flowering plants. On the banks of the Avon grow crowfoot, bulrushes and water Meadow grass and rows of Willows. These willows in Shakespeare's mature imagination witness the watery grave Ophelia :

> "There is willow grows aslant a brook,
> That shown his hoar leaves in the glassy stream".

Even as a boy, young William must have observed nature with meticulous care to find the whitish colour of the willow leaves in their undersides, though apparently seen as green in colour.

Thus we associate all Shakespeare's country lore with the soft flowing Avon and its water-meadows, which must have left an indelible impression, on the adolescent poet while wandering amidst the beauties of the natural surroundings of his native country. No wonder John Sterling wrote :

> "Though Shakespeare's dust beneath our footstep lies.
> His spirit breathes amid his native skies".

Centred round Stratford-on Avon, with all its childhood associations for the poet, Shakespeare's ambition seemed to have been revolving, all the time during his active career as a dramatist in London. To establish himself as the head of a family, with that mark of aristocracy, a Coat-of-Arms, was the guilding inspiration behind all his strenuous activities on the stage in London. And he retired from the stage, a few years before his death, to live there after the restoration of the family fortune in Stratford.

III. SHAKESPEARE'S ANNE

Besides his baptism, the next documented fact in Young Will's life is an entry made on November 27, 1582, in the episcopal register at Worchester, concerning the issue of a marriage licence to William Shakespere and Anne Whateley of Temple Grafton. But Shakespeare was married to "Anne' Hathway of Stratford in the Diocese of Worcester, Maiden. Then who is this Anne Whately? Is this a mistake of the clerk in charge of the records, inscribing Anne Whateley instead of Anne Hathaway? We should be inclined to accept this to extenuate our Young William with a complicity of two love affairs conducted simultaneously with the headstrong passion of a young profligate sowing his wild oats. But then it is hard to shut one's eyes to such palpable incongruity arising out of two entries as 'Anne Whately of Temple Grafton' and Anne Hathaway of Stratford'. Temple Grafton is a small village five miles form Stratford. Evidently there must have been two different maidens at twó adjacent villages, coureed simultaneously by young William. And thus we are confronted with the mystery of Shakespeare and his two 'Annes.'

> "I am inclined to believe," writes Ivon Brown, "that there was an Anne Whateley of Temple Grafton and that she was beaten on the post by Anne Hathaway of Stratford (which included Shottery). The latter lady had the stronger claim and powerful friends."

Yet it is possible that he carried in his memory his love for Anne Whatwley even while he was writing his sonnets in London. Instead of the Dark Lady, the West Wind might have brought to him with dying leaves the faded joys of his adolescence in company with Anne Whately. The soliloquy of

Biron at the end of the Act III in *Loves Labour Lost* may hide some lyricism of the young poet himself.

"A Whitely wanton with a velvet brow.
With two pitch-balls struck in her face for eyes."

Some critics have seen in it the overt reference to the Dark Lady of the Sonnets. With a bold surmise, we may also find a p··n in 'Whitely wanton' (and Shakespare was so fond of puns and read 'Whitely' as 'Whately' and thus connect the thought of the passage with a reference to Anne Whateley. Anne may also share thus some laurels with the Dark Lady in holding the heart strings of the poet ; and some of the interferences from his dramas for this lingering passion in the mature genius may also be placed vicariously for Anne Whiteley as well. What colour of eyes Anne Whateley possessed we shall never know ! Ivor Brown is an iconoclast and with what delight he pulls down the god from the pedestal to expose the feet of clay ! But then, Ivor Brown must have known also that no greatness is more awe-inspiring than the greatness of a reformed rake. It is evident that Young William possessed an over-dose of sensuality and sensuousness which later on formed the broad base for the greatness of his mature genius. Yet this is Ivon Brown's Apologia for young William.

> "Consider the situation, if any one thing can be certainly derived from the writings of William Shakespeare it is an extreme sensitivity to beauty and especially to beauty in persons. His works offer to anthologist the supreme expression of every kind of sexual emotion, from the spring-clear devotion of a Juliet to the autumn fires of a Cleopetra, from purest passion to gross lust, from the holy palmer's kiss of hand in hand to the 'Padling with reechy kisses' in the bed of a 'float king !
>
> The man with such an eye and such a heart, in the flush of youth, has been a good deal more than susceptible to use the trite word of later times ....

No English poet, certainly, has ever so poignantly phrased the agony, as well as the ecstasy of passion, the dominion of its sweetness, and the torturing fears of those held in thrall.........

At eighteen, a youngman of that quality may, indeed probably will, love rapidly, dispersedly, intensely. We do not dishonour Shakespeare if we imagine that he could be

wooing in two villages at once, or at least within three months. It has been done often enough by 'Brisky Juvenals' past and present. Or he may have been partly, wooed..................... When the blood burns, the soul, as we are warned, is prodigal of vows. Suppose Anne Whateley of Temple Graftons to have been the prettier of the two and closer to the young Shekespeare's age. It is no extravagant supposition. Yes, we think also, that it is no extravrgant supposition! ? Neither would it be extravagant to think that like Jacques, Young Will must have been, at one time in his stormy career as a poet and a dramatist', as sensual as the brutish sting itself'. But it is a passing phase, an inner conflict out of which, one with sensitivity of the soul emerges purified, with a calm mind, all passion spent. And stronger the sensitivity, in an artist's youth, the greater is the possibility of its ripening into genial sympathy! For a sensitive poet, every encounter with a beautiful woman may be a splendid spiritual experience, if it touches his soul.

IV. YOUNG WILLIAM AND KALIDASA

In this aspect young Shakespeare resembles very much our Indian Shakespeare, the immortal Sanskrit poet,—Kalidasa. Both the poets had studied and experienced in their young days the beauty of lust and the lust of beauty : and both beauty and lust, in their final mature vision, in the Jaws of Death ? That is the essence of greatness in both the immortal poets.

This overdose of sensuality and sensuousness of their youth eventually moulded the greatness of Kalidasa and Shakespeare as poets.

Let us take, for example, an exquisitely sensuous stanza from Kalidasa's *Kumarsambhawam.*

Parvati, the daughter of the Himalayas, after the burning, of Kam Deva, is doing penance, mortifying her flesh to win the love of Shiva, the God of Gods.

Deep in mediation, seated on the bare rock on the heights of Himalayas under the bare sky, she has exposed her delicate body to the cruel snow of winter and the summer heat of the strong sun : and the first shower of rains falls on her tranced body.

Now let us listen to Kalidasa :

> "The first drops of the first shower perched for a fugitive moment on the long black lashes of her closed eyelids, then trickled down and struck against her nether lip : lingering for a while, the rain drops tumbled down brusting on the peaks of her breasts and then thrilled down lazily over the folds of her flesh below : and eventually lost their way in the depth of her naval".

For comparision, let us take a few lines from Young Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*. They are about the tears bedewing the cheeks of Venus as she finds her Adonis dead.

> Here over come, as one full of despair,
> She veil'd her eye-lids who like sluices, stops
> The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair
> In the sweet channel of her bosom dropt :
> But through the flood gates breaks the silver rain,
> And with his strong course open them again,

And then :

> O, how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow
> Her eyes seen in the tears, tears in her eye :
> Both crystals, where they view'd each other's sorrow
> Sorrow that friendly sighs sought still to dry,
> But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,
> Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again,
> And variable passions throng her constant woe,
> Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.

"Like many clouds consulting for foul weather" :—that was the passion-tossed heart of young Shakespeare : and when the clouds disappeared, from the serene cerulean sky came the glimmering vision of sweet Cordelia's blessed eye swimming in unshed tears :

> Patience and sorrow strove
> Who should express her goodliest, you have seen
> Sunshine and rain at once : her smiles and tears

Were like a better way : those happy smiles;
That played on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes : which parted thence
As pearls from diamond dropped. In brief,
Sorrow would be a rarity, must beloved,
If all could so become it.

What infinite goodness of heart prompted the Poet, with such delicate touches, to show the moral grandeur and dignity of such a sweet woman as Cordelia. This of course, Shakespeare gained later on in his maturity of genius, after being burnt to ashes in passion and lust.

It is not a fact that the weakness of the flesh must fortify all greatness : otherwise it is not human greatness. And the broad based sensuality and sensuousness formed the resting place of Shakespeare's great genius. After all, what we appreciate in greatness, is the human element—the fundamental truth of human life with all its emotions and passions, hopes and fears, tears and laughters, sentimentality and sentiments, flesh and spirit, in all their weakness and strength. And this human greatness calls for large sympathy, sunshine of humour, mighty power of imagination, totality of the vision of life, together with the indomitable courage and dynamic energy to face the facts of life. The human greatness of Shakespeare contained all these elements. At one moment with all its sublimity, this greatness of Shakespeare is the greatness of the bald, austere, yet gaunt and rugged grandeur of ever climbing rocks of the Western Himalayas, rising thousands of feet above the earth in ridges and folds with titanic strength and sinuous vigour, as if the tangled matted hair of a great giant would touch the blue of the heavenes hurtling defiance to the gods above. And at the next moment, this greatness becomes soft with the fragile softness of dew drop, and gray fleecy cloud-vapours that cling to the dense forests of pines with their green moss and lichen, with all their variegated orchids in the heat of eastern Himalayas, while from above the blue sky, the morning sun, in love sends rainbow colours on the towering spires of eternal snow. And the appeal of this greatness is to the understanding heart : and to understand is to love !

V. SHAKESPEARE LEAVES STRATFORD

A period of ten years of Young William's life just after his

marriage is shrouded in mystery. For we have nothing in historical documents to justify our conjectures about the circumstances of his life that led his footsteps eventually to the great Metropolis of London to try his fortune there and emerge as a successful poet and dramatist.

"Of the ten hidden years we know this, that a daughter of William and Anne Shakespeare, Susanna was baptised on May 26, 1583 and the twins followed. 'Hamret and Judith. Sonne and daughter to William Shakespeare were entered as baptised in Startford on February 2, 1585. The rest as far as William is concerned is a baffling and infuriating silence,"—Ivor Brown.

One conclusion that we draw is that young William at the age of twenty one, found himself father of three children.

Straitended circumstances of his father may have induced Shakespeare, the eldest son of the family, to leave his native place with a company of strolling players to seek his fortunes in London. His natural bent of mind, his little histrionic abilities, his deep interest in the stage must have been contributory factors in his decision to leave the bosom of his family. There might have been also a lurking ambition in his young mind to make good in the metropolis, which offered at that time opportunities for ambitious young man with iron will and determination to prosper. Or, may be, he was tired of his insipid life at Stratford. Yet he loved his native place : and from London as a successful businessman, Shakespeare as John Aubery tells us 'was wont to go to native country once a year.'

Was young William's marriage to Anne a happy one? Much as we wish to conjure up the picture of Young William as a perfect husband and his marriage, happy with a farmer's daughter, eight years his senior-as critics like Fripp had done it with glowing colours—yet it remains a wish-fulfilment only.

From his Sonnets, in which he assuredly unlocked his heart recording in them his emotional entanglements with the Dark Lady and the Lovely Boy, his life-long study of pure passion and abyss of sexual emotion, we can not but picture Young William as 'a wayward, melancholy, sensuous, impulsive genius pushed into an unhappy marriage—far from the ideal of 'marriage of true minds.'

So, with Frank Harris, we may, as well think that this marriage must have been a sorry experience for Young William.

Shall we be far wrong if we detect a ring of personal experience in Orsin's advice to Viola ?

> Let still the woman take
> An elder than herself : so wears she to him
> So sway she level in her husband's heart
> For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
> Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
> More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
> Than woman's are.

Shakespeare must have left home in 1585 and next we hear of him, he is in London. At what exact year he left Stratford we do not know. In 1587, the Queen's men with Tarleton Kemp as Chief clown came to Stratford. Shakespeare at that time, if he was at Stratford, may have been apprenticed to a lawyer or working as an Usher in the local School. The strolling players under the patronage of the Earl of Worcester or the Earl of Warwick or Lord Leicester had visited Shakespeare's native town and by their performances there, must have enthused the restless and fretful young man with an aspiring mind to leave Stratford.

E. Frant Candlin, in a B. B. C. talk asserts that strolling players of Lord Leicester's company came to Stratford in the summer of 1587. Young Will Shakespeare, who longed to get away from the small country town into the great world, welcomed Lord Leicester's players eagerly. There were five full acting members, with boy apparentices to play the women's part and the second in-command was a Welshman called Augustine Phillips. It was Phillips who persuaded Shakespeare to join the players and take up writing for the theatre.

> "Exactly seven years later—the normal time for an apprenticeship—Shakespeare was admitted as a master players to full membership of the company. One of the earliest editors of the plays tells us Shakespeare began his theatrical career as prompter's assistant and the chief prompter was Augustine Phillips. It looks pretty conclusive : does n't it ? says Candlin, "If so, we have here the man who gave Shakespeare his first start in the theatre ; the man, that is, who discovered Shakespeare".

Yet nothing is proved, for little definite is known about Shakespeare's early life.

VI. SHAKESPEARE IN LONDON

At twenty three Shakespeare has become a Londoner. In 1592, Robert Greene, a University Wit at his death bed rails at his rival dramatist, Young William Shakespeare in his *Groatworth of Wit* as ;—

> 'An upstart crow, beautiful with our feathers, that with his tigers heart wrapped in a players hide supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you ; and being an absolute Johannes factotum, is in his own conceit the only Shake scene in a country.'

What had happened to young Shakespeare between 1587 and 1592 ? From Johnnes factotum in the Theatre, he had quickly become a master of the trade, a poet and a playwright.

In the first year of his stay in London, Shakespeare must have been acquainted with the New Drama of the University Wits and the new poetry of Spenser—all inspired by the Italian Renaissance. Shakespeare had come to London, most probably on the same year of the astounding success of Marlowe's *Tambarlaine* and watched the success of *Dr. Faustus* also during the next year. Within eight years of his stay in London, Shakespeare had written :

> *Henry vi. 1, 2, 3. Titus Andronicus, The Comedy of Errors, The Taming of the Shrew, Richard III, The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Venus and Adonis, Lucrece, Love's Labour Lost, Romeo and Juliet, A Midsummer Night's Dream.' The Merchant of Venice, and Sonnets.*

So we find that the essence of young Shakespeare's genius as a dramatist was speed and dynamic energy. Inspired by the art of University Wits like Lyly, Greece, Lodge, Nashe, Peele, Kyd, and Marlowe, young William blossomed into a poet first, instead of dramatist.

His country-cousin Field, as a publisher in London brought out Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis* in 1593. And ten editions came out within ten years of this great Renaissance Love-poem. Young William with meticulous care composed these verses and in all humility dedicated 'the unpolished lines' to his young patron, the Earl of Southampton.

The theme is taken from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. Adonis was the son of Cinyras, King of Cyprus. Adonis was a favourite

of Venus, the goddess of love. He was fond of hunting and was often cautioned by Venus not to hunt wild beasts, for fear of being killed in the attempt. This advice he slighted, and at last recieved a mortal bite from a wild boar which he had wounded, and Venus after shedding many tears at his death changed him into a flower called an araemone. The poem is a study in lust and passion.

Sick 'thoughted' Venus becomes a 'bold-faced' suitor to woo 'rose-cheeked' Adonis when the Sun with his purple-coloured face takes his last leave of the weeping morn. And the overtures of Venus to young Adonis, who loved hunting but 'love he laugh'd to scorn, ' begins thus :

"Here come and sit, where never serpent hisses
And being set, I ' ill smother thee with kisses."

He burns with bashful shame. And Venus leads the sweet boy prisoner in a red-rose chain and sits with him on the greesward.

"These blue-vein'd violets whereon we lean
Never can blab, nor know not what we mean".

Then Young Will inexperienced both as a poet and a dramatist, murders the beauty of this Italian Love-scene when he puts these ugly words on the lips of this desperate Goddess :

"Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled-old
Ill-natured, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,
Ore worn, despised, rheumatic, and cold
Thick sighted, barren, lean and lacking juice.
Then mightest thou pause, for then I were not for thee
But having no defects, why dost thou abhor me ?"

Full gently now Venus, mother of Love, takes the fair boy by the hand : a lily prisoned in a gaol of snow and implores :—

'Affection is a coal that must be cool'd
Else suffered, it will set the heart on fire'.

At last Young Adonis gives vent to his pent up emotions :

'Call it not love, for love to heaven is fled.
Since sweating lust on earth usurp'd his name
Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,
But Lust's effect is tempest after sun,

Love's gentle spring doth always remain,
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done,
Love surfeits not, Lust like a glutton dies
Love in all truth, Lust full of forged lies."

Here at last is the vacuum brake pressed with full force in this swift-moving tale of lust and passion !

The whole Poem of 1194 lines may be summed up in the words of Adonia :

'The text is old, the orator too green'.

With all its Titianeque beauty and carnal conceits, the hot house atmosphere of the seduction of Venus is much too oppressive.

Then one year after in 1594, Field published Shakespeare's *Lucrece*, another long poem of lust and passion. It is the sad and horrible story of the rape of Lucrece, the chaste wife of Collatinus, by Sextus Tarquinius. The most undramatic treatment, inconsistent with her character is the mourning and loud lamentation of poor Lucrece after her humiliation. She is 'the poor wasting monument of lasting moans'. She invokes Night as the image of hell and blind muffled bawd then opportunity—as foul abettor, notorious bawd, who had enchained her to endless date of never-ending woes". She wails to the Nightingale :

"Come Philomol, that sing'st of ravishment
Make thy sad grave in my dishevell'd hair."

She looks at the fresco paintings on the walls of her bed-room;

"Till she despairing Hecuba beheld.
Staring on Priam's wounds with her old eyes
Which bleeding under Pyrrhus proud foot lies."

She riles next at Helen :

Show me the trumpet that began the stir
That with my nails her beauty I may tear,

Lucrece's lamentations end with Hardy's Tess motive.

'Immaculate and spotless in my mind.
That was not forced, that never was inclined
To assessory yieldings but still pure
Doth in her poison'd closet yet endure.'

VII. SWEET MR. SHAKESPEARE

With these two poems of lust and passion Young William has risen to fame as a poet. Even 'sage and moral' Spenser is impressed and alludes to William's poetie gifts :

> "From whose pen
> Large streams of honnie and sweet Nectar flowe."

Here is a significant allusion to Shakespeare's popularity as a poet :

In 1598 *The Pilgrimage to Parnassus* was performed at St. John's College, Cambridge. In this play, one of the characters, Guillo says :

> "Let thus duncified worlde esteeme of Spenser and Chaucer, I'le worship sweet Mr. Shakespeare, and to honour him will lay his *Venus and Adonis* under my pillow ....O sweet Mr. Shakespeare ! I will have his picture in my study at the Court".

Yet the sober criticism of the young poet's merit is to be found in another play *The Return from Parnassus* in which Judicio, a character, considers Shakespeare's poetry as too light and too much obessed with sex.

> "Who loves not Adon's Love or Lucrece rape ?
> His sweeter verse contaynes heart-throbbing line.
> Could but graver subject him content
> Without love's foolish lazy languishment !"

The 'graver subject' was to come later on in Shakespeare's full maturity.

Edmund Chambers thinks that :
"The actors esteemed his (Shakespeare's) practical stage-craft and his theatrical appeal to the general public, while the students made a cult of his amatory verses and habitually called him 'Sweet".

VIII. UNIVERSITY WITS AND THE YOUNG DRAMATIST

With rich sensibilities of a great sensuous poet, William Shakespeare, a serious youngman at the age of twenty four got to work at theatre in London. The contents and form of drama at this time were changing in England. Its old associ-

ations with the religious service in the Middle ages had been cut off by the indigeneous forms of drama that developed as a natural growth—the Mystery, Miracle and Morality plays and the interludes. Long before Shakespeare's active interest in the theatre, drama had become a piece of story telling, a history, a love affair, a thrilling narration of villainy, the triumph or the downfall of some mighty hero.' And in 1579 we hear the denuciation of Stephen Gosson against the demoralising atmosphere of the public stage, with its mischievous, thievish and lecherous crowd and immoral representations on the stage.

> "The argument of tragedies," so writes Gosson, "is wrath, cruelty, incest, injury, murder, either violent by sword or voluntary by poison : the persons, gods, goddesses, furies, friends, kings, queens, and mighty men. The ground work of comedies, is love cozenage, flattery, bawdry, sly convenyance, whoredom the persons, cooks, queans, knaves, bawds, parasites, courtezans, lecherous old men, amorous young man".

Yet the new drama, with its classical lore and rich ornate language ushered in by the University Wits on the bare platforms of the Elizabethan play-houses attracted young Shakespeare to cast in his lot with them—first as a player then as a collaborator with other playwrights rising gradually into independence as a dramatist and part manager of a theatrical company with his fellow actor, Burbage.

On coming to London, young Shakespeare must have been thrilled by the performance of Marlowe's *Tamburlaine the Great*. He must have been carried away by the music and the lilt of the mighty lines, mouthed by the ablest actor of the age, Edward Alleyn. Eager and ambitious, the young poet with all his nascent poetic genius, was enthralled by the magic and the golden flow of Marlowe's blank-verse, with so much intensity of passion, verve and musical cadence. The poet in him was roused by the trumpet music of Marlowe, Cosmic imageries of Marlowe are a sojourn of the ecstatic soul to the intense inane with a shower of gold dust which dazzles the senses with the pyrotechnic brilliance of their translunar yearnings. Yet with all its fiery words flowing in liquid golden cascade of beauty, Marlowe is exquisitely yearning for the final expression of all artistic creations :—

'One thought, one grace, one wonder at the least
Which into words no virtue can digest.'

Marlowe's exquisite influence in Young William was to bring out all his nascent poetic gift of imagination, which brought him fame as a poet.

John Lyly, the author of *Euphues, the Anatomy of Wit*, offered Young Shakespeare a model of ornate prose, highly flowered expression with balanced,/ antithetical sentences, wrought out with conscious artistry, lavish in alliteration and assonance, in puns and conceits. From exercises into imitation he was able to grasp the inner strength and weakness of the Lylyan style and soon could free himself also from its cloying influence.

Even in *Loves Labour Lost* Biron speaks out young dramatist's own resolution to eschew this heavy ornate style :

"Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise
Three-piled hyperboles, spruce affectation
Figures, pedantical, these summer flies
Have blown me full of maggot ostentation :
I do forswear them : and I here protest
By this white glove-how white the hand, God Knows ?
Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express
In russet yeas and honest kersey noes."

So young Shakespeare's apprenticeship to University Wits was a clear adaptation, rather than a slavish imitation, and his own wit may have led him to the intellectual exercise of parody, while assimilating the best they could offer him. Allardyce Nicoll's observation, coming as it does out of his profound study as a scholar and his penetrative insight as a critic, is a true estimate of the eclectic mind of young Shakespeare, and of his power of assimilation which would one-day proclaim the independence and uniqueness of his genius. It is this :

"In his (Shakespeare's) earliest plays he had indulged in imitation, and this so successfully as to persuade many excellent critics into imagining that among his lines are lines by Marlowe, Peele and others. For any young dramatist, however, parody is better than imitation, since parody implies at once a refusal to bow completely to the style of

another and an awareness to the deepest springs from which the original model takes its rise. Truly effective parody is born, not out of contempt, but out of love that still retains a measure of balance".

Young Shakespeare, besides Marlowe and Lyly, must have been aware of the blood and thunder melodrama popularised by Thomas Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy* on the Elizabethan stage. About the time Shakespeare was writing *Venus and Adonis* he must have supped full of horrors as he wrote *Titus Andronicus*—a drama of carnage and rape.

This play was very popular on the stage and many reprints prove its popularity also with the reading public.

John Masefield sums up the fable for us thus :

"Tamora, Queen of the Goths whose first born son is sacrificed by Titus Andronicus, determines to be revenged. She succeeds in her determination. Titus and his daughter are mutilated. Two of the Andronici, his sons are beheaded.

"Titus determines to be revenged. He bakes the heads of two of Tamora's sons in a pasty, and serves them up for her to eat. He then stabs her after stabbing his daughter. He is himself stabbed on the instant : but his surviving son stabs the murderer. Tamora's paramour is then sentenced to be buried alive and the survivors (about half the original cast) move off (as they say) to order well the State."

On horror's head horror is accumulated in this play—this revenge Tragedy with all its inhuman atrocities perpetrated on the stage, with all its bombast borrowed from Seneca. The atmosphere of insensate melodrama with all its rhapsody and rant, of the profusion of blood and buresque, is almost suffocating in all its gruesome horror.

The play opens with Tamora accompanied by her three sons and her negro paramour Aaron led captive in Rome by Titus Andronicus. All the twenty one sons of Titus lay slaughtered in the battlefield and to appease their shades four surviving sons of Titus lead away Alarbus, the eldest sons of Tamora for sacrifice. And after twelve lines of blank verse recited on the stage, they re-enter with their sword bloody and before the mother, boast :

See lord and father, how we have performed
Our Roman rites : Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd
And entrails feed the sacrificing
Whose smoke, like incense doth perfume the sky ?

Is it very cruel ? This turning of human flesh giving out fragrance ?

IX. SHAKESPEARE'S LONDON

Did these atrocities and bloodshed, mutilations, and murders, on the stage offend the sensibilities of the theatre goers during Shakespeare's time ? No, they were born of sterner stuff than we are. In their daily life in Elizabeth's London, they were accustomed to see this tragic loading of the dead bodies on public thorough fares.

Shakespeare's London was cramped within the city walls with narrow streets, open gutters and low roofs. Outside the pale of the city on the Bankside stood the theatres and the Paris Garden, taverns and houses of harlotry, where brutality and abominable practices would go on unabashed among the insensitive barbarians of the day. Besides, Shakespeare coming from Stratford to the Metropolis must have passed by Tyburn, the western outskirts of Elizabethan London.

'There', writes Dover Willson in his *Essential Shakespeare*, 'you may see the hangman at his work, of which hanging is the least interesting part... ......For the Elizabethan hang-man is an artist, and the knife is his chief instrument the art consisting in tossing his man off the ladder, hanging him, but cutting down before he breaks his neck, so that he may be dismembered and disembowelled while still alive. Indeed there is one recorded instance of a priest who was heard praying while the hangman already had his bleeding palpitating heart in his hand—and skill could hardly go beyond that. Did Shakespeare ever attend executions of this kind ? Not often I think : yet Macbeth's cry, 'As they had seen me with these hangman's hand,' shows that he could be present atleast in imagination."

From North London on his way to Black-Friars Theatre Shakespeare had to pass the Bridewell Prison—'outside which public whipping of women for harlotry was a usual spectacle.'

So Lear cries out, as has been appositely referred to, by Ivor Brown :—

"Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand.
Why dost thou lash that whore ? Strip thine own back,
Thou hotly lusts to use her in that kind
For which thou whippest her."

As Shakespeare crossed in ferry boat the Thames to reach Southwark, he would see, "severed heads being devoured by scavenging birds of prey."

He had come by now to the headquarters of pleasure. Here were the theatres :—The Blackfiars run by Henslowe. Whose son-in-law, Edward Alleyn has been playing, the star role in Marlowe's plays and mouthing his mighty lines to receive the applause of the rough, unclean and rowdy audience and the Globe Theatre of Shakespeare, where you could enjoy bloodshed and bombbast of *Titus Andronicus.* Outside the theatres prowled the Winchester Geese, the famous brothelinmates and the taverns around were full of drunken hilarity. And the greatest attraction of them all was the Paris Garden run by the enterprising Henslowe.

Let us enter this garden of pleasure. Inside, among the audience is the Queen, with her Maids of Honour and gallant Courtiers. She has come in her barge there over the Thames, which then had a great river traffic with two thousand boatmen. Around the Queen are rogues, harlots, pickpockets, pimps and the unsashed motley crowd. The show begins. Henslowe makes a great bow to the Queen, and presents Harry Hunks—the favourite bear tied to a stake. Mastiffs fly at his throat and are repulsed by the bear with maddening fury. Some dogs are killed. Harry Hunks is led out and another bear is tied to the stake for popular entertainment and for the Queens's pleasure. Then a blinded bear is released in the arena and small boys slash it. The spectator, with sublime impartiality would cheer when a boy falls and is mauled by the bear and is carried away screaming.

Shakespeare had some shares of the Paris Garden with Hanslowe. And this association and the impressions of the Paris Garden makes Macbeth protest :

"They have tied me to a stake : I can not fiy
But bear-like I must fight the course."

Yet the show is not over. A bull is tied to stake and dogs are let loose. The bull fights with his horns and kills a few

dogs. The star performance left as the finale of this shambles is the Ape on the back of a horse, followed by barking dogs. Round and round they go, the pursuer and the pursued till at last the ape is dislodged from the horse back and is torn to pieces by the hounds. The show is over. The Queen is bowed out of the pleasure garden by Henslowe. The crowd, after this, go over to the taverns and bawdry houses.

Shakespeare's plays at the Globe Theatre were an alternative entertainment to this show at the Paris Garden. That accounts for all the blood and thunder, murder and madness may all the elements of melodrama in *Titus Andronicus*, *Richard III*, even in *Macbeth*, *Hamlet* and *King Lear*.

X. SHAKESPEARE UNLOCKS HIS HEART

Yet with all this love for horror and bloodshed, the Elizabethan could appreciate Beauty, Poetry and Music. A courtier was not only a soldier but a scholar, a musician and a poet. Courtiers and poets wrote verses and affected the Lylyan style even in conversation. Manuscripts of poems were copied out and circulated among friends. Though Shakespeare's Sonnets were published in 1609, they must have been known and appreciated by his friends and patrons long before the turn of the sixteenth century. In the Sonnet-sequence Shakespeare is at first exhorting the Fair Boy to marry, then recording his hopeless passion for the Dark Lady and mourning her infidelity when she forsakes the poet for his beautiful boy friend.

"Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
That like two spirits do suggest me still :
My better angel is a man right fair
My worser spirit a woman coloured ill."

—The Passionate Pilgrim.

The Sonnets were published in 1609. Yet Meres in his *Palladis Tamia,* written in 1598 refers to Sonnets by Shakespeare :

"The sweet wittie soule of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare, witness ? ....his surgred Sonnets among his private friends."

The Sonnets are dedicated to a "Mr, W. H. " the 'On lie begetter' of the poem. The first group of twenty six sonnets

is addressed to a young man for whom he 'must have felt a more than ordinary affection' : The second group of one hundred and twenty six sonnets concerns the 'dark woman'.

Wordsworth believed that 'with this same key Shakespeare unlocked his heart.' And Browning in his characteristically paradoxical way remarked, 'Did Shakespeare ? If so, the less Shakespeare he.'

Yet modern critics are willing to believe that in his sonnets Shakespeare is the real speaker in every time, and "here if nowhere else, he 'abides our question."

Shakespeare's 'Lovely Boy' with all his beauty's rose is immortalised in the 'Stretched metre of an antique song.' This boy is the 'master-mistress of his passion'. Who was this lovely boy' who was so much adored by young Shakespeare ? We do not know.for certain if he is the Earl of Southampton or the Earl of Pembroke. Oscar Wilde thought the boy was one William Hughes, a young actor in Shakespeare's company, who successfully took the female roles in Shakespeare's early plays.

'And the Dark Lady--the lady whom Shakespeare alternately adored and loathed with all his passion-tossed soul. Tyler in his introduction to the *Facsimile Reprint of the Sonnets* indentified the Dark Lady with Mrs. Mary Fitton, a maid of honour to Elizabeth, Frank Harris also made Mary Fitton the heroine of his book, *The Man Shakespeare and His life story.*

Only difficulty, almost insurmountable, which arised in fixing Mary Fitton as Shakespeare's beloved lady, is that Mary had fair hair—not 'black wires' as vividly described by the infatuated lover himself in his Sonnets. Mary in the Sonnets is 'a pale-skinned red-lipped woman, with eyes of gleaming black, and raven-black hairs, witty, fond of music, alluring, maddening, magical and utterly wanton'. She haunts Shakespeare's imagination when Romeo, before he meets Juliet, is stabb'd with a white wench's black eye, shot through the ear with a love song —and appears at first on the stage as a love-sick young man sighing for Rosaline. Even in his mature years Shakespeare could not forget the bewitching beauty of the Dark Lady when he was creating the soul of Cleopatra.

Did the Dark Lady break young Shakespeare's heart ? Bernard Shaw, in reply, would quote Rosalind :

> 'Men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them : but not for love'.

Yet from all his early writings, poems, sonnets and plays, can we boldly recreate the personality of young Shakespeare, or bodly assert with Ivor Brown that our young Shakespeare was :

> "A man of like passions with ourselves, who declared his frailties in his plays and sonnets, his melancholy, his sex-hunger, his infatuation for Mary Fitton, his remorse and his tendency to expose a broken heart and blubber all over the place".

If so, the mysterious genius of Shakespeare reveals to us the tangled love-life, and tortured and enraptured soul in the grip of a hopeless love in his earlier works. And we are to believe in Ivor Browns's reconstruction of Shakespeare's personality. And Ivor Brown's avowed purpose is to find the inner man in Shakespeare's greatness.

"My purpose", he writes, "certainly bold and perhaps, is to discover the man behind the writing, and to extract his motives, passions, frustrations, despairs, triumphs, and delights from the ravelled sleave of contemporary allusion and of such personal portrayal as his legacy of writing and its verbal images contain".

Yet who knows, we might be after all running after a chimera ? If we may borrow, the sanity of George Saintsbury, we shall echo in the end, his words which bear the ring of finality so far as enigma of Shakespeare is concerned.

'None is proved : and for the literary purpose, none is really important. What is important is that Shakespeare has here caught up the sum of love and uttered if as no poet has before or since, and that in so doing he carried poetry that—is to say, the passionate expression in verse of the sensual and intellectual facts of life to a pitch which it had never previously reached in English, and which it has never outstepped since. The coast line of humanity must be wholly altered, the sea must change its nature, the moon must drawn it in different ways, before that tidemark is passed.

In 1592 there was a severe epidemic of plague, and London theaters were closed. When it swept over the metropolis, Shakespeare might have gone out of town with the strolling players and instead of touching up old plays or collaborating with the

University Wits, he might have employed his leisure hours in writing *Venus and Adonis*. During this time Shakespeare found his patron in the Earl of Southampton.

Lyricism of his poems overflows into his dramas for a year or two after that. In *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, which he must have written after a short visit to Stratford, we find him for the first time warbling 'his native wood notes wild.' The sweet Avon with her surrounding beauty of nature had inspired the lyricism of the young poet. Here is the appreciation of Hazlitt of this exquisite dream phantasy :

> 'The reading of this play is like wandering in a grove by moonlight : the descriptions breathe a sweetness like odours thrown from beds of flowers.'

And that Theseus describes of the imaginative faculty of the poet is also the power and glory of our young poet :

> 'The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling
> Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven.
> And as imagination bodies forth
> The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
> Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
> A local habitation and a name'.

As a young poet and playwright Shakespeare was conscious of his increasing power. He has acquired self-confidence ; and self-satisfaction he found in his work ; and with expanding horizon of his conscious genius he was rapidly producing new plays. Besides, he was loved and honoured by his companions of the trade. Like pyramus he was a 'sweet-faced man ; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day ; a most lovely gentleman-like man'.

XI. THE MAN OF PROPERTY

In 1594 Strange's men became Lord Chamberlain's men and with William Kemp and Richard Burbage, Shakespeare bought a share in the company. During christmas, they performed before the Queen at Greenwich and on December 28th 1594, at Gray's Inn they performed *The Comedy of Errors* and they toured the country that year to Marlborough, Cambridge and Ipswitch.

In 1596 his father, John Shakespeare, after nearly twenty years, was granted the Court-of Arms ; and Shakespeare at the age of thirty-two became a gentleman. This ambition of his adolescence, now realised, had kept him steady and sober in London. This was the anchor-sheet that kept in balance his inner conflict between asceticism and libertinism, headlong passion and sober restraint, the uniting ground of his flights of imagination an the realities of the sublunar things. But for this ambition to make good and retire as a country gentleman to his place of birth, hallowed by all his childhood associations, young Shakespeare, in the impetuosity of his passion and impulses, might have drifted in the sweaty and petrified atmosphere of the taverns and places of harlotry, amidst which he worked in the metropolis, and ended his career as a dramatist, as miserably and deplorably as Greene and Marlowe. Yet Hasketh Pearson would make us believe :

> "His (Shakespeare) desire to be gentleman is the worst thing we know about him : and being the genius he was, it is quite bad enough, for it means that his sense of values was warped. Everything that is weak and paltry in his works, springs from that defect; false thetroric, his pomposity, his affectations, his cheap sallies of wit, some of his later bitterness, his self-humiliating dedications and sonnets."

On the contrary, the transcendant power of Shakespearean genius, because of this earth-bound ambition, gained its large sympathy, its sobriety and restraint, and all the greatness of his mature insight into human nature and 'mother of things'. This earth-bound ambition released him from his bondage to Marlowe's intensity of passionate yearning for the love of the impossible, from the Lylyan verbiage of ornate and artificial style, gave him generality of breadth in which he could fathom the depth of human soul in ecstasy of joy and in doldrums of despondency and despair. It fortified his soul to acquire that final vision of the totality of life, with that 'negative capability' which is at the base of his almost super-human genius.

XII. THE SOUL IN ECLIPSE

And sorrow came to his life when in August 1596 Shakespeare lost his only son, Hamnet, aged eleven. The anguished soul of the bereaved parent we find reflected in *King John.*

Constant speaks of her innocent, helpless and pathetic child, Arthur, borrowing a father's bereavement.

> "Grief fills the room up of my absent child
> Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me
> Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
> Remembers me of all his gracious parts
> Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form,
> ....
> O Lord ! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son !
> My life, my joy, my food, my all the world !"

He was not sitting on the 'top of happy hours' any more. Disappointments, frustrations, hopes, blighted, he had experienced before ; he had realised, by now, also that 'sorrow's crown of sorrow', as a father who had lost his only son ! Burnt by passion and sorrow, Shakespeare had become purified and had attained that serenity of life, which alone can fortify the soul of a poet to see into the very life of things. Moreover has not Keats defined a poet as one to whom the sorrows of the world are real sorrows ?

.He had already written comedies and poems full of conceits, quips, quibbles, and intellectual word plays ; he had sung of his own patriotism in the Histories :

> "This royal throne of Kings, this sceptr'd Isle,
> This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
> This other Eden, demi paradise,
> This fortress built by nature for herself
> Against infection and the hand of War :
> This happy breed of man, this little world,
> This precious stone set in the silver sea,"

And for three years from now he has to write Histories :—

King John, Richard II, and Henry IV, 1 and 2, and Henry V

Chastened by sorrow, not elated by wordly success, Shakespeare had left the hot house atmosphere of *Love's Labour Lost,* the romantic far away regions of Verona, Venice, Ephesus and the Athenian forest by moonlight, and he had created now a contemporary world around him in his plays. In *Henry IV* :

"Real life, the life of the road, and the tyavern, a world that every playgoer could instantly recognise as his own, appeared for the first time on the stage."

And Shakespeare created also in it the immortal character of Sir John Falstaff. Falstaff is not only witty but he is the cause of wit in others. Here is the limit of art reached in wit and humour in Shakespearean genius. Yet when he was creating this spirit of comedy incarnate which we would always welcome with a volley of silvery laughter, the creator of so much innocent laughter was not standing 'on the top of happy hours'. And this period Shakespeare began to suffer from insomnia, which we learn from his deeply felt outbursts on the theme of sleep. His King Henry complaints of insomnia and invokes the dull God sleep—

'Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eye and rock his brains
In cradle of a rude imperious surge
... .
Canst thou O partial sleep! Give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude
And in the calmest and most stillest night
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then happy low, lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

Shall we go ahead and hear the agonised cry of Macbeth when he murders Duncan:

"Macbeth hath murdered sleep"?

And shall we be far wrong if we infer that all the fire-works of wit and humour was only an escape from the clouded misery that enveloped the serene sorrow-ladden soul of the poet?

Shakespeare had reached the maturity of his genius by now. Mature comedies with good poetry and honest characterisation flow from his pen:

The Merry Wives of Windsor, *Much Ado About Nothing*, *Twelfth Night* and *As you like it*.

Queen Elizabeth commanded Shakespeare, so the tradition would have it, to write a play in which Falstaff was in love. And Shakespeare wrote *The Merry Wives*. Yet Falstaff had suffered a sea-change in it. After Falstaff has been laid in Abraham's bosom once, there could be no resurrection. Shakespeare as a consummate artist knew this; inspite of the Royal command, he would not bring Falstaff back alive.

The forest of Arden is redolent with the memories of his youth passed on the banks of the Avon, and his romantic imagination found a resting place in the topography of that Arden where we can catch the fleeting vision of the beauty of Rosalind in doublet and hose walking with simulated manly grace in the chequered shadows under those blessed trees whose barks bore the message of love for this exquisite lady.

Yet the turn of the century brought a sense of frustration in the newly awakened sensibilities of the Renaissance England. The fever was over, dark clouds which were on the fringe of the horizon, gathered together and spread over the whole mental sky. There was a spirit of exhaustion in the atmosphere, and on rare occasions we see the golden star dusts with the dazzling shower falling in cascades over the unbounded imagination and rainbow coloured fancies of the Elizab than mind inspired by Greek and Latin classicism. Shakespeare's spirits seemed to have caught the melancholy of the *Zeitgeist*. All the sunshine of his imagination through which he created 'the daughters of the sun' in his high comedies, had disappeared. No longer brightness falls from the air, instead there was a wistful meditation on death, mortality, putrefaction of the flesh. Sunny optimism gave place to dark pessimism, and along with great tragedies Shakespeare wrote Bitter Comedies in a state of mind which would penetrate the infernal depths of Absolute Evil.

All's well That Ends Well, *Troilus and Cressida*, and *Measure for Measure* are Bitter Comedies. The seamy side of life, with all its cruelties, tyrannies, hypocrisies, injustice, preoccupies the mind of the master, and the thoughts of dissolution and death somehow bring an oppressive load to a heart already overweighed in depressing sorrow and dark pessimism. The predominant thought seems to be ;

> 'Aye, but to die and go we know not where,
> To lie in cold obstruction and to rot'

Was Shakespeare at this time, sick in body as well as in mind ?

XIII. THE GREAT TRAGIC VISION OF LIFE

Then came the Essex Rebellion of 1601, in which Shakespeare's patron Southampton was implicated. The political

danger and personal loss might have been the additional burden the weary soul was carrying at the time, when he was writing his great tragedies. For nearly ten years he was to write, one after the another, in a slower pace than he possessed in his earlier work, dark tragedies like :

Julius Caesar, *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Macbeth*, *King Lear*, *Tunon of Athens*, *Coriolanus*, *Antony and Cleopatra*.

Shakespeare was studying lust of power, self-love, selfishness, jealously, ingratitude, vanity, pride, passion and "into them he poured some speeches of world-hatred that are almost without parallel in the whole history of pessimism". Yet in them lies all the consumation and greatness of his genius as a dramatist.

King James became patron of Shakespeare's company, henceforth known as 'King's Men in 1603, and King's Men became officers of the Royal House Hold.

With these new honours Shakespeare was sick at heart of his surroundings at Southwark and in 1604 when the Globe theatre re-opened, he took lodging with Christopher Mountjoy in Cripplegate, on the other side of the Thames, near the City wall.

Though Shakespeare's fame and reputation during his life time was at its peak in 1609, when Martin Droeshout, a Flemish artist, painted Shakespeare's portrait, there seemed to be a certain falling off in his genius after that year, and he continued to write his plays upto 1613.

They were : *Pericles*, *Cymbeline*, *The Winters Tale*— *The Tempest* and *Henry VIII*.

There was in these plays a prevalence of Masques, with apparitions and masquerades with classical goddesses, which recall, at time, Shakespeare of earlier days with 'maiden meditation, fancy free'.

By this time Shakespeare was a man of property in Stratford, with business interest in London. He seemed to have fulfilled his earthly ambitions and have been content with what worldly success he had achieved as a playwright and businessman in London. In his active life he had passed through many moods of infatuation, passion, joy, humiliation, despondency till

he had ultimately achieved through dark pessimism and a sense of frustration, stretching a long period of a decade with ill heath and insomnia, a serenity of mood, brought about by worldly success, which found a final resting place in the quite environment of his native village.

In order to acquire property he must have lived thriftily in London and avoided temptation of the flesh, offered by the squalid atmosphere that surrounded him in London. We can easily believe Aubrey's statement :

> "The more to be admired because he was not a company keeper :—lived in Shoreditch : would not be debauched, and if invited to, writ he was in pain."

This does not mean, however, that Shakespeare passed his days in cloistered seclusion. With his observant eye and genial sympathy, he must have mixed with his rowdy and hilarious companions sampling the ale in Mermaid, Devil and Apollo taverns, in order to soak in the atmosphere, more as an observer than with gusto and self-abandonment of a profligate or a social mixer. He remained for ever sweet Mr. Shakespeare to his contemporaries.

On Tuesday June 29th, 1613, the Globe theatre was destroyed by fire during the performance of Henry VIII, and Shakespeare returned home. His father had died in 1601, his mother in 1608. He had lost his only son in 1596. Two of his brothers had died recently ; Gilbert aged fortyfive in 1612, and Richard aged thirty nine in 1613. The eldest daughter Susana, married to Dr. Hall was living at Stratford, Judith, yet unmarried lived with her parents at New Place. The bald stout, successful, wealthy country gentleman was living at last in retirement with his wife, and daughters.

The Globe Theatre had been rebuilt by 1615, the Year in which Shakespeare had made his last bow in London. Judith was to be married in Thomas Wuyney, the son of his old friend Richard, by the end of January 1616. Shakespeare prepared his will.

Tradition has it that Shakespeare, Drayton and Ben Jonson "had a merry meeting, and it seems drank too hard, for Shakespeare died of a fever then contracted." Death closed the eyes of the greatest poet England had produced so far, on April 23rd, 1616.

XIV. SHAKESPEARE THE MAN,—STILL AN ENIGMA?

Form this short summing up of his life, what kind of a personality emerges to our mental vision? Distinctly the vision of a sensitive youngman, who had most probably been apprenticed to a lawyer or working as an usher in the Village School, one fine morning leaving his native Stratford with a company of strolling players to seek his fortune in London. Intensely passionate, alive to the world of senses, endowed with poetic sensibilities—earth bound and full of restraint, emotional and highly strung, burdened with a wife and three children, and conscious of the latent power in him, Young William leaves the bosom of his family to restore the lost fortune and the prestige of his father and plunges headlong into the battle of life in an uncongenial and alien atmosphere on the Bank side of London with its Taverns, public show-places, haunted by pick-pockets, and harlots. How in that dirt and squalor, the sensitive soul of the poet must have fretted, we can imagine only, if we have the like sensitivity of the young poet in us. Then came the agonies and tne sufferings of the passion-tossed soul linking its infinite yearnings to the Fair Boy and the Dark Lady. Yet with his soul in turmoil, William kept his balance of mind, his sanity and self restraint, though indomitable courage and weary perseverance with his work as a playwright, the practical worldly side of his nature dominating over the fiery, turbulent waves of passion and lust, jealousy, ecstasy, despondency and despair. The youngman looked within his heart and in the chaotic confusion found the key to unlock the mysteries of human heart. This penetrative power of understanding of his own soul as reflected in the poems, and plays of his earlier days, gives him that larger vision of human life and human soul, that negative capabilities to enter into the soul of a fellow human being for which he stands peerless among all the dramatists of the world. The truth of human life, with all its fever and fret, was revealed to his sympathetic mind, still smouldering with the intense sensibilities of a passionate youth, whose unfulfilled desires and yearnings of the flesh led him not to the primrose paths followed by the sensualist and the epicurean, but to a further understanding of the human passions and sentiments, hopes and desires, fears and joys, tears and laughters, that go to make the sum of human life.

Added to this sinsitivity, Young Shakespeare had keen power of observation ; he would catch the quintessence of beauty in nature and in human soul, without missing any details, as if in a flash of intuition.

In his manhood chastened and subdued by sorrow, he never lost his god-gifted power of wit and humour, born of genial sympathy and quickened with a deep understanding of the inner springs of human motives revealed. in human action. This sympathetic understanding of human nature, illumined by his genial sympathy is at the root.of his greatness as a poet and a dramatist..

Even in the days when he suffered from dark pessimism this sanity, this geniality of temper, this sympathy never forsook him. One greater comforter of his life must have been the soothing consolation of music. In all the beauties of moonlight and love through which the visionary figures of his choice creations move in his lighter comedies, we find the soul of music, vibrant with emotion animating the soul of his conception of comedy.

> In sweet music is such art
> Killing care, and grief of heart
> Fall asleep or hearing die.

Even love is transformed for him to music :

> How silver sweet sound lover's tongues by night
> Like softest music to attending ears !

And what a mastery he had over his language, which caught in a flash of illumination. Every nuance of delicate feelings and emotions in human joy and sorrow !

His sensuous perception, sharpened by his finer sensibilities, caught, the quintessence of beauty in Nature in succinct phrases. The morning light catches his imagination.

> The gentle lark wakes the morning
> From whose silver breast
> The sun ariseth in his majesty.

The beauty of flower and the warbling of birds, the jocund day, standing tip-toe on the misty mountain tops, send a thrill to his poetic-heart even in the maturity of his genius.

The mighty soul in its mature vision watched with brooding eyes over Sleep and Death.

Gentle sleep is Nature's soft nurse,

Or

Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds.

Death was a presence whose shadow always cast a melancholy note over the gaiety of his moods; yet it was not without its soothing influence to his darkened soul, fortifying the pessimism of his later years with a consolation, edifying his soul and lifting it above the putrefaction and decay of the charnel house.

True it is :
Golden lads and girls all must
As Chimney sweepers come to dust.

Yet the Sharp poignancy and wistful melancholy in the very thought of :

'This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod !'

is consoled when Ophelia is laid in the earth, with the hope that :—

'And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring.'

Yet there is benign resignation of the poet in the very contemplation of Death :

Night hangs upon mine eyes ; my bones would rest,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

Intensely sensitive to beauty, his soul had the final vision of that beauty in the jaws of death. The gentle Mr. Shakespeare of his young days ripens to maturity with this geniality of symathy, through experience of life, to his towering greatness as a dramatist with a acquiescent resignation to all the Evils of life into whose inner core he found the essence of Good.

With all this greatness within his soul Shakespeare in his young days was something more than callous youth-filled with the joy and sap of life, 'physically a pagan', or 'a deliberate hater of that desirous, sex hungry body, yet merciless contemner of his own yielding.' or 'an intellectual voluptuary moved by an irresistible need to cleanse, not merely his bosom, but his entire system, of this most perilous stuff.'

With his vehemency of passion, Young Shakespeare had also the penetrative insight to find the grinning skull behind the vesture of Beauty. With his steadying ambition to become a man of property, Shakespeare as a man and a poet had firm foothold on this our suffering earth. And after his painstaking look into the depth of the human soul with the passionate regret he felt for the evanescence of life he sums up his vision with a weariness of soul that he gave to his unfortunate Macbeth :

> Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
> That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
> And then is heard no more. It is a tale
> Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
> Singifying nothing.

Yet through the magic wand of his poetic art he could infuse reality into this illusion, we call human life. And his aerial imagination could,, at will, call up visions of romance,-with music moonlight and love,-which though illusion of an illusion, dream of a dream, caught the vital sparks of reality from the creative genius of William Shakespeare.

All the colour and light of this passing pageantry of life appealed to his deep humanity, and to his great qualities of spiritual sympathy, with their lightning revelation of the profoundest human interest. With his deep insight, his all embracing humanism, he had unravelled for us all the tangles in the very soul of man and nature.

Dan Chaucer was happy and contended, exposing with the April sunshine of his broad sympathy and genial humour, the little follies and foibles, pardonable idiocies and idiocyn-cracies of men and women, he saw around him, without any rancour, without any prejudice. This tolerant geniality of humour Shakespeare also possessed but he penetrated deeper into the mysteries of human life, revealing to us the innermost significance of that spiritual element which exalts a man above the beast and makes him a worthy protagonist against his own Destiny. Thus he is capable of revealing to us, the nobility and grandeur of human life.

Even the dark vision, which clouded his mental horizon in his manhood, his personal loss and frustration, his diseased body, did never for a moment warp his large-hearted a sym-

pathy into ferocious cruelty and hatred towards humanity, envenomed and bitter, as had disturbed the unhappy soul and the jaundiced vision of a Dean Swift or a Volraire.

In his adolescence and youth, in his manhood, in his declining age, that sympathetic understanding and tolerant humour, which ennobled his soul and made him the greatest genius the world has ever produced—had been his life long companion; and this essential quality of his spiritual makeup had endeared his presonality to all his contemporaries and friends and all his admirers down the centuries.

And what about the myriad-minded Shakespeare ? The greatness of that colossal genius is there even in his tormented passion-tossed soul of his young genius, disciplining his mind for the greatness that would be his in his maturity.

All that greatness was there nascent in his youth, in the very Dawn of his genius, that russet-coloured Dawn standing tiptoe on the misty mountain top, with one point of white light quivering still on her flowing hair. And that Dawn, with all her pulsating passions, carried in her bosom, the yearning for the Evening, clad in the beauty of myriad stars in the firmament—the star lit dome of mature Shakespearean genius.

XV. THE ORIGIN OF THE DRAMA IN ENGLAND

England possesses 'a theatrical literature independent in its origin, characteristic in its form, and faithfully reflecting the feature, moral, social and intellectual, of the people among whom it arose'. After the Norman conquest the clergy in England, imitating the practice in France, introduced spectacles representing episodes from biblical history and the lives of saints for religious instruction. These religious spectacles, for their sacred nature, were called *Mysteries* and *Miracles*.

The form and the spirit of these *Mysteries* and *Miracles* were derived from the ritual of the church. These sacred spectacles were shown to draw people to the church by providing them with religious amusement.

The earliest of these representation in the *Mystery* of St. Katharine composed by Geoffrey, master of the convent school at St. Albans, for performance by his pupils at Dunstable

Priory in Circa 1100 A.D. It was written in French, then easily understood by the people.

Just as the Attic drama was intimately connected with religious observances during the festival of Dionysia, so the elements of English drama formed an integral part of a religious celebration during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, composed for Christmas and Easter. These plays were composed by monks and acted by monks ; the cathedral was turned into a theatre ; the stage usually a graduated platform in three divisions, was placed near the high altar ; costumes came from the rich vestry of the church.

Even in the early literature of Spain, Germany, France and Italy, *Mysteries* and *Miracle* plays abound. At Florence the Duome, the centre of common civic life, was turned into a theatre and the Florentine representation of Hell, Purgatory and Paradise must have suggested the primary conception and shape of Dante's great poem, and, to a certain extent its title the Divine Comedy.

The stage arrangements were simple ; the three platforms represented Heaven, Earth and Hell ; the action being a combination of the supernatural and human. The inordinate length of the pieces,—for a play founded on the creation and the Fall of Man took six days for representation—needed comic relief even to enliven the graver scenes. So farcical or amusing elements were grafted on for the delectation of the audience. This was found in the easy expedient of placing the wicked personages of the drama, whether human or spiritual, in ludicrous situations or surrounded by ludicrous accompaniments. The Devil usually turned into a clown or jester Later on, human buffoons were also introduced. The symbolic name of these clowns was the *Vice*, a term which is used by Shakespeare with this allusion. The comic episodes, full of humour, half-terrific, half burlesque, introduced to relieve the tension and severity of a sacred tragedy survive in the serious plays of tragic import in Elizabethan drama.

With the introduction of secular performers, the *Mysteries* passed from the church to the churchyard, and so into the streets. Guilds were formed in the thirteenth century, who arranged their Corpus Christi processions and their Corpus Christi dramas. The portable stage was set up in the street.

The chief plays still extant are the Corpus Christi *Mystries* of York, Wakefield, and Conventry, and the Whitsuntide plays of Chester.

The Creation, the Fall, the story of Cain and Abel, the Deluge, the Massacre of the Innocent and the Grucifixion—these, and the lives of the saints were generally written in mixed prose and Verse ; with feeble attempts at characterisation, humour, and pathos, redeemed by a pervading note of high seriouness, born of the very sanctity of the theme which was regarded by the audience with intense awe and reverence. An instance of comic episode we find in the Wakefield Miracle play, when the obstinate refusal of Noat's wife to enter the ark at last is overcome by the logic of the beating she receives for her resistance.

The *Mystery*, the only form of dramatic representation continued its popularity upto the fourteenth century and survives today in the passion play of Ober-Ammergan in Germany.

A tendency to symbolical rather than literal representation ushered in the *Morality* play—the first step towards the secularisation of the drama. It supplanted the *Miracle* plays in the beginning of fifteenth century. The Renaissance has come, the great age of monasticism was over ; the spirit of Reformation was essentially secular,. unorthodox, and rationalistic.

The theme of the *Morality* play became a vehicle to convey a religius moral by means of symbolism for which abstract or allegorical action was introduced in which the dramatic personae were abstractions. Instead of the Deity and angels, saints and patriarchs, we have characters here like Every Man—the symbol of humanity. Lusty Juvenus, a symbolic figure representing the follies and weakness of youth, and such personification of abstract qualities as Good Counsel, Repentance, Gluttony, Pride, Avarice and the like. The Devil, the Vice or Clown came from the *Mystery* to enliven the audience even here. And as Court hope remarks, "while the Miracle play merely exhibits a series of isolated scenes 'in illustration of a doctrinal thesis, the Morality works out the purpose of its allegory by means of a continuous plot."

Some of the *Moralities* extant are *the Cradle of Security* and *Lusty Juvenus*. Later on with the great change in the spirit of poetry of the later age, the courtly spirit with the humanism of Renaissance gives a new shape to *Morality* which is hardly distinguishable from the Masque. Skelton's *Masque of Magnificance* is the refined creation which transforms Morality into the elegance of a Masque.

Interludes, with their tone of merriment and farce developed side by side with the *Moralities*. Chief among the three *interludes* of John Heywood is the famous *Four P's*, a merry interlude of a Palmer, a Pardoner, a Potycary and a Pedlar. 'The connection of the interlude with lay authors and actors created certain opposition to the church; its popularity as a courtly entertainment and as a learned pastime completed the work, and thus the drama was gradually enfranchised and entered on its independance.'

The dumb-shows in *Mysteries* and *Moralities* and Tableaux Vivants on wheel platforms forming part of a religio procession or introduced in great halls during banquets, are also to be taken into account while tracing the progress of drama in England from its rude infancy. It is rightly remarked by an eminent critic; "whether simply consisting of the exhibition, on some lofty platform, in the porch or churchyard of a cathedral, in the town-hall, or over the city gate, of a number of figures suitably dressed, or accompanying their action with poetical declamation and music, these peagants necesserily partook of all the changes of taste which characterised the age."

With all these advancements of dramatic art, receding further at each step from its purely religious origin, led inevitably to its apotheosis—the creation of the modern drama—the scenic representation, by means of the action and dialogue of human personages, of some event of history or of social life, borrowing inspiration and guidance from the classical dramas.

From now on dramatic composition would class themselves into the two great categories of comedy and tragedy. The first comedy, born of the national genius was *Ralph Roister Doister*, written by Nicholas Udall in 1541. In 1566, John Still wrote the famous comedy, *Gammer Gurton's Needle Gorboduc* by Thomas Sackville and Thomas Norton was the first tragedy written in 1561.

XVI. THE STAGE AND THE PLAY HOUSES IN THE DAYS OF SHAKESPEARE

Before the appearance of playhouses in London as regular public theatres, amateur actors, often the domestics of the sovereign and the nobles, performed plays at Court, in the palaces of aristocrats, in the Universities, and in the inns of courts. Strolling players, under the supervision of the Office of the Revels wandered about the country and performed wherever they could find an audience, preferably in the town-halls and in the courtyard of the inns. These players were classed with musicians, singers, jugglers and tumblers. They were, however, protected against the severe laws of the time, by letters—patent and the livery of their master. Theatrical devices were simple in those days. The hall of college, palace or a nobleman's house could easily be converted into a stage and auditorium. The dais or elevated platforms at the upper end of the hall was a ready-made stage ; with the addition of a curtain and a few screens covered with tapestry, it fulfilled the requirements of the primitive condition of scenic art. At an inn, however, the stage was formed by a platform set up in the centre of the yard. The spectators stood upon the ground in front of it. The inns of those days in England were built round an open courtyard, along each storey of which ran an open gallery, and in this gallery the guests occupying the rooms used to walk out of their rooms to witness a theatrical performance.

With the increase of popularity of dramatic entertainments, in many places and particularly in London, special societies of professional actors came into oxistence and special buildings were constructed for their exhibitions.

The earliest of these were *The Theatre* and *The curtain* in Shoreditch, built in 1576. At one period London possessed a dozen of public theatres, the most celebrated being *The Globe*—with which is associated Shakespeare's company. It was built in 1599, and was burnt to ashes in 1613, during the performance of Shakespeare's *Henry VIII*, when a small canon was discharged, the wadding lodged in the thatched roof above the stage, and caused an immense conflagration. On the surrey bank of the Thames, the great majority of London theatres flourished, free from the jurisdiction of Puritanical corpo-

ration. Famous among them are *The Globe*, *The Hope Theatre* and *The Swan*. Externally they were octagonal or hexagonal, internally oval or circular. The buildings were open to the air, but a thatched roof protected the stage and actors from weather.

A rude sketch of the,inferior of *the Sawn* by the Johannes de Witt, a Dutchman, who visited England at the close of the sixteenth century, shows "the stage strongly supported on timber bulks, and is occupied by three actors, and has for all its furniture, a bench on which a female figure is seated. Neither curtain nor traverses appear. At the back of the stage, which is open to the weather, is the tiring room, to which two doors give entrance, and above this rises a covered balcony or row of boxes occupied by spectators, but available at need for the actors. The trumpeter is seen at the door of a covered chamber near the gallery-roof, and from its summit floats a flag, having upon it the figure of a swan. The form of the building is oval."

The most remarkable peculiarity of the Elizabethan theater was the total absence of painted scenery. A few screens gave the actors their opportunities of exit and entrance. Sometimes a board on which was written the name of Rome, Athens, Florence or London was exhibited on the stage in order to give the audience the idea of the location of the scene. Yet details were not overlooked, a bedroom on the stage possessed a bed, a tavern was represented on the stage with a table covered with bottles and tankards ; a gilded chair gave the idea of a palace. At the back of the stage was erected a permanent wooden balcony, about nine feet above the floor of the stage, and this served as a wall of a castle or a beseiged city as in *Coriolanus*, or the outside of a house as in *Othello* or the balcony scene of *Romeo and Juliet*.

Yet on this bare wooden platform rich costumes were worn by the actors though little attention was paid to chronological or national accuracy. However, the costumes were rich, graceful and picturesque. The curtain opend perpendicularly in the middle, and occasionally traverses or curtains divided the stage into sevral apartments.

The cost of admission was small, even for private boxes. Usually the play started at broad daylight, in the afternoon, with

three flourishes of a trumpet and continued for two hours or so. The signal was given for the play to begin by the hoisting of a flag from the summit of the theatre. This remained floating throughout the performance. At the end of a piece, or between acts the clown or jester performed a jig—a declamation in doggerel verse, accompanied by farcical dancing. This comic actor, who could improvise witticism was very popular among the audience and if he was a talented actor as Tarlton Kempe or Arnim, he enjoyed enormous popularity as the clown or jester.

The whole stage was hung with black drapery sometimes when a tragedy was on the stage. On ordinary occasions the stage was strewn with rushes, and it was not unusual for 'the fine gentleman to sit amid the full business of the stage, displaying their splendid clothes.

Female parts were invariably taken by boys or young men. Women did not appear on the stage till after the Restoration—the earliest appearance of an actress was in the character of Desdemona.

The property and profit of the theatre were divided into a number of shares, held jointly by principal actors, who engaged the service of hired men for inferior parts. The profits were considerable, and the career of a talented actor was very lucrative. Shakespeare must have started his career first as an actor and later on, became a man of property as a successful dramatist. Besides most of the dramatists of the age, were, like Shakespeare, actors by profession. So the Elizabethan drama has that directness and viracity which we associate with the stage mechanism—the Knowledge of which is indispensable for a successful playwright. Shakespeare, as an actor and an author, who wrote hastily to supply the constant need of new plays in that day of short 'runs' was following a tradition, established by the University Wits in order to cater for the popular taste, in mingling his work with an alloy of courseness, violence and buffoonery.

The University Wits were generally young men of strong pass,onsi and they joined the actors hoping thereby to obtain an easy means of subsistence at a time when both as playwright and actor one could succeed in life. And these Uneversity Wits, like Marlowe, Greene, Lodge. Nashe, Kyd and Lyly

were predecessors of Shakespeare, from whom he learned the trick of the trade as a playwright.

These University Wits were the leaders of the new drama. "The restlessness of such men as Greene, Nashe and Marlowe is an unmistakable sign of the spirit of the Renaissance : they were men over whose minds the charm of Italy has exerted its influence, with all its good and all its evil. In their hands the drama ceased to be religious, or even to be the vehicle of unorthodox satire : it was consecrated to an art and to a spirit whose extraordinary and self-contradictory qualities are best to be studied in the thoughtless lives and miserable deaths of these men, and, at the same time, in their abnormal sense of artistic beauty. They may be regarded as early sacrificers to their art after their own day, the player-actor seems to have ordered his life better and to have profit by their sinister examples as well as by their methods ; and prudence and industry certainly had their reward in the case of Burbage, Alleyn, and Shakespeare."

PART II

INTRODUCTION
TO
THE WINTER'S TALE

LITERARY HISTORY

A NOTE ON BIBLIOGRAPHICAL CRITICISM OF SHAKESPEARE

For a fuller appreciation of *The Winter's Tale*, we must learn the literary history, connected with its publication and the sources of the plot of the play.

Besides three signatures in his last testament and will, and three pages of the manuscript of *Sir Thomas More*—which handwriting experts agree to believe to be written by Shakespeare himself, nothing of Shakespeare's work in his own hand-writing has survived the ravages of time.

Shakespeare did not care to preserve the manuscripts of his plays. His plays, like all other plays of the Elizabethan dramatists, used to run for a fortnight or so on the stage ; and then the craze for novelty forced the playwrights to produce new plays in order to cater to the taste of the audience and thus try to create another box-office draw. And naturally the interest in the play as well as in the manuscript waned after its successful run on the stage.

Sometimes, for profit, the publishers got possession of the manuscript of a popular play, through a player, who usually took an important part in the play ; and printed it without any knowledge or collaboration of the author. As there was no copyright Act, the business of printing in Shakespeare's day was free from any restriction save an entry in the Stationer's Register to safeguard the interest of the publisher. Literary pirates used to sit during the performance of a play on the stage and take down notes on their tablets. On occasions, after the play had a long run, the publisher used to buy the manuscript of the play from the author himself.

Again, more than one playwright composed a single play or retouched an old play to suit the convenience of the actors and

the taste of the audience. Shakespeare's career as a playwright, we are told, started when as a budding ginius, he was asked to retouch the old plays for new adaptations on the stage.

In these circumstances, can we expect to find a play that was published in that age as an authentic text ? So, it is quite possible that the Quarto editions, that is, a single text of a play published separetly of Shakespeare's plays, published during or after his life time may contain many spurious words, lines and scenes, through faulty editing or literary piracy—which were not actually written by Shakespeare himself. Again, in the plays of his contemporary dramatists, we may find Shakespeare's own writings, through the plagiarism that was prevalent in the Elizabethan times and the condition of the uncontrolled printing business itself.

So the first problem of bibliographical criticism is to study carefully the bad Quartos and good Quartos and compare them with the First Folio edition--the collected plays and poems of Shakespeare published by his two friends, Heminge and Condell, seven years after the death of Shakespeare, in order to establish the Shakespeare Canon.

The First Folio was published in 1623, printed by Issac Jaggard and Edmund Blount. In the Address to the readers, prefixed in the Folio, Shakespeare's friends and fellow-actors claim to have collected the true text of his works, after his death, for the first time. That may mean, by implication, that they were in possession of the Original or the stage copy of the manuscripts of the plays of Shakespeare. They further assert :

"So to have published them as where before you were abused with diverse stolen and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the fraud and stealths of injurious impostors that exposed them, even those are now offered to your view cured and perfect of their limbs, and all the rest absolute in their numbers as he conceived them ; who, as he was a happy imitator of nature, was a most gentle expression of it, his mind and hand went together ; and what he thought, he uttered with that easiness, that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers." The play *Perides*, however was not included in the First Folio. It appeared in the Third Folio of 1664. The Second Folio came out in 1682.

Inspite of the protestations of Shakespeare's fellow-actors about the authenticity of the text in the First Folio, scholars like Pollard, Greg and Dover Wilson, through their careful study of metre, rhyme, prose and style, had drawn their own conclusions : and declared that of his early plays of Henry VI, 1, 2 and 3, Shakespeare had written only one scene ; the rest must have been written either by Marlower or any other University Wit.

True, Heminge and Condell preserved for posterity the great works of Shakespeare in the Folio edition of 1623. But can we trust them to have edited Shakespeare's works with the meticulous care of a conscientious literary critic, who would admit, in the Folio, nothing but what truly came from Shakespeare's pen ?

Again, plagiarism was the usual practice of the day among playwright themselves. Shakespeare himself borrowed from other writers, without any qualm of conscience. And he also used to collaborate with other playwrights in writing plays ; even retouched plays and pass them as his own, without attaching any special virtue or vice in the act. Thus we are led to the inevitable conclusion that the first Folio edition is not all authentic Shakespeare, nor all the Quartos contain in their entirely, the faithful record of Shakespeare's original plays. Thus the bibliographical critic is beset with problems which defy all solutions. He has before him, as pointers, the knowledge of the conditions of the printing press, of the stage and of the texts of plays. He has in his possession all the historical and literary documents, Stationer's Registers, Henslowe's Diary, and innumerable contemporary references, direct or overt of the plays of Shakespeare ; with records of their performances at the playhouses, at the courts, at the inns, and at the principal towns of England, the good Quartos and bad Quartos, and the Folios. He has to recreate, sifting the dross from the gold, the authentic works of Shakespeare and to establish the correct chronology of his plays and to prepare a correct text of each play of Shakespeare.

In this lies the importance of the literary history of *The Winter's Tale*.

1. THE TITLE OF THE PLAY

The title *The Winter's Tale* suggests that it is in some manner a pendant of *A Mid Summer Night's Dream*. The classic and romantic, the pagan and chivalric, are huddled and combined here as there, and still more glaringly and unscrupulously. In this play, however, we have no night scenes; the sea-side storm is wintry; and in the words of Mamilius we note a tale of sadness as fittest for winter. Perhaps, again the length of time covered by the story is in the spirit of a winter's tale. The play may have been named The winter's Tale because of certain abruptness and violence of transition and combination which pervades the play. It is a Tale for winter or as in the Book of Revels, a Winter Night's Tale—such a tale as we may conceive to have cheered the dreary hours of a winter's night as a family crowded round the fire, the storm beating against the casement or 'written' of purpose to shorten the lives of long winter nights that lie watching in the dark for us.

Shakespeare puts a very popular story into a dramatic form. He advertised his hearers by calling this play a Tale; just as before he had called a play similarly wanting in dramatic interest A Mid-summer Night's Dream.

The words of Mamilius in the Second Act can scarcely be imagined to have any connection with the selection of the title of the play.

It is possible that the pretty title was suggested to Shakespeare by that of *A Winter Night's Vision*, an addition to The *Mirror for Magistrates*, published by Nichols in 1610, the year when *The Winter's Tale* was perhaps written.

2. THE DATE OF COMPOSITION

Capell places *The Winter's Tale* between *Henry VIII*, and *The Tempest*, which he considers to be Shakespeare's last play. From the evidence both internal and external Capell concludes that the play was written in 1613 probably after Shakespeare retired to Startford-on-Avon. His internal evidence is a song in Act IV scene 4, beginning :

> 'Get you hence for I must go
> Where it fits not you to know.'

Ben Jonson's allusion to those who beget Tales, Tempests and drolleries in the induction to his *Bartholomew Fair* is the external evidence for which Capell fixes the date of composition of The Winter's Tale.

Horace Walpole on the other hard places the play during the life time of Queen Elizabeth I, that is, before 1603. He asserts that *The Winter's Tale* was certainly intended (in compliment to queen Elizabeth) as an indirect apology for her mother, Anne Boleyn. Walpole thinks that the unreasonable jealousy of Leontes, and his violent conduct in consequence, from a true portrait of Henry the Eighth. Hermione on her trial says—"for honour, 'Tis a derivative from me to mine. And only that I stand for." This seems to be taken from the very letter of Anne Boleyn to the King before her execution, where she pleads for the infant princess, his daughter. Mamillus, the young prince, an unnecessary character, dies in his infancy; but it confirms the allusion, as queen Anne before Elezabeth, bore a still-born son. *The Winter's Tale* was therefore in reality a second part of *Henry the Eighth*.

Malone points out a passage from Camillo's soliloquy in the first Act of *The Winter's Tale* as a proof that the play was not written till after the death of queen Elizabeth I.

> " If I could find example
> Of thousands that had struck anointed kings
> And flourished after, I'd not do't."

These lines could never have been intended for the ear of her who had deprived the queen of Scots of her life. To the son of Mary they could not but have been agreeable. So Malone asserted at first that Shakespeare wrote this play in 1604. Besides in that year one entry in the Stationer's books reads: "A strange report of a monstrous fish, that appeared in the form of a woman from the waist upward, seen in the sea." To this perhaps Shakespeare allude in the speech of Autolycus in Act IV Scene 4 of the play. "Here's another ballad of a fish, that appeared upon the coast on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought she was a woman, and was turned into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with on that loved her: the ballad is very pitiful and as true." Later Malone ascribed the play to the year 1613

thanking Ben Jonson joined *The Tempest* and *The Winter's Tale* in the same censure "in consequence of their having been produced at no great distance of time from each other.

. The condensed heavily freighted style and lack of rhymes in *The Winter's Tale* are also proofs of Shakespeare's maturity.

Collier in his edition of Greene's *Dorastus and Fawnia* remarked that *The Winter's Tale* was written after *The Tempest*.

"In the novel Fawnia is turned adrift at sea in a boat very much in the same manner as Prospero describes what had happened to himself and Miranda under similar circumstances. Shakespeare having already employed this species of incident in *The Tempest* who obliged to vary it in *The Winter's Tale* or he would have probably followed Greene's description, which is certainly one of the prettiest and most natural portion of his narrative."

Halliwell had ridiculed this idea of Collier, he remarked ! "With equal probability, it might be conjectured that Shakespeare having omitted the incident in the construction of *The Winter's Tale* introduced it in *The Tempest* as one especially suited to a romantic drama of that description."

Internal evidence calls attention to the 'number of verses in *The Winter's Tale*, many more than in any other, which end with a redundant syllable and also to the great number of verses which have the pause on the seventh syllable. Moreover the emphasis, arising from the sense of the verse, very often clashes with the cadence that would naturally result from the metre, *i. e.*, syllables that have an emphasis in the sentence upon the account of the *sense* or *meaning* of it, are put in the uneven places of the verse ; and are made the first syllable of the foot, and consequently short.

The general belief that the condensed, involved style of the play points to late composition.

The external evidence is Ben Jonson's ridicule of the play in his drama *Bartholomew Fair*. Another source of external evidence is *Extracts from the Account of the Revels at Court* during the reigns of Elizabeth and James edited by Peter Cunningham for *The Shakespeare Society* in 1842. In Book XIII one entry states that this was acted by 'The King's Players on the 5th Nove-

mber 1611 : A play called the Winter's Night Tale. But Cunningham's manuscript copy of Revel's Account has been found to be a forgery. Another important external evidence is *The Note-book* of Dr. Simon Forman. The extract from Dr. Forman's diary relating to The Winter's Tale reveals the fact that the doctor saw the play staged at the Globe Theatre on 15th May, 1611. The substance or the plot is very accurately given in his diary. There can be no doubt that what Forman witnessed that afternoon in May at the Globe Theatre was Shakespeare's The Winter's Tale. But does it prove that Shakespere wrote the play in 1611. Joseph Hunter argues very cogently as he says 'Nothing can be clearer than that the mere fact that Forman witnessed the performance in 1611 is no proof whatever that the play had not been written and performed many years before ... .we do know that plays which were not new were performed at court. Therefore that A Winter's Tale was performed at court on November 5, 1611, is no proof whatever that it was a new play. On the whole I should incline very much to Chalmer's opinion, and place this play in near succession to *Twelfth Night* and not later than 1601 or 1602.

But then all reputed Shakespearen Scholars including Chalmer, Canepell, Knight, Hunter, Gervinus, Haliwell Furnivall, Hudson and Deighton would fix the date of composition of *The Winter's Tale* as 1611.

3. THE SOURCE OF THE PLOT

Gildon and Rowe first detected the source of the plot of *the Winter's Tale* :—

The Delectable History of Dorastus and Fawnia—a novel by Robert Greene.

As early as the year 1588, Robert Greene printed a tract called *Pandosto: The Triumph of Time*, better known as *The History of Dorastus and Fawnia*, the tile it bore in some of the later copies.

Dyce remarks : 'But *Pandosto* is far from a contemptible production ; if portions of it are disfigured by bad taste and coarse feeling, there are also portions composed in a very pleasing and affecting manner. Greene's novel is the direct scurce of *The Winter's Tale.*

The title of Greene's novel reads as follows : *Pandosto-The Triumph of Time*.........by Robert Greene, Master of Arts in Cambridge. Imprinted at London by Thomes Orwin for Thomas Cadman, dwelling at the Sign of the Bible near into the North door of Paul's. 1588.

The story of the novel may be summed up as follows :—

In the country of Bohemia there reigned a King called Pandosto, greatly feared and loved by all men. His Queen Bellaria was royal by birth, learned by education, fair by nature. These two linked together in perfect love, led their lives with fortunate content. They had not been married long, but Fortune willing to increase their happiness lent them a son who was called Garinter.

But Fortune turned her wheel and darkened their bright sun of prosperity with the misty clouds of mishap and misery. Egistus, king of Sycilia sailed into Bohemia to visit his old friend and companion Pandosto, who embraced him very lovingly, wishing his wife to welcome his old friend.

Bellaria was the flower of courtesy. She entertained her husband's friend cordially to show her love for her husband—often coming herself into his bed chamber to see nothing should be amiss to discomfort him. This honest familiarity ineraased daily more and more between them. There grew such a search uniting of their affections that one could not be well without the company of the other. When Pandosto was busy with urgent affairs, Bellaria would walk with him into the palace garden. Where they two in private would pass away the time to both their contents.

This familiarity between them caused a certain melancholy passion into the mind of Pandosto. After a long time doubtful thoughts began to kindle in his mind a secret mistrust, which increased by suspicion grew at last to be a flaming Jealousy.

Devising with himself how he might best put away Egistus, he concluded to poison him and called unto his cupbearer Franion. Honest persuasion of Franion could not prevail to dissuade Pandosto from his devilish enterprize- When threatened with death, if he disobeyd his king in this, Franion at last eonsented to dispatch Egistus.

But Franion, striken with conscience went to Egistus and made manifest the whole conspiraciy which Pandosto had divised against him. Hearing the solemn protestation of Franion, Egistus gave great thanks to him, promising if he would with life return to Syracusa, he would create Franion, a Duke in Sycilia.

Franion, when all arrangement were made for the escape of Egistus, put Pandosto out of suspicion by going to him and promisting to administer to Egistus a forcible poison, which he had procured to kill Egistus. Pandosto was joyful to hear this good news and thought every hour a day, till he might be glutted with bloody revenge.

Egistus fearing that delay might breed danger, by the help of Franion conveyd himself and his men out of a postern gate of the city so secretly and speedily that without any suspicion they got to the seashore, where with many a bitter curse taking their leave of Bohemia, they went abroad.

Now seeing the Sycilians were fled away by night without taking their leave, Pandosto thought that without question his suspicion was true. Seeing Franion had betrayed the sum of his secret pretence. Whereupon he began to imagine that Franion and his wife Bellaria had conspired with Egistus and that the fervent affection she bore him was the only means of his secret departure, in so much that incensed with rage, he commanded that his wife should be carried straight to prison until they heard further of his pleasure. The guard unwilling to lay their hands on such a virtuous princess and yet fearing the kings fury, went very sorrowful to fulfil their charge. Coming to the Queen's lodging, they found her playing with her young son Garinter. Bellaria was astonished at such a hard censure of the king, when the guard with tears conveyed the cruel message. Find in her clear conscience a sure advocate to plead her cause, Bellaria went to the prison most willingly : where with sighs and tears she passed away the time, till he might come to her trial.

But Pandosto, whose reason was suppossed with rage, and whose unbridled folly was incensed with fury, seeing Franion had betrayed his secrets, and that Egistus might well be sailed on, but not revenged : determined to break all his wrath on poor Bellaria. He therefore caused a general proclamation to

be made through all his realm, that the Queen and Egistus had by the help of Franion, not only committed most incestuous adultery, but also had conspired the death of the King ; whereupon the traitor Franion has fled away with Egistus and Bellaria most justly imprisoned. At first Pandesto felt that revenge was a spur to war. But he realised that Egistus was a powerful King and had many kings of his alliance to help him, if need should serve. Besides Egistus has married the daughter of the Emperor of Russia. These considerations daunted his courage and determining Egistus has escaped scot-free, he resolved that Bellaria should pay for all at an unreasonable price.

Inflamed with rage and infected with jealousy Pandosto no sooner heard from the Jailor that Bellaria was with child, than he rose up in a rage, as one possessed with a frenzy, swearing that she and the bastard brat she was big with should die, if girls themselves said no ; thinking that surely by computation of time, that Egistus and not he was father to the child.

Meanwhile Bellaria, was brought to bed of a fair and beautiful daughter in prison. When Pandosto heard of this, he was determined that both Bellaria and the young infant should be burnt with fire. His nobles, hearing of the king's cruel sentence sought to by persuasion to divert him from his bloody determination laying before him the virtuous disposition of his wife and the innocence of the child. This entreaty of the Nobles somewhat appeased his rage and at last he was content to spare the life of the child, and yet to put it to a worse death. Pandosto caused a little cock-boat to be provided, wherein to put the babe and then send it to the mercies of the seas and destinies. So the child was brought from Bellaria to the king, who quite devoid of pity commanded that without delay it should be put into the boat, having neither sail nor rudder to guide it, and so to be carried into the midst of the sea, and there left to the wind and wave as the destinies please to appoint.

Let us now leave the child to her fortunes. Pandosto called Bellaria before an assembly of Nobles and counsellors and declared that she had committed adultery with Egistus and conspired with Franion to poison her husband, but their conspiracy being partly revealed, she counselled them to fly away by night for their better safety.

Bellaria standing like a prisoner at the bar, desired that she might have Law and Justice, for mercy she neither craved nor hoped for ; that perjured wretches had falsely accused her to the King. Pandosto told her that the sudden and secret flight of Egistus and Franion sufficiently proved her guilt. Bellaria told her husband that he spoke upon choler and not conscience : for her virtuous life had been ever such, as no spot of suspicion could ever stain. And if she had borne a friendly countenance to Egistus, it was in respect he was his friend and not for any lusting affection. At last Bellaria fell down upon her knees, and desired the King that for the love he bore to his young son Garinter, whom she brought into the world, that she would grant her a request; that let the Oracles of Apollo declare whether she be guilty or not.

Pandosto relented and despatched six noblemen to the Isle of Delphos and till their return kept his wife in close prison.

Within three weeks they arrived at Delphos and went to the Temple of Apollo ; and offering sacrifice to the God, humbly craved an answer to their demand.

Behind the altar they found a scroll of parchment and the Priest of the God commanded they should read it before they came in the presence of Pandosto. Taking the scroll the noblemen returned safely to Bohemia and went to the king and delivered the parchment to him.

In an assembly of Lords and commons, the Queen was once again brought from the prison to stand her trial. Bellaria said in sorrow : "What hath passed between Egistus and me, the gods only know, and I hope will presently reveal ; that I loved Egistus I can not deny ; that I honoured him I shame not to confess : to the one I was forced by his virtue, to the other for his dignities. But as touching lascivious lust, I say Egistus is honest, and hope myself to be found without spot. I can neither accuse him nor excuse him, for I was not privy to his departure, and that this is true which I have here retearsed, I refer myself to the divine Oracle."

The King than commanded the contents of the Oracle be read. One of his Dukes read the Oracle before the assembly. It ran thus :

"The Oracle.

Suspicion is no proof: jealousy is an unequal judge; Bellaria is chaste; Egistus, blameless; Franion a true subject; Pandosto treacherous; his babe innocent; and the King shall live without an heir: if that which is lost be nor found."

Thus by the grace of Apollo, the Queen was clear of the false accusation and people rejoiced at it.

The King was ashamed of his rash folly and entreated Bellaria to forgive and forget these injuries, promising to reconcile himself to Egistus and Franion. At this moment news came that his young son Garinter was suddenly dead. As soon as Bellaria heard the news, surcharged before with extreme joy and now suppressed with heavy sorrow, her vital spirit was so stopped that she fell down presently dead, and could not be revived.

This sudden sight so appalled the king that he fainted and for three days he lay in his palace without speech. Bitter hours he passed in repentance and uttered his remorse in a bitter speech:

"O miserable Pandosto! what plague more bad than Jealousy! Unnatural actions offend the gods more than men, and causeless cruelty never escapes without revenge: I have committed such a bloody act. as repent I may, but recall I cannot. Ah jealousy, a hell to the mind and a horror to the conscience, suppressing reason and inciting rage: a worse passion then Frenzy, a greater plague than madness. Are the gods just? Then let them revenge such brutish cruelty; my innocent babe I have drowned in the seas; my loving wife I have slain with slanderous suspicion; my trusty friend I have sought to betray and yet the gods are slack to plague and offences.

In despair Pandosto attempts to kill himself but his peers being present, stayed him from such a bloody act, persuading him to live for his subjects, if he would not live for himself. Over the tomb of his wife and his son Garinter, both buried together, Pandosto would once a day bewail with watery plaints his misfortune; coveting no other companion but sorrow, nor no other harmony, but repentance.

The infant child being with wind and wave floated for two days and the little boat was driven with the tide to the coast of

Sycilia. A poor shepherd, missing one of his sheep wandered down toward the sea cliffs and he heard a child cry. He cast his eye to the sea and saw a little boat, He went to the shore and wading to the boat, as he iooked in, he saw a little babe lying alone, ready to die for hunger and cold, wrapped in a mantle of scarlet, richly embroidered with gold and having a chain about the neck. Taking the child in his arms he folded the mantle over her, there fell down at his foot a very fair and rich purse, wherein he found a great sum of gold. He brought the child to his wife and they adopted the child and took care of her. They named the child Fawnia and at the age of ten, she tended the flock of sheep. She thought Porrus the shephard was her father and Mopsa the sheperd's wife, her mother. With gold he found with the child, Porrus became a wealthy shepherd in no time.

When Fawnia came to the age of sixteen years, she increased with exquisite perfection of body and mind, and her natural disposition indicated that she was born of high parentage. Every day she went forth with her sheep to the field, defending her face from the heat of the sun with no other veil, but with a garland made of flowers, which attire became her so gallantly, as she seemed to be the goddess, Flora herself for beauty.

Egistus had but one son named Dorastus, about the age of twenty-three.

Fawnia with her companion was returning from a feast one evening and on the way Dorastus met her and he fell in love with her at first sight. One of his pages told him that the maid with the garland on her head was Fawnia, the fair shepherdess, whose beauty was so much talked of in the court. Dorastus began to question with her whose daughter she was, of what age and how she had been trained up. She answered with such modest reverence and sharpness of wit that Dorastus thought her outward beauty was but a counterfeit to darken her inward qualities, wondering how so courtly behaviour could be found in so simple a cottage, and curing fortune that had shadowed wit and beauty with such hard fortune. Lore forced him to follow fancy ! so that his hot desire caused him to find new desires, for he presently made himself a shepherd's coat, that he might go unknown and with less suspicion to prattle

with Fawnia; and he smiled at his own folly ! He consoled himself thinking thus :

"And yet Dorastus shame not at thy shepherd's weed; the heavenly gods have sometimes earthly thoughts ; Neptune became a ram. Jupiter a bull, Apollo a shepherd ; they gods, and yet in love and then a man appointed to love."

Thus attired Dorastus offerd his love to Fawnia and Fawnia accepted his love.

Dorastus took leave of his beloved Fawnia, went to the grove where he had hidden his rich apparel and discarding his shephard's weed, put on his rich garments and returned to the palace.

When Porrus and his wife Mopsa came to know that the king's son in disguise was paying court to Fawnia, they became terribly afraid of the conseqence of such alliance of a king's son with a shepherdess. The fury of the king would ruin their lives. Mopsa advised her husband to take the chain and the jewels that they found with Fawnia to the king and let him know that Fawnia was not their daughter and that they found her beaten up with the water alone in a little boat wrapped in a rich mantle, wherein was enclosed a treasure.

Fearing Egistus would never consent to such a mean match, Dorastus would take Fawnia to Italy with money and provision and thereby escape the fury of his father's anger and await a reconciliation with his father in future. With the help of an old faithful servant called Capnio, Dorastus, got a ship ready for their passage to Italy.

Porrus took all the chains and jewels he found with Fawnia and went to see the king. As he proceeded towards the palace, Capnio, the clever servant of Dorastus got suspicious and asked him wither he was going so early in the morning. Porrus informed him of his intention to see the king and complain to the king, how the king's son had allured his daughter to folly. Capnio, smelling the danger of his prince, thought of a scheme to avert it and addressed Porrus thus :

"You lose your labour in going to the palace, for the king means this day to take the air of the sea, and to go abroad a ship that his in the haven. I am going before, you see, to provide all things in readiness, and if you will follow my counsel,

turn back with me to the haven, where I will set you in such a fit place as you may speak to the king at your pleasure. Porrus giving credit to Capnios' tale went with him to the haven. As soon as they came to the sea side, the mariners came to land with their cock-boat and by violence carried Porrus into the ship. Porrus was no sooner in the ship, but he saw Dorastus walking with Fawnia, attired in rich apparel, which so incresed her beauty, that she resembled rather an Angel than a mortal creature,' Mariners hoisting their main sails weighed anchor, and haild into the deep.

Egistus having appointed this day to hunt in one of his Forests, called for his son Dorastus to go hunting, but he could not be heard· of, which drove the king in a great choler and sent his noblemen in search of Dorastus. Two or three days after a fisherman who had seen Dorastus and Fawnia going on board the ship revealed the whole matter to the king and the king learnt from the fisherman how his son sailed two days ago and had in his company his man Capnio, Porrus and his fair daughter Fawnia. Egistus, conceiving such secret grief for his son's reckless folly fell into a fever and he became so weak that the physicians would grant him no life.

The ship carrying Dorastus, Porrus and Fawnia, after a tempest in the sea raged for three days found itself in a clear sea and calm weathers again and arrived at the coast of Bohemia:

Dorastus, hearing that the port where the ship touched belonged to the chief city of Bohemia where Pandosto kept his court, became sad as he knew his father hated no man so much as Pandosto. He was afraid to go on land and Capnio advised to change his name and country. So Dorastus charged his mariners to say that he was a gentleman of Trapalonia called Meleagrus: They landed in a little village a mile distant from the city. The fame of Fawnia's beauty was spread throghout all the city so that it came to the ears of Pandosto. Pandosto was then at the age of fifty, yet young in desire. So he caused Dorastus and his men to be apprehended as spies.

Dorastus, accopmanied with Fawnia and Capnio was taken before the king. Pandosto, amazed at the singular perfection of Fawnia stood half astonished, viewing her beauty so that he had almost forgotten himself what he had to do ; at last with stern

countenance he demanded their names, and what caused them to land in Bohemia. Dorastus addressed the king thus :

"Sir, know that my name is Meleagrus and I am a Knight born and brought up in Trapalohia, and this gentle woman, whom I mean to take my wife is an Italian born in Padra, from where I have now brought her.

Pandosto in anger replied "Meleagrus, no doubt this lady by her grace and beauty is of her degree more meet for a mighty prince than for a simple knight. Thou hath, liked a perjured traitor, bereft her of her parents till I hear more of her parentage and of thy calling I will imprison you both here in Bohemia." Pandosto commanded that Dorastus should straight be committed to prison and contrary to his aged years began to be somewhat tickled with the beauty of Fawnia.

Then the aged and amorous Pandosto persecutes with love his own unrecognised daughter, Fawnia. But Pandosto seeing that there was in Fawnia a determined courage to love Meleagrus flung away from her in a rage and she despised Pandosto.

Egistus heard certain news from the merchants of Bohemia that his son Dorastus was imprisoned by Pandosto. He sent message with all speed to Pandosto that he should set free his son Dorastus and put to death Fawnia and her father Porrus. And he sent his ambassadors to Bohemia. The noble men of Sycilia arrived at the court and they certified Pandosto that Meleagrus was son and heir to king Egistus and his name was Dorastus. Pandosto presently sent for Dorastus out of prison and embracing him set him very lovingly in a chair of state. And to the great sorrow of Dorastus, Pandosto had pronounced the sentence of death against Fawnia, Porrus, and Capnio, honouring the wishes of his friend Egistus.

The fear of death brought a sorrowful silence upon Fawnia and Capnio. Porrus burst forth his confessions to the King thus :

"Pandosto, I am yet glad I have opportunity to disburden my consceince before my death. I am accused that I have been a supporter of Fawnia's pride. I am neither father unto her nor she daughter unto me. I being a poor shephered in Sycilia lived by keeping other men's flocks. One of my sheep straying down to the sea side, I went to seek her. I saw a little

boat driven upon the shore wherein I found a babe of six days old, wrapped in a mantle of scarlet, having about the neck this chain, I pitying the child and desirous of the treasure, carried it home to my wife, who with great care nursed it up and set it to keep sheep. Here is the chain and the jewels and this Fawnia is the child whom I found in the boat."

Pandosto would scarce suffer him to tell out his tale, but he enquired the time of the year, the manner of the boat and other circumstances, which when he found agreeing to his court, he suddenly leapt from his seat and kissed Fawnia, wetting her tender cheeks with his tears, and crying, "my daughter Fawnia. Oh sweet Fawnia, I am thy father, Fawnia."

Fawnia was not more joyful that she found such a father, than Dorastus was glad he should get such a wife. The ambassadors rejoiced that their young prince had made such a choice, that those kingdoms, which through enmity had long time been dissevered, should now through perpetual amity be united and reconciled. Pandosto willing to recompense old Porrus, made him a Knight.

Pandosto with Fawnia and Dorastus and others sailed toward Sicilia, where he was most princely entertained by Egistus, who without delay celebrated the marriage of Dorastus with Fawnia to the perpetual joy of the two lovers. After this happy event Pandosto fell into a melancholy fit and slew himself. And Dorastus taking leave of his father went with his wife and the dead body of Pandosto into Bohemia, and entombed him making solemn obsequies at his funeral. Dorastus ended his days in contented quiet.

4. UNITY OF TIME, PLACE AND ACTION

Dryden found the plot of *The Winter's Tale* is grounded on impossibilities or "at least so meanly written, that the comedy neither caused your mirth, nor the serious part your concernment."

Malone wrote that : 'none of Shakespeare's plays had been more censured for the breach of dramatic rules than *The Winter's Tale*'.

The necessity of observing the unities of Time and place arises from the supposed necessity of making the drama credi-

ble. Some critics hold it impossible that an action of months or years can be possibly believed to pass in three hours. And from the narrow limitation of time necessarily arises the contraction of place.

But Shakespeare is the poet of nature ; his plan has commonly what Aristotle requires, a beginning, a middle, and an end. Thus the disregard to the unities in this play in no way essens its poetic value. As the greatest graces of a play are to copy nature and instruct life, the unities of Time and place are not essential to a just drama.

Inspite of the lapse of sixteen years which separates the pastoral portions of the play and the reconciliation at the end from the earlier portion, inspite of the play moving from Sicilia to Bohemia and finally again back to Sicilia, *The Winter's Tale* remains a thing of beauty without a blemish.

"Whether Shakespeare knew the unities and rejected them by design, or deviated from them in happy ignorance, it is, I think, impossible to decide, and useless to enquire. We may reasonably suppose, that when he rose to notice, he did not want the counsels and admonitions of scholars and critics, and that he at last deliberately persisted in a practice, which he might have begun by chance. As nothing is essential to the fable, but Unity of Action, as the unities of Time and Place arise from false assumptions, and by circumscribing the extent of the drama, lesson its variety, I cannot think it much to be lamented, that they were not known to him or not observed.

So Shakespeare above all others knew full well that Unities of Time and place are not essential to a just drama. Though the unities may sometime conduce to pleasure, they are always to be sacrificed to the nobler beauties of variety and instruction. And Malone justly remarks that a play written with nice observation of critical rules, is to be contemplated as an elaborate curiosity, as the product of superfluous and ostentious art by which is shown,. rather what is possible, than what is necessary.

To find the duration of a play through analysis of Time is a tricky job. Daniel made a Time-Analysis of this Play. According to Daniels computation the play comprises eight days represented on the stage with intervals. After act II Scene I

there is an interval of twenty-three days. There is a long interval after Act III Scene II when Antigonus goes on a voyage with the child to Bohemia. Again an interval of sixteen years compressed in Act IV Scene I and Lastly there is an interval after Act IV Scene IV, for the journey to Sicilia, for the last scene of play.

In the presentation of the passage of time in a drama, a strange interlacing of past and present time is revealed. Again strange compression of days into hours, and expansion of hours into days are possible by mere alchemy of a master's art.

This alchemy is employed for the purpose of lessening the suddenness of Leonte's jealousy. By this transposition of time element, by the projection of the past into the present it was possible for Shakespeare to indicate even that the growth of Leonte's jealousy had been really gradual.

5. GARRICK'S VERSION OF *THE WINTER'S TALE.*

Flagrant disregard of the unities of Time and Place in *The Winter Tale* must have offended the sensibilities of Garrick as it did to Ben Jonson. Garrick wanted to wipe off the tragic interest of the play manifest in the first three acts and to confine the place to Bohemia for the action of the play. What had happened sixteen years ago-the vital events ensuing from Leontes' jealousy, the sufferings and humiliation of Hermione, the death of Mamillus, and the cruel fate of Perdita—are introduced in the Garrick's version through retrospective narrative. Thus Garrick could sustain in his version of the play a monochromatic texture of comedy and pastoralism. He called his play *Florizel and Perdita.*

In the prologue, Garrick compares his Theatre to a tavern and calls it '*Shakespeare's Head.*'

> 'From this same head, this fountain-head divine
> For different palates, springs a different wine !'

Here for the choicest spirits champaigne flows.

> 'Whose sparkling atoms shoot thro' every vein.
> Then mount in magic vapours to th' enraptur'd brain !

In the end of the prologue Garrick puts his plea for taking thus the liberty with Shakespeare's play and re-writing it in condensed form.

'The five long acts from which our three are taken
Stretch'd out to sixteen years, lay by, forsaken.
Lest then this precious liquor run to waste.
'Tis now confin'd and bottled for your taste.
'Tis my chief wish, my Joy, my only plan,
To lose no drop of that immortal man.'

Garrick's play opens in the court of Bohemia with Camillo and a Gentleman. They are expecting the coming of Leontes to Polixenes, after an estrangement of sixteen years. Camillo recounts all that happened in the first three acts of *The Winter's Tale*, to the curious ears of this Gentleman of Bohemia, whose knowledge in the court is young.

"These two kings, Leontes of Sicily and Polixenes of Bohemia are trained together in their childhood, and there rooted betwixt 'em such an affection as could not choose but branch as it grew up. One unhappy summer (and full sixteen as unhappy have followed it) our Polixenes went to repay Sicily the visitation he justly owed him—Most royally, and with the utmost freedom of society, was he entertained both by Leontes, and his queen Hermione, a lady, whose bodily accomplishments were unparalleled, but by those of her own mind. The free strokes of youth and gaiety, in her extended civility to Polixenes bred in him suspicion of her conduct. I then waited about the person of Leontes, and was alone thought worthy of the participation of his jealousy. Into my bosom he disgorged his monstrous secret with no tenderer injunction than to take off his innocent, abused guest by poison.

What ran evenest with the grain of my honesty I did, and have not since repented me :—whispered Polixenes of the matter —left my large misfortunes, and my larger hopes in Sicily, and on the very wing of occasion flew with him hither, no richer than my honour ; and have since been ever of his bosom.

Scarcely settled in Bohemia here, we are alarmed with the arrival of Paulina (that excellant matron, and true friend of her unhappy queen) from whom we too soon learn how sad a tragedy had been acted in Sicily,—the dishonoured Hermione clap-

ped up in prison, where she gave the king a princess,—the child (the innocent milk yet in her innocent mouth), by the King's command, exposed ; exposed even on the deserts of this kingdom,—our Polixenes being falsely deemed the father.

Hermione, in her weak condition (the child—bed privilege denied, which belongs to women of all fashion) was hauled out to an open mockery of trial ; that on this inhuman outrage (her fame being killed before) she died ;—in the very prison where she was delivered, died ; and that on her decease, Paulina (whose free tongue was the King's living scourge and perpetual remembrancer to him of his dead queen) fled with her effects, for safety of her life, to Bohemia here.

All this did Leontes in defiance of the plain answer of the Oracle, by him consulted at Delphi ; which now, after sixteen years occurring to his more sober thoughts, he first thinks it probable, then finds it true, and his penitence thereupon is as extreme, as his suspicions had been fatal. In the course of his sorrows, as we are informed, twice attempted on his life ; and this is now h s goad to the present expedition ; to make all possible atonement to his injured brother Bohemia, and to us the fellow-sufferers in his wrong."

After this long narration, Polixenes enters with Paulina and expresses his wonder at the unexpected visit of Leontes.

"That sixteen years absence should pass unnoticed by this king, without exchange of gifts, letters or embessies ! and now !"

Camillo is worried about the safe passage of Leontes on the sea and remarks :

"If the king of Sicily escapes this dreadful tempest, I shall esteem him a favourite of the gods, and his penitence effectual."

The first scene ends with a soliloquy of Paulina as she breathes a pius wish and a hope.

"Leontes in Bohemia !—O most welcome, My penitent liege—my tears were those of joy."

Thus Garrick eliminates the first three acts of *The Winter's Tale* and starts the action of his play with the shepherd and his son helping Leontes and Cleomines after they leave the ship-wreck and the raging sea and land on shore.

When Leontes finds himself in the deserts of Bohemia, he exclaims :

"Say'st thou Bohemia ? Ye Gods, Bohemia !
In every act your judgements are sent forth
Against Leontes !—Here to be wrecked and saved !
Upon this coast !—All the wrongs I have done,
Stir now afresh within me—Did I not
Upon this coast expose my harmless infant
Bid Polixenes (falsely deemed the father)
To take this child—O hell-born jealousy !
All but myself most innocent—and now
Upon this coast—Pardon Hermione !
'Twas this that sped thee to thy proper heaven ;
If from thy sainted seat above the clouds,
Thou see'st my weary pilgrimage Thro' life
Loath'd, hated life, 'cause unenjoyed with thee—
Look down and pity me."

The first Act ends with a scene, where Autolycus enters singing, and its contents are the same as Act IV Scene iii of *The Winter's Tale*.

The second Act, with a little variation here and there begins with Act IV Scene iv of *The Winter's Tale* and Leontes enters the company with Cleomines to the sheep-shearing festival. After the denunciation of Polixenes, Leontes offers to help Florizel and Perdita, and goes to intercede for the unhappy lovers to his long-lost friend in the disguise of a poor shepherd.

In Act III Autolycus attired in rich clothes appears with the clown and old shephered and things happen almost exactly as they do in Act V Scene ii of *The Winter's Tale*. Garrick invents a new scene after this in Paulina's house at Bohemia. A Gentleman appears to Paulina and acts as the chorus to describe how as an eye-witness he beheld the reunion of Leontes and Polixenes. The entry of a bold peasant with majesty of mien and feature to the king's presence, he had seen with silent wonder and admiration. And he admirably recounts to Paulina for the benefit of the audience how Leontes revealed himself to Polixenes :—

"He stepped forth to the stranger ; but ere he could enquire the reasons of his presumption,—behold said Leontes,

bursting into grief, behold the unhappy king that much hath wronged you—behold Leontes !—On this the king started from him,—true. I have wronged, cried Leontes ; but if penitence can atone for guilt, behold these eyes, wept dry with honest sorrow ;—this breast rent with honest anguish ; and if you can suspect that my heart yet harbours those passions which once infested it, I offer it to your sword ; lay it open to the day !

Polixenes embraced the penitent Leontes, with the unfeigned warmth of one who had found a long-lost friend, returned beyond hope from banishment or death ; while Leontes, overwhelmed with such unlooked-for goodness, fell on his neck and wept : thus they stood embracing and embraced, in dumb and noble sorrow ! Their old friendship being thus renewed, Leontes began his intercession for prince Florizel."

Then comes the good Camillo to Paulina and informs her that Leontes long-lost daughter is found. That shepherdess, our prince has so long and so secretly affected, proves Sicilia's heiress : the old shepherd, her supposed father, delivered the manner how he found her on the coast, produced a fardel, in which are incontested proofs of every circumstance.

At the end of this scene Paulina sends Camillo to invite the king's to her house to see the statue of Hermione :—

> 'Camillo, haste thee ; this royal assembly is entering the city. Haste thee with Paulina's greetings to the double majesty, and our new-found princess ; give them to know I have in my keeping a statue of Hermione; performed by the most rare master of Italy. Invite them to the sight of it, put thy message into what circumstance of compliment the time and sudden occasion may admit, and return with best speed to prepare for their unprovided entertainment.'

Before the Statue-scene, Garrick in his version creates a sceue where Autolycus meets the old shepherd and clown as he does in Act V scene ii of *The Winter's Tale.*

Rewriting of the statue-scene by the great Actor may have pleased his audience but today it is found to produce a sardonic smile in a genuine scholar of Shakespeare, as he peruses it.

But this attempt of Garrick to wipe off the tragic interest of the first three Acts from *The Winter's Tale* reveals one great

truth. The plot of the play, as handled by the playwright with the introduction of the chorus, bridging the gulf of time and connecting thereby the tragic interest with pastoral scenes ending in reconciliation and comedy, is the only sure way of the master striving at the perfection of art. Conscious artistry in the very construction and structure of *The Winter's Tale* enhances the worth of the play. Hudson reveals this truth when he writes :—

"During the first three Acts the interest of the play is mainly tragic ; the scene is densely crowded with incidents ; the action hurried, abrupt, almost spasmodic ; the style quick and sharp, flashing oft point after point in brief, sinewy strokes ; and all is rapidly and dispatch ; what with the insane fury of the King ; the noble agony of the Queen, the enthusiasm of the Court in her behalf, and the King's violence toward both them and her, the mind is kept on the jump ; all which, if continued to the end, would generate rather a tumult and hubbub in the thoughts, than that inward music which the title of the play promises, not to say, that such a prolonged hurry of movement would at length become monotonous and wearisome, far otherwise the latter half of the play. Here the anticipations proper to a long, leisurely winter evening are fully met ; the general effect is soothing and composing, the tones, dipped in sweetness, fall gently on the ear, disposing the mind to be still and listen and contemplate ; thus making the play, as Coleridge describes it, 'exquisitely respondent to the title ! It would seem, indeed, that in these scenes the Poet had specially endeavoured how much of silent effect he could produce, without diverging from the dramatic form. To this end, he provides resting places for thought; suspending or retarding the action by musical pauses and periods of lyrical movement, and breathing in the mellowest strains of poetical harmony, till the eye is 'made quiet by the power of beauty,' and all tumult of mind is hushed by the very intensity feeling."

6. CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY

(a) Leontes

Leontes is the victim of the green-eyed monster—jealousy. Coleridge defines jealousy as a vice of the mind, a culpable tendency of the temper. From this issues a sudden access of mad-

ness which excites the mind of the victim to a grossness of conception, aided by sensual fancies and images. The heated brain of Leontes finds causes and proofs where there are no causes and proofs.

The hospitality to his friend has been extended to long nine months. Yet jealousy never it seems, had grawed the heart of Leontes even though many a time he must have witnessed his wife in the company of his friend.

When Polixenes declares his wish to depart and is almost determined not to prolong his stay, Leontes urges his friend to stay just not more week. Polixenes courteously urges his friend not to insist upon his further stay as.

'My affairs do even drag me homeward'. Leontes with his eyes, more than with his words implores his queen to intercede and hold his friend. Hermione, with all her native grace and wit implores Polixenes ; uses logic and illogic in her persuasion and not without a play of coquetry finally asserts :

Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest.

Completely won over by the sweetness of her protestations, Polixenes fails to put her off with limber rows any longer and succumb to her wishes. With a smile he says to his beautiful hostess :

"Your guest, the madam ;
To be your prisoner should import offending."

This conversation between the queen and Polixenes must be going on a little apart from Leontes. At the end of the conversation. Leontes comes near to them and asks his wife.

Is he won yet ?

And with triumphant smile Hermione declares to Leontes :

"He'll stay, my lord."

The seed of Jealousy is sewn at this very moment in the mind of Leontes.

Lady Martin finds a debasing change in the nature of Leontes at this sudden access of mad Jealousy at this moment as he puts a vile construction upon his wife's simplest acts of courtesy and hospitality. The inference is that Leontes as a man must have possessed inherantly the passion of

jealousy and at the psychological moment this passion breaks out suddenly with a force that is deaf to reason, with an imagination tainted to the core. This is the jealousy, 'a monster begot upon itself, born on itself'—that shakes the nature of Leontes.

This Jealousy without a cause turns within him cruel; vindictive and remorseless.

This sudden flaming of the flame of jealousy in the heart of Leontes, without unfolding a passion in its rise and progress. Shakespeare works out, contrary to the natural workings of human passion, because it is demanded by the exigencies of the stage. We cannot certainly account for this sudden madness and subsequent conduct of Leontes, unless we postulate a predisposition to jealousy in him.

This takes us back to the period of nine months before the play opens, Polixenes must have at times preferred the company of this beautiful, modest, witty and dignified Lady to his friend's during his long stay at Sicily. Hudson justly observes: "What secret thoughts may have been gathering to a head in the mind of Leontes during the period, is left for us to derive from the after-results. And I believe there is a jealousy of friendship, as well as of love." If we believe in this pre-disposition to jealousy in Leontes, all the accumulated moments of past suspicions caused by the Queen's indiscretion, burst the bonds of confidence in this very revelation of his wife's power of affection over his friend greater than his own. Leontes loses all self-control in the intensity of his passion, and "runs athwart the rules of common decency and decorum, so that he becomes an object at once of pity, of hatred and scorn." The poison of jealousy infects his manners and thoughts. While the distemper is upon him, he is irrational, mean and course. Meanwhile an instinctive shame of his passion and a dread of vulgar ridicule put him upon talking in dark riddles and enigmas; hence the confused, broken, and disjointed style, an odd jumble of dialogue and soliloquy, in which he tries to jerk out his thoughts, as if he would have them known, and yet not have them known.

As 'Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a fork'd one!' Leontes is blind to reason and in his jaundiced eye every plea of innocence appears as a mask of vice and extreme artfulness in his wife. He shouts in anger to Camillo as he throws back his

mind to the past nine months and sees in imagination his friend and his wife, betraying their guilty love in close association.

> "Is whispering nothing ?
> Is leaning cheek to cheek ? is meeting noses ?
> Kissing with inside lip ? stopping the carrer
> Of laughing with a sigh.'—a note infallible
> Of breaking honesty."

Then he extracts the promise of Camillo "to fetch off Bohemia and goes on to extract vengeance on his queen.

Before the lords of his court Leontes accuses his wife, whose innocent protestation avail not and he sends her to prison. And to certain of his wife's infidelity, he sends Cleomenes and Dion to Apollo's temple at Delphos ; he would await before taking any precipitate action against her.

All his fury and passion is held in suspense as Leontes waits for the Oracle of Apollo and must have been spending hours of agony in ruminating over the thoughts of vengeance on Polixenes, Camillo and Hermione. The child that is born in the prison to Hermione is brought by Paulina and placed before the king, for his blessings. Paulina chastises the king with the valour of her tongue, pleads the innocence of the Queen and leaves the child. Leontes orders Antigonus to bear the child to some remote and desert place, quite out of his dominions. Inhuman barbarity of his passion reaches its climax when he shouts in frenzied fury at Antigonus :

> "If thou refuse.
> And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so ;
> The bastard brains with these my proper hands
> Shall I dash out."

This reminds us of Lady Macbeth, filled with 'top-full of direst cruelty', in an evil moment asserting to her husband :

> "I have given suck, and know
> How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me ;
> I would, while it was smiling in my face,
> Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
> And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you,
> Have done to this."

During the arrainment of Hermione in the Court of Justice, Leontes bears in his heart the unrelenting cruelty with which

he would humiliate and crush to destruction 'our most disloyal lady.

"While she lives, my heart will be a burthen to me". The noble grandeur with which Hermione defends herself fails to impress this utterly reason-proof and insane king. But this unwanted, shortlived violence of temper rising in frenzy in him denounces the Oracle as false :

"There is no truth at all i' the oracle"

Then like a bolt from the blue the report of his son's sudden death strikes as god's judgment on his long-sustained perverse cruelty born of jealousy. He realises too late.

"Apollo's angry ; and the heavens themselves do strike at my injustice". At this moment Hermione faints.

Jealousy like a blast of storm, with its fury and passion, creates a havoc of the inner man and then leaves him ruined and up-rooted to repent for long patient years the evil he had brought into being with his rash acts of vengeance.

With his sincere penitence, he sends a prayer to Great Apollo.

"Apollo pardon
My great profaneness, 'gainst thine Oracle !

With this prayer, the evil, which possessed his character is washed off ; but not its consequence. Leontes realises how treacherously he had ordered Camillo to kill his friend and how Camillo 'glisters through my rust : Then the lashing of the cruel tongue of Paulina charms the evil perpetrated by the king's tyranny ; and calamities are leaped upon the sorrowing head of the king one after the other with the culmination of the supposed death of Hermione. We have passed through Dante's *Inferno*, and now we are in the *Pargatorio* with Leontes, and do our penance for sixteen years to ascend to *Paradise* on a griffin-drawn chariot to have the vision of the blessed Beatrice, when forgiveness would melt into love and a statue of grace would walk out of its pedestal and forgive the sinner as surely would the Son of God at the day of Resurrection.

The purgatory for Leontes is patient penance and long repentence with which he would wash off his sins till he becomes worthy of reconciliation and love with his heavenly queen, so Leontes resolves :

"Once a day I'll visit
The chap-: where they lie, and tears shed there
Shall be my recreation : so long as nature
Will bear up this exercise, so long,
I dainly vow it."

Truly his sin has been great and this perenial flow of repentance after his great bereavement alone can purge his soul of the perilous staff which weigh on it. We can hope now that at the end of long suffering and penance he was at last possess 'calm of mind and all passion spent.' The good in him reasserts, the fugitive moments of evil which possessed his soul with limitless, anger and violence has passed off like an ugly dream.. We no longer doubt the essential goodness and serenity of his character which was clouded by Evil and Sin, in a moment of passion. Realising this is to understand him, and to understand him is to forgive him. But before we can forgive him, we must wait till his long years of atonement are over.

Years of repentance roll by till the day of reconciliation dawns. Leontes before the statue of Hermione remembers that 'She was as tender as infancy and grace'. In ecstasy he addresses the statue :

O royal piece,
There's magic in thy majesty, which has
My evils conjured to rememberance and
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits
Standing like stone with thee.

And when Hermione comes down from the pedestal and embraces him, we feel that he at last deserves, with his purification of soul, the heavenly bliss which the resurrection of the goodly queen bestows upon him.

N. B. This King must be, of necessity, a thoroughly sensual man, dominated by his temperament, and like all such men, incapable of reflection, and the slave of his imagination.

He loved Hermione less with his soul than with his senses. Violent and impetuous as a brute, like a brute he is also weak. His repentance is as sudden as his fault ; but in his repentance, as in his fault, he inspires the same sentiment of scorn, for he betrays in both the lower nature. A moment ago he excited

our indignation, and we shrugged our shoulders ; now he excites our pity. Leontes would have tried in vain ; it would have absolutely impossible for him—to excite horror and dismay ; for he is, what Italians so fitly call, *una bestia*, with all the shades of dullness, indecency, and good nature which this word conveys.

—*E. Monteugt.*

(b) Hermione

Mrs. Jameson sums up the character of Hermionė as exhibiting 'dignity without pride, love without passion, and tenderness without weakness'.

Hermionė is a queen, a matron and a mother ; she is good and beautiful and a daughter of the Emperor of Russia. In her nature we find majesty, dignity, grace of simplicity and a calm self-possession which remains unruffled by the cruel buffets of misfortune.

True Hermione is frank and nobly, rising in dignity as she falls in fortune—"not unlike Marie Antoinette, whose unsuspecting levity, though it alienated not her husband, exposed her to slander of foul minds that had not even the excuse of jealousy, in sunshine a butterfly, in misery a martyr."

Shakespeare maintains throughout a subdued harmony of tone in the delineation of her character. Hermione is gentle, beautiful and innocent. Like Desdemona, she dedicates her soul in submission to her husband; and like that ill-starred Venetian lady is a victim of the unfounded jealousy of her husband. "Hermione is most distinguished by her magnanimity and her fortitude, Desdemona by her gentleness and refined grace."

Hermione appears at first as the light-hearted hostess of her husbands' friend. The sweet way in which she delays the departure of Polixenes, when her husband's request fails, is an endearing charm of an innocent and dignified queen, which captivates us. Upon this sunshine of laughter and friendship falls the dark cruel shadows of self-created frantic jealousy of Leontes.

After that sweet conversation with Polixenes, Hermione leads her guest by the hand to her husband and triumphantly declares with a smile of victory.

"He 'll stay' my lord"

"At my request he would not." Thus Leontes thinks aloud and the seed of suspicion and jealousy burst instantly into green flames in Leontes, blinding his reason and rousing in him the elemental passions in all their devouring cruelty. From that unhappy moment grows the untold suffering of this goodly queen.

Before this moment, Hermione is a happy wife, a happy mother, fixed in settled happiness—a stately woman, grave not gay, with a certain quiet playfulness.

She patiently defends herself against the dishonouring accusations of her husband and with dignity she says, addressing the lords in the court of Justice :

> I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
> Commonly are ; the want of which vain dew
> Perchance shall dry your pities; but I have
> That honourable grief lodged here which burns
> Worse than tears drown; beseech you all, my lords,
> With thoughts so qualified as your charities
> Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so
> The king's will be perform'd !

Hermione has no self-consciousness, is not aware that at any time in her life she is heroic ; 'a very woman', merely simple, sincere, having in reverence the sanctity of wifehood and in respect the dignity of queenship.

The editor of the Arden Shakespeare rightly remarks : "Her (Hermione's) character is moulded by the experiences of life and the chastisement of a great sorrow. The archness and wit of an untroubled mind give place when the cruel accusation is brought against her, to the measured and dignified defence of the trial scene, and the strength of character which enables her to refuse her husband's charges without bitterness, and to endure his insult without recrimination, enables her also to bear with fortitude those sixteen years of seclusion to look upon Hermione's withdrawal of herself from her husband's society as a result of 'unforgiving chastity' or as the resentful nursing of an injury is altogether wrong."

Hermione's supposed death and concealment for sixteen years we can explain as possible or probable only if we consider

her unique character. In the great trial scene, inspite of her sufferings and humiliation, her trust in gods remains unshaken Hermione ends her great defence by her appeal to Apollo :

"Your honours all,
I do refer me to the Oracle :
Apollo be my Judge !"

The oracle pronounces her chaste and Polixenes blameless. And it is the right interpretation of the Oracle and hope underlying beneath its pronouncement that keeps her suffering patiently for sixteen long years in seclusion for the wished fulfilment.

"And the king shall live without an heir if that which is lost be not found."

In these words she reads a divine command to separate herself from her husband.

Besides 'in such a mind as hers, the sense of a cruel injury inflicted by one she had loved and trusted, without awakening any violent anger or any desire for vengeance, would sink deep —almost incurably and lastingly deep'.

Fate conjoined with her husband kills her son. Her innocent infant daughter is left at the mercy of indement nature and cruelty of beasts, in a forlorn desert. Her public trial—its horrid accusations and humiliations caused by the frenzied cruetly of her husband—ends with the final vindiction of her honour by the Oracle. The cumulative effect of all these sufferings and strains, both physical and mental end with all fainting. Recovering her senses, Hermione finds herself incapable of reuniting with her husband, the cruel slayer of her children. The Oracle with its hope of restoration of her daughter points out her duty and she accepts the divine command of Apollo. And sixteen years of repentance alone could wash off the guilt of her husband and make him worthy again to receive her forgiveness. And with the restoration of her lost daughter alone this reconciliation between a penitent husband and patiently suffering wife may be possible.

Poetry, poetic justice, penitenance and patience will create in the end the very Paradise in which, after the punishment and purification in the *inferno* and the *purgatorio*, Leontes would enter to receive the benediction of his wife. Hermione descending from the pedestal of the statue to bless her daughter

and embrace her husband catches for one moment the glory of Dante's Beatrice enskied in heaven.

'And so, under the worst that can befall, Hermione remains within the region of herself, calm and serenely beautiful, stands firm, yet full of grace, in the austere strengths of reason and conscious rectitude. And when, at her terrible wrongs and sufferings, all hearts are shaken, all eyes wet, but her own, the unfression made by her stout-hearted fortitude is one whose pure, tranquil, neep-working breast in the home of sorrows too big for any eye-messengers to report : calm pleasures there abide, majestic pains !'

Hermione in the trial scene reminds us of Valmiki's Seeta. Who in her proud submission in similar situation, with dignity seeks the bosom of Mother Earth as the final vindication of her purity and divinity. And over such sacrifice Gods themselves throw incense.

N. B. The one question which troubles the mind of the reader of *The Winter's Tale* is this retirement of Hermione from the world for sixteen long years. About this Louis Lewes remarks :

'For sixteen years Hermione permits her husband .and the world to believe that she is dead, and, only when her daughter has been found, does she, in the celebrated statue scene, return to life and to her penitent husband. This conduct has been pronounced heartless and unnatural. The reproach is unmerited. Hermione's husband with base suspicion has mistrusted her faithfulness, and thereby forfeited her respect. She has been publicity branded, her innocent daughter exposed to a horrible death, her promising son is dead, killed by disgrace. For such injuries and pain a mere tardy acknowledgement of her innocence is no sufficing compensation ; the instant repentance of her husband does not suffice again to restore him to a place in her heart. Can the high-souled wife, in royal array, again walk proudly at a Court which had witnessed her degradation, childless, widowed in heart by the unworthiness of that husband to whom she will be a constant reproach, an ever present humiliation ? Therein is neither true feeling nor nature. Wounded in heart and soul, nothing remained to her but to retire from life, not to broad over her

injuries, but to learn forgiveness, and through a penitence long sustained by her husband, to have him become worthy of her.

(C) Polixenes

Polixenes, the king of Bohemia and Leontes, the king of of Sicilia were friends and trained together from their very childhood. Such a deep affection sprang up between the two friends that in their youth when they parted each to assume the kingly duties of their respective countries, they carried within their hearts loving memories of each other. They have shaken hands across the seas, during a long period of separation by exchanging gifts, letters and embassies.

At the request of Leontes, Polixenes pays a visit to Sicilia and when the play starts, he has already stayed over nine months with his royal friend enjoying the hospitality of his friend. During this long stay Hermione had been an exceedingly kind hostess to her husband's dear friend.

Anxious now to return to his kingdom Polixenes arranges to depart from Sicilia the next day. But Leontes entreats him to stay a few days more. Polixenes says to his dear friend :

"Press me not, beseech you, so.
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the world,
So soon as yours could win me."

But as his state affairs drag him homeward, Polixenes has to go and refuse his friend's request.

Failing to keep his friend any longer, Leontes asks his queen to persuade his friend to stay a few days more.

The queen, with her sweet persuasive way is able to win over the friend and Polixenes agrees to stay on.

Suddenly at the grip of jealousy, Leontes after this cannot hide his contempt for his friend when he next meets him. Polixenes is puzzled at this sudden change in his friends demeanour and Camillo betrays the confidence of his king and reveals the plot of Leontes, in his mad jealousy to murder Polixenes.

Deep-rooted conviction of Leontes' folly makes Polixenes take the help of Camillo and escape from his friends palace stealthily to save his life.

Is this action of Polixenes dictated by expediency or by cowardice ? He leaves the innocent queen at the mercy of Leontes'

unjust fury by fleeing away from Sicilia. His flight adds fuel to the fire of Leontes' jealousy. Yet out of chivalry, if Polixenes had stayed on, could he help the queen from the wrath and fury of Polixenes cruel vengeance? Nevertheless Polixenes loses some of his greatness of character in our estimation by this cowardly act of flight.

Polixenes, however, is not very amiable ; nor in truth, much of anything. As a father of Florizel later we see him at the sheep-shearing festival in which Perdita presides as a queen of curds and cream. In his disguise he waits much too long to witness his son's courtship before he discovers himself and plays the part of an angry father.

Polixenes is much too a shadowy character and Shakespeare has not taken pains to develop him further.

(d) **Paulina**

Paulina is a lady of high rank in the Court—the wife of the Lord Antigonus. She is a "vigilant guardian of her royal mistress and a rough-tongued conscience to the king." To Lady Martin, Paulina is an honest scold. Paulina is a woman of no ordinary sagacity, with a warm-heart, a vigorous brain, and an ardent temper. Her love for Hermione has its roots in admiration and reverence for all the good and gracious qualities of which the queen's daily life has given witness. She has been much about her royal mistress, and much esteemed and trusted by her. Leontes, knowing this, obviously anticipates that she will not remain quiet when she hears of the charge he has brought against the queen, and that he has thrust her into prison. Accordingly he has given express orders that Paulina is not to be admitted to the prison, and this fresh act of cruelty she learns from the governor when she arrives there in the hope of being some comfort to her much-wronged mistress. Paulina is a strong-minded, warm-hearted woman. She is fearless in asserting the truth. She takes the child of Hermione from the prison and places it before the king in the court, declaring the innocence of the queen, inspite of the fury and froth of Leontes. She has the courage to lash with her tongue the king, who seems to be at one point to be overpowered by her virulence and impatience. She possesses infinite energy. She fights with the king for her mistress, helps the queen to pass the years of seclusion, and in the end brings about the

reconciliation of the queen with her penitent husband after the fulfilment of the prophecy of the Oracle.

Mrs. Jameson thinks Paulina is 'heedless, hot-tempered, impatient, loud, bold, voluble and turbulent of tongue. And yet Paulina possess a depth in her character which raises her from being a very termagant. So George Brandes asserts :

'Opposition maketh the wise man mad'—it is this madness which is Paulina's,—the furthest possible romove from that of a 'loud, bold, voluble' scold. A hot temper distorts the judgment, but in the midst of Paulina's vehemence, her vision is clear enough, and her judgment calm enough to utter one of the deepest of truths : 'it is an heretic which makes the fire, not she which burns in it. Can it be supposed that any words of hers could or did add to the heaviness of Hermione's estate, or increase the frenzied wrath one of who blasphemed the very Oracle of a God ?

There is indeed a moral grandeur in Paulina's character inspite of her threat against the eyes of any one who would interfere in her momentous struggle with Leontes. Furness rightly thinks that her stormy interview with the king and her persistent iteration of 'Yord'Queen' reveals in her an absolutely unselfish nature, strived to its depths by the sight of injustice.

We agree with Lloyd when he says : The character of Paulina is a necessity to the play ; without the support derived from her constant presence, it would not be intelligible how such a mind as that of Leontes would have the force and freshness of feeling, after sixteen years elapsed, that are required to give interest to the recognition, and to satisfy our sympathies with the honour of Hermione, ... It is the very harshness of the virtue of Paulina that gives effect to the more delicate strength and graceful vigour of the virtue of Hermione and saves by contrast the coolness of her temperament from the thought of coldness,—nay, gives to it a glow of nature's warmth ; while the softening and humanizing that her character has undergone, encourages our faith in the mellowing traits of Leontes, whom her care and comfort has reclaimed.

N. B. It is the wife of a courtier, it is Paulina, who fills the most noble role in the play when she takes up the defence of Hermione, when she braves the anger of the king by presenting to him his new-born babe, and when she overwhelms him with reproaches after the

supposed death of the queen. And withal she knows when to stop and not abuse her good qualities, for the poet will have nothing exaggerated, not even excellence.—*A Mezieres.*

(e) Perdita

Perdita is abandoned at birth tragically in a desert to die by the cruel command of Leontes. She is discovered by an old shepherd and is brought up by him.

As she appears in Act IV Scene IV with Florizel, a full-grown beauty, we see her through her lover's eye :

'These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life : no shepherdess, but Flora
Peering in April's front."

In her fancy dress Perdita is the presiding diety of the sheep-shearing festival. Prince Florizel is in love with this exquisitely beautiful shepherdess and is afraid to disclose his love to his father Polixenes. There is a shadow of fear in the heart of Perdita as she dreads the disclosure of their love to the king of Bohemia. Florizel consoles his beloved shepherdess by saying

'Thou dearest Perdita
With these forc'd thoughts, I prithee, darken not
The mirth o'the feast. Or I'll be there, my fair
Or not my father's.'

When Polixenes and Camillo appear disguised as old shepherds to the Feast, Perdita welcomes them as a hostess and offers them flowers.

On the pastoral setting of a sheep-shearing festival Perdita's bucolic beauty is enhanced as by magic and romance with the rich association of flowers with all their colourful glory. As Hudson says—"We can hardly call her a poetical being : she is rather poetry itself and everything lends and borrows beauty at her touch. A playmate of the flowers, when we see her with them, we are at a loss whether they take more inspiration from her, or she from them ; and while she is the sweetest of poets in making nosegays, the nosegays become in her hands the richest of crowns. This "unfledged angel" shares .the innocence and glory of the flowers as she plays with them.

Helen's beauty was finely appreciated by the Elders of

Troy as she moved to the battlements to look at the distant shore when lay the tents of the Greeks. So during the dance old Camillo observes : Perdita in the arms of Florizel and remarks :

> "He tells her something
> That makes her blood look out, good sooth, she is
> The queen of curds and cream.

Even Polixenes is charmed by the innate grace in the bearing of Perdita, as she whirls in her dance with her lover.

> "This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
> Ran on the green sward ; nothing she does or seems
> But smacks of something greater than herself,
> Too noble for this place."

All the native grace and qualities of her mother reappear in Perdita's sweet nature modified by pastoral associations. This grace and dignity in her character worthy of a princess inperceptibly blend with the simplicities of the pastoral life.

For her sweetness and simplicity of character Perdita has been compared with Miranda of *The Tempest.* Hudson compares her with Miranda and analyses the distinct qualities of these two charming ladies in the following words.

"Their characters are strikingly similar ; only Perdita has perhaps a sweeter gracefulness, the freedom, simplicity, and playfulness of nature being in her case less checked by external restraints ; while Miranda carries more of magical and mysterious charm woven into her character from the supernatural influence of her whereabout ....It is an interesting fact, also, for such it seems to be, that these two glorious delineations were produced very near together, perhaps in the same year; and this too when Shakespeare was in his highest maturity of poetry and wisdom."

After the discovery of the lost child and reunion of Perdita with her father Leontes, we see her standing in mute admiration before the statue of her mother. Hermione descends from the pedestal, embraces her husband and comes near to Perdita. Paulina bids Perdita to kneel and pray for her mother's blessings.

With her hand above the head of her kneeling daughter Hermione breathes out her blessings.

"You gods, look down
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head."

This prayer and benediction on Perdita is the final fruition of the hope which sustained Hermione through long years of sorrow and sufferings, separation and seclusion. This flower-like character of Perdida wastes off the sins of her father and promises a tranguil happiness in future for her parents once again reunited in love after years of tragic sufferings, penitenance and repentance.

Perdita is the symbol of that purifying power of repentance which Christianity asserts and which washes off the sins of Leontes and makes him worthy of Hermione's love.

The binding force of the re-union and reconciliation in the end of Hermione and Leontes is the flower-like innocence of Perdita.

N.B. The graceful and charming language of Perdita proves nothing in favour of the country, for she expresses herself thus naturally only because by her birth she belongs to the higher class of society. Her style no more resembles the genuine pastoral manner than she herself resembles a peasant. If her supposed father and brother are types traced from nature, as they seem to be, assuredly she neither speaks nor thinks *en campagnarde*, in as much as she has nothing in common with them. She introduces, therefore, a foreign element into the eclogue.

(f) Florizel

Florizel, the young prince of Bohemia falls in love with Perdita, the daughter of an old shepherd. In the bucolic atmosphere, he courts her and in the disguise of a shepherd appears in the sheep-shearing festival to woo and win his shepherdess.

Florizel is a high-spirited, lively young man, bearing a refinement and culture, true to his aristocratic blood. He shows a loyalty and purity in his love for the lovely shepherdess with charm and appeal. He declares to Polixenes, whom he mistakes for an old shepherd his true love for Perdita :

'That were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy, were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve, had force and knowledge

More than was ever man's, I would not prize them
Without her love ;'

After Polixenes declaring his anger at his son's courtship of a shepherdess and threatening death to Perdita if she continues to love Florizel leaves the sheep-shearing feast. Perdita exhorts the Prince to leave her saying,

"Will't please you, sir, be gone ?
I told you what would come of this ; beseech you
Of your own state take care ; this dream of mine
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther
But milk my ewes and weep."

But Florizel is determined to sail away with Perdita from his father's land, unshaken in his resolve to marry her inspite of his father's curses.

Camillo finding him resolved on flight, sends Florizel and Perdita to Sicilia and after some trial and tribulation, the reconciliation and recognition of their parents unite the lovers in the end.

Florizel, by his constancy of love becomes a worthy suitor and husband of Perdita.

N. B. F Kreyssig says :

"The whole character of Florizel represents the sovereign power of true, genuine love over the external forces of the world. Not for an instant do the thoughts of his birth, of his rank, of his duty to his father in the present and to his country in the future, make him waver in the choice which he made for life. The remonstrances of his disguised father awaken in him not a single thought of repentance or of misgiving. The only thing that occurs to him after the unwelcome disclosure is flight and an independent completion of his plans."

Between the youthful impulses of his heart and the positive duties of life, Florizel, without hesitation, chose the dictates of his heart.

(g) Antigonus

After the Queen is taken back to prison after her arraignment in public, Antigonus, one of the Lords of Sicilia voices

his protest against the injustice of his king along with other Lords in these words :

'Be certain, what you do, sir, last your justice
Prove violence ; in the which three great ones suffer,
Yourself, your queen, your son.'

He declares his unflinching faith in the purity of Hermoine's character. At last finding the king's mixed obdurate in his fixed idea of jealousy, Antigonus speaks out

"And I wish, my liege.
You had only in your silent judgment tried it,
Without more overture."

Antigonus is a loyal lord, though not as outspoken in his honesty as his wife Paulina. He is a proud father of three daughters.

He possesses a sense of humour and could speak in a tense atmosphere after the king sends Cleomenes and Dion to Apollo's temple at Delphos for the oracle :

'To laughter, as I take it
If the good truth were known'.

Paulina, his wife dominates over Antigonus. When she enters with the child of Hermione before the presence of the king. Fearing the displeasure of the king, he tried to pursuade Paulina not to bring the child to Leontes but domineering over her husband, she neglected to listen to her husband's advice or act upon it. When Paulina lashes with her tongue the king for his injustice to the queen before her husband, Antigonus is powerless to control his wife.

Then the king bids him swear by his sword to perform his command and the gruesome command is to dispose of the child left by Paulina to some remote desert without protection at the mercy of wild beasts and inclement weather.

True to his word, Antigonus takes up the child and says :

'I swear to do this, though a present death had been merciful'.

And while leaving the child in the desert of Bohemia, he is pursued by a bear and devoured.

(h) Autolycus

Except Autolycus, none of the characters show much of Shakespeare's philosophic depth ; so says Hartley Coleridge.

Autolycus is the incarnate rogue. He lives on the simplicity of the world, and thinks that the world exists for rogues. He is so frank of his roguery and enjoys it so heartily that it is not easy to be angry with him. The best excuse for him and his excellent use, is his gaiety. Nothing can be better done than his fooling and robbing of the clown, especially if we read what is said with our eye on the stage. While he is stealing (in the scene 3, Act IV), we are conscious, with delight, that Autolycus is playing with his own wit, and rejoicing that he is cheating so admirably. When the Clown is gone, he breaks out into self-gratuatations. Thus Stopford Brooke thinks that his gaiety and wit are enough to suspend our moral judgment on his actions.

Autolycus, with his evident abilities, his enjoyment in the Daffodils, the song of the birds, his real love for music and talents in music, all weighed together, will ultimately turn over a new leaf. Autolycus, by profession a tinker, by transmutation a pedlar, was by birth and education, a hooker or angler. He is a brilliant scape-grace with wit equal to his thievery ; quick, sharp and changeable. Most thoroughly Autolycus despises those whom he cheats ; and he never loses his self-respect being detached or by failure.

He is equally perfect in the rogue's philosophy and practice. He is the generic charlatan, and is consummate in those arts of lying, fraud, and imposition, which constitute the character.

Autolycus is, besides, a musical character ; and with all his singing there is a grain of geniality in him as a saving grace of this roguish pedlar. He tramps on his way with a song in his lips. He discloses to us his antecedents and his present cogitations.

Autolycus sings of his wares with a gusto and true enjoyment, with the right feeling. He musically announces his wares, and in the very process makes people in love with them.

This roguish pedlar delights in singing over for singing's ake. The question is : can we expect this character with its total want of principle to change for the better or is there a chance of redemption for him in future, if he would incline to amend his character ?

Autolycus possesses a certain degree of geniality in his appreciation of music and of the beauty of external nature. It may simply some small germ of possible good in him, and so in future we can imagine him in the role of a reformed rake.

Alfred Roffe is hopeful of some transformation in Autolycus in his mellowing years ; so he reflects :

"Upon the whole, one can hardly help being half inclined to think that Autolycus, with his evident abilities, his enjoyment in the Daffodils, the song of birds, his real love for, and talents in music, all weighed together, will ultimately turn over a new leaf in his course of life."

Autolycus w. s formerly a servant of Prince Florizel. He is a rogue not so much from malice as from pleasure ; he takes delight in thievery for its own sake rather than for its gain. He enjoys his own folly without any scruple of conscience. As Snider says, "he is comic to himself and plays a comic part for his own special amusement. He celebrates his vagabond life and thievish disposition in verse : it is a theme for Art with him. He furnishes the intrigue and disguise of this little realm and is, hence, the source of its comic situations. He will assist in breaking up the pastoral world and transferring it to Sicilia, where he will repent.

Like Touchstone, once Autolycus had loved the court and affected the manners thereof. The foolishness and knavery and jests of Autolycus come nearer to real life and we enjoy the pranks he plays with our moral judgment suspended for the moment. We laught at the jests of Autolycus and condone his snapping up to 'unconsidered trifles'. "We get to like the rogue so well that we end by taking his part, and rejoicing in the success of his schemes. How is it possible to find fault with a 'mery heart' that 'goes all the day' ; laughing and singing as it goes, whom 'fortune will not suffer to be honest' ? Touchstone and Lear's Fool may be more pathetic, more philosophic and greater in poetic intensity ; but they are not more true to human nature than this prince of knaves and fools.

Shakespeare in a mood of frank joy created this character. As Furnivall says : 'Not only do we see Shakespeare's freshness of spirit in his production of Perdita, but also in his creation of Autolycus. That, at the close of his dramatic life, after all the

troubles he had passed through, Shakespeare had yet the youngness of heart to bubble out into this merry rogue, the incarnation of fun and rascality ; and let him sail off successful and unharmed, is wonderful. And there is no diminution of his former comic power is shown, too, in his clown, who wants but something to be a reasonable man.

(i) Camillo

Camillo, a Lord of Sicilia, we meet in the very first scene conversing with Archidamus, a Lord of Bohemia. He speaks of the great love and friendship that endeared Leontes and Polixenes to each other. To Camillo, Leontes confides about his jealousy and suspicion and commissions him to poison Polixenes. He is wise and advises his own king, not to suspect his wife and friend of faithlessness.

> 'Good my Lord, be cured
> Of this diseased opinion : and betimes ;
> For it is dangerous'.

Persuaded by the king, he agrees to poison Polixenes. But goodness in him wins over his loyalty to his king and he breaks his promise to his royal master to save Polixenes.

Camillo, casts his lot with the king of Bohemia and escapes with him as he helps Polixenes to fly away from the wrath and vengeance of Leontes.

In his belief in the innocence of the queen and the king of Bohemia lies the justification of his treachery to his king.

We find him after sixteen years a friend and councillor of Polixenes in Bohemia. He is weary of his exiled existence and longs to return to his king and the country.

When Florizel is determined to sail away from Bohemia with his shepherdess it is Camillo who helps them to go to Sicilia and brings back Polixenes to his friend for reconciliation and reunion.

The innate honesty in Camillo is at last recognised by Leontes and he is rewarded with the hand of Paulina, which he richly deserved.

Yet a critic has raged against Camillo shouting :

'Camillo is an old rogue whom I can hardly forgive for his double treachery !'

(j) Mamillius

We learn of Mamillius, the young Prince of Sicilia from the conversation between Camillo and Archidamus in the first scene of the First Act.

Archidamus says to Camillo :

"You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius, it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came to my note." From Camillo's lip we know that the prince is a gallant child.

When Leontes gives vent to his fury before the little Prince and asks him

'Mine honest friend
Will you take eggs for money'

Boldly the Prince replies

'No my Lord, I'll fight'.

The playful nature of the Prince annoys Hermione and in her chamber she asks a lady to remove the child from her presence. This precocious boy has a sense of humour prematurely developed in him. As he leaves the first Lady and goes to the Second Lady, he says he loves her better. Smiling the Lady flatteringly asks the reason for his preference and the witty answers trickle in laughter from the lips of the Prince :

"Not for because
Your brows are blacker ; yet black brows, they say,
Become some women best, so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,
Or a half-moon made with a pen."

This little Prince, besides being witty and humorous, has also a fine sensitiveness already developed in him.

Hermione comes to the Prince and makes him sit by her and asks him to tell a tale. And Mamillius begins a sad tale as it is best for winter. He begins the tale and never ends it. It is interrupted by the advent of the King and the Lord.

The Prince sees the humiliation of his mother at the cruel hands of his father. Inwardly mourning for his mother's insult and anxious about his mother's fortune, he pines away and dies.

The death of Mamillius creates a breach between Leontes and Hermione as much as the king's unjust cruelty and it would take sixteen years of repentance and tears, penitenance and silent suffering before reconciliation and reunion would shed heaven's benediction on the mourning parents of the Prince.

Furners observes : 'This maturity of observation in the little boy throughout the scene with his mother has its purpose. The heart of a less precocious child would not have been broken by the ill-treatment of his mother.

Clarke also thinks similarly when he says, "Can anything be more perfectly true to young boy's nature ? And not only by this touch, but in the whole sketch of the child's character, Shakespeare has drawn Mamillius with Nature's own sweet and cunning hand."

7. CRITICAL REMARKS

It has been mentioned as a great praise to Shakespeare that the old paltry story of *Dorastus and Fawnia* served him for *The Winter's Tale*, but if we compare the conduct of the incidents in the play with the paltry story on which it is founded, we shall find the original much less absurd and ridiculous. The account of the kings jealousy in Greene's Novel does notabsolutely clash with probability. Leontes passes in an instant from the greatest confidence, security and friendship imaginable to the last extremity of jealousy and rage. Shakespeare makes Leontes, in the grip of jealousy of one minutes growth, himself send to the Oracle of Apollo and in the meantime commit the most barbarous cruelties on his queen and child.

Antigonus obeys his king's cruel commands and this done, it is absolutely necessary he should never return to Sicily. Therefore a bear rushes out of the woods and devours him ; the good natured bear passes by the little princess and a convenient storm splits the ship and sailors perish though they are near enough the shore to have saved themselves !

Polixenes hears the prince Florizel declare his passion for the fair shepherdess and he joins hands with her before all the country people who are present.

Perdita, though her father and brother are in the same vessel with her, never sees or speaks to them.

Shakespeare seems to have preserved the queen alive for the sake of her representing her own statue in the last scene—a mean and absurd contrivance.

For how can it be imagined that Hermione, a virtuous and affectionate wife, would conceal herself during sixteen years in a solitary house, though she was sensible that her repentant husband was all that time consuming away with grief and remorse for her death ?

How ridiculous also in a great queen, on so interesting an occasion, to submit to such buffoonery as standing on a pedestal, motionless, her eyes fixed, and at last to be conjured down by a magical command of Paulina !

The novel has nothing in it half so low and improbable as this contrivance of the statue.

These are some of the defects Mrs. Lennox found in Shakespear's play. Mrs. Lennox was the protegee of Dr. Johnson who wrote the preface to her *Shakespeare Illustrated*.

Other imperfections of the play were pointed out by Mrs. Inchbald. She wrote : "There are two occurences in this drama, quite as improbable as the unprovoked jealousy of Leontes—the one, that the gentle, the amiable, the tender Perdita should be an unconcerned spectator of the doom which menaced her foster, and supposed real father ; and carelessly forsake him in the midst of his calamities. The other disgraceful improbability is,—that the young prince Florizel should introduce himself to the court of Sicilia, by speaking arrant falsehoods.

Compbell would explain away all the absurdities in the play : The jealousy of Leontes, though rash and irrational, is not unnatural in a hasty and wilful man. The lapse of time is explained by an apology from the lips of Time himself. The silence of Florizel towards his Perdita and her supposed father and brother, on shipboard, has a fair excuse in the impossibility of the Poet's representing dramatically a narrated event ; and the greatest of the alleged improbalities, namely, that of Hermione refusing reconciliation with her husband, may be explained by the conceivableness of a mother being unwilling to re-embrace a husband who had ordered the murder of her

child, until that husband had repented, and the lost Perdita had been restored. Mrs. Lennox says that the original story of Greene is more purely moral than that of our poet. Now in the original tale, the father of Fawnia attempts to seduce his own daughter. Shakespeare has omitted this exquisite trait of morality.

In 1851 Hartley Coleridge in his *Essays* remarked : 'In this wild drama the comedy is excellent, the pastoral is exquisite .....The sudden jealousy of Leontes, though unaccountable, is not impossible. I am not sure that the ready soliciting of Hermione, and the easy compliance of Polixenes might not produce, in a better mind, a momentary cloud, a wish that the request had not been made, an impatience for Polixene's departure. How slight a spark may cause explosion in the foul atmosphere of a despot's heart it is hard to say. Irresponsible power is tyranny without, and moral anarchy within .....The grossness of Leontes' imaginations, his murderous suggestions, and inaccessibility to reason, remorse, or religion, is naturally consequent on the base passion, say rather the unclean demon, that possesses him. Remorse, the tyrant would feel ; but it would urge him to vengeance on the instruments of his crimes, —perhaps to some superstitions rite,—some self—sought atonement ; but never to a heart cleansing repentance ...... The catastrophe is hurried, and the queen's reanimation beyond all dramatic credibility. Yet it acts well, and the whole is pleasing and effective on the stage.

Lloyd finds many points of analogy with *The Winter's Tale* with the *Alcestis* of Euripides. Admetus, fated to die, is by favour of Apollo permitted to prolong his life by furnishing Death with a voluntary substitute. His wife Alcestis becomes the volunteer. He grives at her fate and is inconsolable at his bereavement. Wrapt up in blind selfishness, never once does he contrasts her conduct with his own. She dies on the stage like Hermione and her sorrowing husband forthwith prepares her solemn funeral. Then too late Admetus learns his wife has the nobler and the better fate. The Chorus comforts him, and urges the reparation of funeral honour. In the mean time Hercules brings back Alcestis veiled, rescued by his arm from the already closed clutches of Thanatos, hate to God and man. Hercules pretends that his companion is a prize won in games, and offering to leave her with Admetus, and even referring to

renewed wedlock, draws from him expressions soothing to the revived queen, as those that Paulina draws from the penitent Leontes. Let like Leontes gazing at the statue, he looks till the force of resemblance raises him to the highest pitch of agitation. At length, by gradation like that in Shakespeare's play, the form of his wife is unveiled, and he recognises her and falls on her neck. But she still stands speechless : the purifications due to the infernal gods must first be performed, and a three days' interval elapses before he may hear her voice ; and thus in her silent presence the play concludes.

The elevated dignity and majesty thus expressed in the figure of Alcestis, the vindication of the self-devoted womanhood from the selfish neglect of a stronger power, but an inferior nature, is admirably realised, and is parallel to the reparation accorded to Hermione, who suffers with dignity as well as patience, and preserves herself not from consideration for a husband who has forfeited his nobler title, but for the sake of a daughter lost, but promised by the Oracle to be found. The silence of Alcestis is not more satisfactory and expressive than the circumstance that, in the single short speech of Hermione, her words recognise and address alone her recovered daughter. She extends her hand to Leontes, and whom he embraces her in joyful astonishment, full forgiveness is sealed by her frank embrace and entire reconciliation. "She hangs upon his neck" ; but it is when the recovered Perdita kneels that her mother's voice is heard again, and then, as if in the same awe of the powers of death from whom Hermione and Perdita seen, like Alcestis, to have been recovered, the scene hastly closes and the play is at an end.

× × ×

A. W. Schlegel thinks that Shakespeare has taken here the greatest liberties with anachronisms and geographical errors ; he opens a free navigation between Sicily and Bohemia makes Giulio Romano the contemporary of the Delphic oracle. Yes besides this, there are other incongruities in the play. But these improbabilities do not detract the greatness of the play.

× × ×

Here is a peice of adverse criticism of *The Winter's Tale* from the German critic, Heinrich Bulthaupt :—

The speed with which Leontes, one of the most disagreeable men on God's earth, talks himself into a jealous madness, is certainly in the worst sense 'more than human'. Merely because his wife converses earnestly with his guest, his most trusted friend, after her request had induced longer in Sicilia, this horrible, blood-thirsty creature turns to a manifold murderer. Othello is nothing in comparison,—he had a handkerchief to show, and the insinuations of Iago,—Leontes has not a word to say for himself. It goes on the Third Act with steady increasing madness,—then comes the rebound.

The mental conversion of Leontes, who has just called the Delphic Oracle a lie and a fraud, is accomplished in two lines. This is intolerable. A man who has been raving mad through three Acts cannot become sane in the twinkling of an eye ; we do not believe it.

Hereupon sixteen years elapse, and then comes the enchanting Fourth Act with its charming vision of Perdita and that genuine Shakespearean character, Autolycus. Everywhere the unconfined play of sovereign genius. No sooner have we resigned ourselves unrestrainedly to it, when, alack ! the fifth Act yields another monostrocity.

Enough, Leontes, deeply stricken, still bears in mind his wife so shamefully slandered by him and believed to be dead for sixteen years. And Hermione ? The royal, exalted Hermione, who in the First Act specially in the Trial Scene, is on a level with the grandest that Shakespeare has created, who walks in the ranks of innocent, afflicted, injured women, whose suffering souls no one but Shakespeare has laid so bare, this Hermione, still loving her husband, when she is again to appear before him, consents to this force of statue.

Can a loving wife after sixteen years of separation play such a comedy ?

Our tragic sympathy, our moral indignation has been quickened, but she, whom we commiserated, triples away our sympathy with a living statue which she represents, and the man, for whom we wished the heaviest punishment, garners the fairest harvest of indulgent fate.

[Can we agree with the critic ?]

× × ×

In very sooth, Shakespeare has here (in the *Winter's Tale*) no more written a pastoral than a comedy or a tragedy.. He touches the three kinds, but does not settle in one. For my part, I admire all the beauties of detail which this play contains, but I see there only what really is,—a triple outline, where we acknowledge the hand of a master. I find there a rapid sketch of three pieces, whereof none is perfect.—*A. Mezieres.*

× × ×

The Winter's Tale is no comedy ; it is a tragedy, more tragic even than *Cymbeline.* Assuredly the death of Antigonus, and far more of Mamillius, moves us more deeply than the death of Cloten. But it is not alone by this double tragedy that *The Winter's Tale* is a drama, it is so by its general composition, by its impassioned tone, and by the ascending scale of its chief scenes.

In this latter comedy Shakespeare .carefully spares the spectator all painful emotions, he admits him before hand into the secret of all situations, whereby the spectator, already set at ease by the very title of the play, need never distress himself over imaginary misfortunes whereof he foresees the issue.

But in *The Winter's Tale* the poet keeps the secret to himself; not for a single instant does he admit us to the councils of Fate. He wishes us to be involved in the despair of his characters ; he would have us, like Leontes, believe in the death of Hermione, and to the very last he leaves us the dupes of Paulina's device. Hence it is that the denouement is profoundly solemn. Then, then our anxiety is at its height ; and when the statue stirs, when marble becomes flesh, when the queen descends from the pedestal, it cannot be but that we are present at some magic invocation by a supernatural power, and at the unexpected resurrection we feel an indescribable emotion of wonder and surprise.

—*Francois Victor Hugo*

PART III

TEXT OF THE WINTER'S TALE

—*William Shakespeare.*

THE WINTER'S TALE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LEONTES, king of Sicilia.

MAMILLIUS, young prince of Sicilia.

CAMILLO, ANTIGONUS, CLEOMENES, DION, — Four Lords of Sicilia.

POLIXENES, king of Bohemia.

FLORIZEL, prince of Bohemia.

ARCHIDAMUS, a Lord of Bohemia.

Old Shepherd, reputed father of Perdita.

Clown, his son.

AUTOLYCUS, a rogue.

A Mariner.

A Gaoler.

HERMIONE, queen to Leontes.

PERDITA, daughter to Leontes and Hermione.

PAULINA, wife to Antigonus.

EMILIA, a lady attending on Hermione.

MOPSA, DORCAS, — Shepherdesses.

Other Lords and Gentlemen, Ladies, Officers, and Servants, Shepherds, and Shepherdesses.

Time, as Chorus.

SCENE : *Sicilia, and Bohemia.*

THE WINTER'S TALE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Antechamber in* LEONTES' *palace*.

Enter CAMILLO *and* ARCHIDAMUS.

Arch. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us we will be justified in our loves : for indeed—

Cam. Beseech you,—

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge : we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say. We will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficience, may, though they cannot praise us as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear for what's given me freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods ; and there

rooted bewixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorneyed with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seemed to be together, though absent, shook hands, as over a vast, and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!

Arch. I think there is not in the world either malice or matter to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius: it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: it is a gallant child; one that indeed physics the subjects, makes old hearts fresh: they that went on crutches ere he was born desire yet their life to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A room of state in the same.*

Enter LEONTES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, POLIXENES, CAMILLO, *and* Attendants.

Pol. Nine changes of the watery star hath been
The shepherd's note since we have left our throne
Without a burthen: time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks;
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt: and therefore, like a cipher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply
With one 'We thank you' many thousands moe
That go before it.

Leon. Stay your thanks a while;

And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow.
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance
Or breed upon our absence ; that may blow
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say
'This is put forth too truly :' besides, I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.

Leon. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to 't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leon. One seven-night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.

Leon. We'll par the time between's then ; and in that
I'll no gainsaying.

Pol. Press me not, beseech you, so.
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the world,
So soon as yours could win me. so it should now,
Were there necessity in your request, although
'Twere needful I denied it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward : which to hinder
Were in your love a whip to me ; my stay
To you a charge and trouble : to save both,
Farewell, our brother.

Leon. Tongue-tied our queen ? speak you.

Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace until
You had drawn oaths from him not to stay. You, sir,
Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure
All in Bohemia's well ; this satisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim'd : say this to him,
He's beat from his best ward.

Leon. Well said, Hermione.

Her. To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong :
But let him say so then, and let him go ;
But let him swear so and he shall not stay,
We'l thwack him hence with distaffs.
Yet of your royal presence I'll adventure

The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I'll give him my commission
To let him there a month behind the gest
Prefix'd for's parting : yet good deed, Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind
What lady-she her lord. You'll stay ?

Pol. No, madam.

Her. Nay, but you will ?

Pol. I may not, verily.

Her. Verily !
You put me off with limber vows ; but I,
Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with oaths.
Should yet say 'Sir, no going.' Verily,
You shall not go : a lady's 'Verily' 's
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet ?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest ; so you shall pay your fees
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you ?
My prisoner ? or my guest ? by your dread 'Verily,'
One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your guest, then, madam :
To be your prisoner should import offending ;
Which is for me less easy to commit
Than you to punish.

Her. Not your gaoler, then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you
Of my lord's tricks and yours when you were boys :
You were pretty lordings then ?

Pol. We were, fair queen,
Two lads that thought there was no more behind
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord
The verier wag o' the two ?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs that did frisk i' the sun,
And bleat the one at the other : what we changed

Was innocence for innocence : we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd
That any did. Had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven
Boldly 'not guilty ;' the imposition clear'd
Hereditary ours.

Her. By this we gather
You have tripp'd since.

Pol. O my most sacred lady !
Temptations have since then been born to's ; for
In those unfledged days was my wife a girl ;
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.

Her. Grace to boot !
Of this make no conclusion, lest you say
Your queen and I are devils : yet go on ;
The offences we have made you do we'll answer,
If you first sinn'd with us and that with us
You did continue fault and that you slipp'd not
With any but with us.

Leon. Is he won yet ?

Her. He'll stay, my lord.

Leon. At my request he would not.
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spokest
To better purpose.

Her. Never ?

Leon. Never, but once.

Her. What ! have I twice said well ? when was't before ?
I prithee tell me ; cram's with praise, and make's
As fat as tame things : one good deed dying tongueless
Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages : you may ride's
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs ere
With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal :
My last good deed was to entreat his stay :

What was my first? it has an elder sister,
Or I mistake you: O, would her name were Grace!
But once before I spoke to the purpose: when?
Nay, let me have't; I long.

Leon. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand
And clap thyself my love: them didst thou utter
'I am yours for ever.'

Her. 'Tis grace indeed.
Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose twice:
The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;
The other for some while a friend.

Leon. [*Aside*] Too hot, too hot!
To mingle friendship far is mingling bloods.
I have tremor cordis on me: my heart dances;
But not for joy; not joy. This entertainment
May a free face put on; derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,
And well become the agent; 't may, I grant;
But to be paddling palms and pinching fingers,
As now they are, and making practised smiles,
As in a looking-glass, and then to sigh, as 'twere
The mort o' the deer; O, that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows! Mamillius,
Art thou my boy?

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. I' fecks!
Why, that's my bawcock. What, hast smutch'd thy nose?
They say it is a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain:
And yet the steer, th heifer and the calf
Are all call'd neat.—Still virginalling
Upon his palm!—How now, you wanton calf!
Art thou my calf?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.

Leon. Thou want'st a rough pash and the shoots that I have,
To be full like me: yet they say we are
Almost as like as eggs; women say so,
That will say any thing: but were they false
As o'er-dyed blacks, as wind, as waters, false
As dice are to be wish'd by one that fixes
No bourn 'twixt his and mihe, yet were it true
To say this boy were like me. Come, sir page,
Look on me with your welkin eye: sweet villain!
Most dear'st! my collop! Can thy dam?—may't be?—
Affection! thy intention stabs the centre:
Thou dost make possible things not so held,
Communicatest with dreams;—how can this be?—
With what's unreal thou coactive art,
And fellow'st nothing: then 'tis very credent
Thou mayst co-join with something; and thou dost,
And that beyond commission, and I find it,
And that to the infection of my brains
And hardening of my brows.

Pol. What means Sicilia?

Her. He something seems unsettled.

Pol. How, my lord!
What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?

Her. You look
As if you held a brow of much distraction:
Are you moved, my lord?

Leon. No, in good earnest.
How sometimes nature will betrary its folly,
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methgougts I did recoil
Twenty-three years, and saw myself unbreech'd,
In my green velvet coat, my dagger muzzled,
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous:
How like, methought I then was to this kernel,

This squash, this gentleman. Mine honest friend,
Will you take eggs for money ?

Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.

Leon. You will ! why, happy man be's dole ! My brother,
Are you so fond of your young prince as we
Do seem to be of ours ?

Pol. If at home, sir,
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter,
Now my sworn friend and then mine enemy,
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all :
He makes a July's day short as December,
And with his varying childness cures in me
Thoughts that would thick my blood.

Leon. So stands this squire
Officed with me : we two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps. Hermione,
How thou lovest us, show in our brother's welcome ;
Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap :
Next to thyself and my young rover, he's
Apparent to my heart.

Her. If you would seek us,
We are yours i' the garden : shall's attend you there ?

Leon. To your own bents dispose you : you 'll be found,
Be you beneath the sky. [*Aside*] I am angling now,
Though you perceive me not how I give line.
Go to, go to !
How she holds up the neb, the bill to him !
And arms her with the boldness of a wife
To her allowing husband !

[*Exeunt Polixenes, Hermione, and Attendants.*

Gone already !
Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a fork'd one !
Go, play, boy, play : thy mother plays, and I
Play too, but so disgraced a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave : contempt and clamour
Will be my knell. Go, play, boy, play. There have been,

Or I am much deceived, cuckolds ere now.
Should all despair
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves. Physic for 't there is none;
It is a bawdy, planet, that will strike
Where 'tis predominant; many thousand on 's
Have the disease, and feel 't not. How now, boy!

Mam. I am like you, they say.

Leon. Why, that 's some comfort.
What, Camillo there?

Cam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. Go play, Mamillius; thou 'rt an honest man.
[*Exit Mamillius.*
Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold:
When you cast out, it still came home.

Leon. Didst note it?

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions; made
His business more material.

Leon. Didst perceive it?
[*Aside*] They 're here with me already, whispering, rounding
'Sicilia is a so-forth:' 'tis far gone,
When I shall gust it last. How come 't, Camillo,
That he did stay?

Cam. At the good queen's entreaty.

Leon. At the queen's be 't: 'good' should be pertinent;
But, so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks: not noted, is 't,
But of the finer natures? by some severals
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes
Perchance are to this business purblind? say.

Cam. Business, my lord! I think most understand
Bohemia stays here longer.

Leon. Ha !
Cam. Stays here longer.
Leon. Ay, but why ?
Cam. To satisfy your highness and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.
Leon. Satisfy !
The entreaties of your mistress : satisfy !
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils, wherein, priest-like, thou
Hast cleansed my bosom, I from the departed
Thy penitent reform'd : but we have been
Deceived in thy integrity, deceived
In that which seems so.
Cam. Be it forbid my lord !
Leon. To bide upon't, thou art not honest, or,
If thou inclinest that way, thou art a coward,
Which hoxes honesty behind, restraining
From course required ; or else thou must be counted
A servant grafted in my serious trust.
And therein negligent ; or else a fool
That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,
And takest it all for jest.
Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish and fearful ;
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Among the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly ; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was negligence,
Not weighing well the end ; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance. 'twas a fear
Which oft infects the wisest : these, my lord,

Are such allow'd infirmities that honesty
Is never free of. But, beseech your grace,
Be plainer with me ; let me know my trespass
By its own visage : if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Leon. Ha' not you seen, Camillo,—

But that 's past doubt, you have, or your eye-glass
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn,—or heard,—
For to a vision so apparent rumour
Cannot be mute,—or thought,—for cogitation
Resides not in that man that does not think,—
My wife is slippery ? If thou wilt confess,
Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes nor ears nor thought, then say
My wife's a hobby-horse, deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench that puts to
Before her troth-plight : say 't and justify 't.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by to hear

My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken : 'shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this ; which to reiterate were sin
As deep as that, though true.

Leon. Is whispering nothing ?

Is leaning cheek to cheek ? is meeting noses ?
Kissing with inside lip ? stopping the career
Of laughing with a sigh ?—a note infallible
Of Breaking honesty—horsing foot on foot ?
Skulking in corners ? wishing clocks more swift ?
Hours, minutes ? noon, midnight ? and all eyes
Blind with the pin and web but theirs, theirs only,
That would unseen be wicked ? is this nothing ?
Why, then the world and all that 's in 't is nothing ;
The covering sky is nothing ; Bohemia nothing ;
My wife is nothing ; nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my lord, be cured
Of this diseased opinion, and betimes;
For 'tis most dangerous.

Leon. Say it be, 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my lord.

Leon. It is; you lie, you lie:
I say thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee,
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave,
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both: were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.

Cam, Who does infect her?

Leon. Why, he that wears her like her medal, hanging
About his neck, Bohemia: who, if I
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts, they would do that
Which should undo more doing: ay, and thou,
His cup-bearer,—whom I from meaner form
Have bench'd and rear'd do worship, who mayst see
Plainly as heaven sees earth and earth sees heaven,
How I am galled,—mightst bespice a cup,
To give my enemy a lasting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this, and that with no rash potion,
But with a lingering dram that should not work
Maliciously like poison: but I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.
I have loved thee,—

Leon. Make that thy question, and go rot!
Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation, sully

The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
Which to preserve is sleep, which being spotted
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps,
Give scandal to the blood o' the prince my son,
Who I do think is mine and love as mine,
Without ripe moving to 't ? Would I do this ?
Could man so blench ?

Cam. I must believe you, sir :
I do : and will fetch off Bohemia for 't ;
Provided that, when he's removed, your highness
Will take again your queen as yours at first,
Even for your son's sake ; and thereby for sealing
The injury of tongues in courts and kingdoms
Known and allied to yours.

Leon. Thou dost advise me
Even so as I mine own course have set down :
I 'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

Cam. My lord,
Go then ; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia
And with your queen. I am his cupbearer :
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.

Leon. This is all :
Do't and thou hast the one half of my heart ;
Do't not, thou split'st thine own.

Cam. I 'll do 't, my lord.

Leon. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advised me. [*Exit.*

Cam. O miserable lady ! But, for me,
What case stand I in ? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes ; and my ground to do 't
Is the obedience to a master, one
Who in rebellion with himself will have
All that are his so too. To do this deed,
Promotion follows. If I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings

And flourish'd after, I 'ld not do't ; but since
Nor brass nor stone nor parchment bears not one,
Let villany itself forswear't. I must
Forsake the court : to do't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star reign now !
Here comes Bohemia.

Re-enter POLIXENES.

Pol. This is strange : methinks
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak ?
Good day, Camillo.

Cam. Hail, most royal sir !

Pol. What is the news i' the court ?

Cam. None rare, my lord.

Pol. The king hath on him such a countenance
As he had lost some province and a region
Loved as he loves himself : even now I met him
With customary compliment ; when he,
Wafting his eyes to the contrary and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me and
So leaves me to consider what is breeding
That changeth thus his manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my lord.

Pol. How ! dare not ! do not. Do you know, and dare not ?
Be intelligent to me : 'tis thereabouts ;
For, to yourself, what you do know, you must,
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your changed complexions are to me a mirror
Which shows me mine changed too ; for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with 't.

Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper, but
I cannot name the disease ; and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.

Pol. How ! caught of me !

Make me not sighted like the basilisk :
I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,—
As you are certainly a gentleman, thereto
Clerk-like experienced, which no less adorns
Our gentry than our parents' noble names,
In whose success we are gentle,—I beseech you,
If you know aught which does behove my knowledge
Thereof to be inform'd imprison't not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!
I must be answer'd. Dost thou hear, Camillo,
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man
Which honour does acknowledge, whereof the least
Is not this suit of mine, that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me ; how far off, how near ;
Which way to be prevented, if to be ;
If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I will tell you ;
Since I am charged in honour and by him
That I think honourable : therefore mark my counsel,
Which must be even as swiftly follow'd as
I mean to utter it, or both yourself and me
Cry lost, and so good night !

Pol. On, good Camillo.

Cam. I am appointed him to murder you.

Pol. By whom, Camillo ?

Cam. By the king.

Pol. For what ?

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears,
As he had seen 't or been an instrument
To vice you to 't, that you have touch'd his queen
Forbiddenly.

Pol. O, then my best blood turn

To an infected jelly and my name
Be yoked with his that did betray the Best !
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A savour that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive, and my approach be shunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
That e'er was heard or read !

Cam. Swear his thought over
By each particular star in heaven and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon
As or by oath remove or counsel shake
The fabric of his folly, whose foundation
Is piled upon his faith and will continue
The standing of his body.

Pol. How should this grow ?

Cam. I know not : but I am sure 'tis safer to
Avoid what's grown than question how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,
That lies enclosed in this trunk which you
Shall bear along impawn'd, away to-night !
Your followers I will whisper to the business,
And will by twos and threes at several posterns
Clear them o' the city. For myself, I'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain ;
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth : which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by ; nor shall you be safer
Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth, thereon
His execution sworn.

Pol. I do believe thee :
I saw his heart in 's face. Give me thy hand :
Be pilot to me and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine. My ships are ready and
My people did expect my hence departure

Two days ago. This jealousy
Is for a precious creature : as she's rare,
Must it be great. and as his person's mighty,
Must it be violent, and as he does conceive
He is dishonour'd by a man which ever
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me :
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen , part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion ! Come, Camillo ;
I will respect thee as a father if
Thou bear'st my life off hence : let us avoid.

Cam. It is in mine authority to command
The keys of all the posterns : please your highness
To take the urgent hour. Come, sir, away. [*Exeunt*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A room in* LEONTES' *palace.*

Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, *and* Ladies.

Her. Take the boy to you : he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring.

First Lady. Come, my gracious lord,
Shall I be your play fellow ?

Mam. No, I'll none of you.

First Lady. Why, my sweet lord ?

Mam. You 'll kiss me hard ond speak to me as if
I were a baby still. I love you better.

Sec. Lady. And why so, my lord ?

Mam. Not for because
Your brows are blacker : yet black brows, they say,
Become some women best, so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,
Or a half-moon made with a pen.

Sec. Lady. Who taught you this?

Mam. I learnt it out of women's faces. Pray now
What colour are your eyebrows?

First Lady. Blue, my lord.

Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I have seen a lady's nose
That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.

First Lady. Hark ye;
The queen your mother rounds apace: we shall
Present our services to a fine new prince
One of these days: and then you 'ld wanton with us,
If we would have you.

Sec. Lady. She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk: good time encounter her!

Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come, sir now
I am for you again: pray you, sit by us,
And tell 's a tale.

Mam. Merry or sad shall 't be?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad tale's best for winter: I have one
Of sprites and goblins.

Her. Let 's have that, good sir.
Come on, sit down: come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites; you 're powerful at it.

Mam. There was man—

Her. Nay, come, sit down; then on.

Mam. Dwelt by a churchyard: I will tell it softly;
Yond crickets shall not hear it.

Her. Come on, then,
And give 't me in mine ear.

Enter LEONTES, *with* ANTIGONUS, Lords, *and* others.

Leon. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him?

First Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never
Saw I men scour so on their way: I eyed them
Even to their ships.

Leon. How blest am I
n my just censure, in my true opinion !
lack, for lesser knowledge ! how accursed
being so blest ! There may be in the cup
spider steep'd, and one may drink, depart,
nd yet partake no venom, for his knowledge
not infected : but if one present
ne abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
ow he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
ith violent hefts. I have drunk, and seen the spider.
millo was his help in this, his pandar :
ere is a plot against my life, my crown ;
l 's true that is mistrusted : that false villain
hom I employ'd was pre-employ'd by him :
e has discover'd my design, and I
main a pinch'd thing ; yea, a very trick
r them to play at will. How came the posterns
easily open ?

First Lord. By his great authority ;
nich often hath no less prevail'd than so
n your command.

Leon. I know 't too well.
ve me the boy : I am glad you did not nurse him :
ough he does bear some signs of me, yet you
ve too much blood in him.

Her. What is this ? sport ?

Leon. Bear the boy hence ; he shall not come about her ;
ay with him ! and let her sport herself
th that she's big with ; for 'tis Polixenes
s made thee swell thus.

Her. But I 'ld say he had not,
d I'll be sworn you would believe my saying,
we'er you lean to the nayward.

Leon. You, my lords,
k on her, mark her well ; be but about
say 'she is a goodly lady,' and
e justice of your hearts will thereto add

'Tis pity she's not honest, honourable :'
Praise her but for this her without-door form,
Which on my faith deserves high speech, and straight
The shrug, the hum or ha, these petty brands
That calumny doth use—O, I am out—
That mercy does, for calumny will sear
Virtue itself : these shrugs, these hums and ha's,
When you have said 'she's goodly,' come between
Ere you can say 'she's honest :' but be't known,
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
She's an adulteress.

Her. Should a villain say so,
The most replenish'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain : you, my lord,
Do but mistake.

Leon. You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes : O thou thing !
Which I'll not call a creature of the place,
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees
And mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar : I have said
She's an adulteress ; I have said with whom :
More she's a traitor and Camillo is
A federary with her, and one that knows
What she should shame to know herself
But with her most vile principal, that she 's
A bed-swerver, even as bad as those
That vulgars give bold'st titles, ay,and privy
To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this. How will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish'd me ! Gentle my lord,
You scarce can right me throughly then to say
You did mistake.

Leon. No; if I mistake
those foundations which I build upon,
he centre is not big enough to bear
school-boy's top. Away with her! to prison!
e who shall speak for her is afar off guilty
t that he speaks.

Her. There's some ill planet reigns:
must be patient till the heavens look
ith an aspect more favourable. Good my lords,
am not prone to weeping, as our sex
mmonly are; the want of which vain dew
rchance shall dry your pities: but I have
hat honourable grief lodged here which burns
orse than tears down: beseech you all, my lords,
ith thoughts so qualified as your charities
hall best instruct you, measure me; and so
he king's will be perform'd!

Leon. Shall I be heard?

Her. Who is 't that goes with me? Beseech your highness,
y women may be with me; for you see
y plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;
here is no cause: when you shall know your mistress
as deserved prison, than abound in tears
s I come out: this action I now go on
for my better grace. Adieu, my lord:
never wish'd to see you sorry; now
trust I shall. My women, come; you have leave.

Leon. Go, do our bidding; hence!

[*Exit Queen, guarded; with Ladies.*

First Lord. Beseech your highness, call the queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, sir, lest your justice
ove violence; in the which three great ones suffer,
urself, your queen, your son.

First Lord. For her, my lord,
dare my life lay down and will do 't, sir,
ease you to accept it, that the queen is spotless

I' the eyes of heaven and to you ; I mean,
In this which you accuse her.

Ant. If it prove
She's otherwise, I 'll keep my stables where
I lodge my wife ; I 'll go in couples with her ;
Than when I feel and see her no farther trust her ;
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh is false,
If she be.

Leon. Hold your peaces.

First Lord. Good my lord,—

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves :
You are abused and by some putter-on
That will be damn'd for 't ; would I knew the villain,
I would land-damn him. Be she honour-flaw'd,
I have three daughters ; the eldest is eleven ;
The second and the third, nine, and some five ;
If this prove true, they'll pay for't : by mine honour,
I'll geld 'em ; fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations ; they are co-heirs ;
And I had rather glib myself than they
Should not produce fair issue.

Leon. Cease ; no more.
You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose : but I do see't and feel 't,
As you feel doing thus ; and see withal
The instruments that feel.

Ant. If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty :
There's not a grain of it the face to sweeten
Of the hole dungy earth.

Leon. What ! lack I credit ?

First Lord. I had rather you did lack than I, my lord,
Upon the ground ; and more it would content me
To have her honour true than your suspicion,
Be blamed for't how you might.

Leon. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this, but rather follow
Our forceful instigation ? Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels, but our natural goodness
Imparts this ; which if you, or stupified
Or seeming so in skill, cannot or will not
Relish a truth like us; inform yourselves
We need no more of your advice : the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ordering on 't; is all
Properly ours.

Ant. And I wish, my liege,
You had only in your silent judgment tried it,
Without more overture.

Leon. How could that be ?
Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,
Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation
But only seeing, all other circumstances
Made up to the deed, doth push on this proceeding :
Yet, for a greater confirmation,
For in an act of this importance 'twere
Most piteous to be wild, I have dispatch'd in post
To sacred Delphos, to Appollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion. whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency : now from the oracle
They will bring all ; whose spiritual counsel had,
Shall stop or spur me. Have I done well ?

First Lord. Well done, my lord.

Leon. Though I am satisfied and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to the minds of others such as he
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth. So have we thought it good
From our free person she should be confined,

Lest that the treachery of the two fled hence
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;
We are to speak in public; for this business
Will raise us all.

Ant. [*Aside*] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A prison.*

Enter PAULINA, *a* Gentleman *and* Attendants.

Paul. The keeper of the prison, call to him;
Let him have knowledge who I am. [*Exit Gent.*
Good lady,
No court in Europe is too good for thee;
What dost thou then in prison?

Re-enter Gentleman, *with the* Gaoler.

Now, good sir,
You know me, do you not?

Gaol. For a worthy lady
And one whom much I honour.

Paul. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the queen.

Gaol. I may not, madam:
To the contrary I have express commandment.

Paul. Here's ado,
To lock up honesty and honour from
The access of gentle visitors! Is't lawful, pray you,
To see her women? any of them? Emilia?

Gaol. So please you, madam,
To put apart these your attendants, I
Shall bring Emilia forth.

Paul. I pray now, call her.
Withdraw yourselves. [*Exeunt Gentleman and Attendants.*

Gaol. And, madam,
I must be persent at your conference.

Paul. Well, be 't so, prithee. [*Exit Gaoler.*
Here's such ado to make no stain a stain
As passes colouring.

Re-enter Gaoler, *with* EMILIA.

Dear gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious lady ?

Emil. As well as one so great and so forlorn
May hold together : on her frights and griefs,
Which never tender lady hath borne greater,
She is something before her time deliver'd.

Paul. A boy ?

Emil. A daughter, and a goodly babe,
Lusty and like to live : the queen receives
Much comfort in't ; says 'My poor prisoner,
I am innocent as you.'

Paul. I dare be sworn :
These dangerous unsafe lunes i' the king, beshrew them !
He must be told on't, and he shall : the office
Becomes a woman best ; I'll take't upon me :
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more. Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen :
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll show't the king and undertake to be
Her advocate to the loud'st. We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o' the child :
The silence of pure innocence
Persuades when speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy madam,
Your honour and your goodness is so evident
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue : there is no lady living
So meet for this great errand. Please your ladyship
To visit the next room, I'll presently

Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer ;
Who but to-day hammer'd of this design,
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,
Lest she sbould be denied.

Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
I'll use that tongue I have : if wit flow from't
As boldness from my bosom, let't not be doubted
I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you blest for it !
I'll to the queen : please you, come something nearer.

Gaol. Madam, if't please the queen to send the babe,
I know not what I shall incur to pass it,
Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, sir :
This child was prisoner to the womb and is
By law and process of great nature thence
Freed and enfranchised, not a part to
The anger of the king nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the queen

Gaol. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear : upon mine honour, I
Will stand betwixt you and danger. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A room in* LEONTES' *palace.*

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, *and* Servants.

Leon. Nor night nor day no rest , it is but weakness
To bear the matter thus ; mere weakness. If
The cause were not in being,—part o' the cause,
She the adulteress : for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And level of my brain, plot-proof ; but she
I can hook to me : say that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again. Who's there ?

First Serv. My lord ?

Leon. How does the boy?

First Serv. He took good rest to-night;
Tis hoped his sickness is discharged.

Leon. To see his nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declined, droop'd, took it deeply,
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself,
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languish'd. Leave me solely: go,
See how he fares. [*Exit Serv.*] Fie, fie! no thought of him:
The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty,
And in his parties, his alliance; let him be
Until a time may serve: for present vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me, make their pastime at my sorrow:
They should not laugh if I could reach them, nor
Shall she within my power.

Enter PAULINA, *with a child.*

First Lord. You must not enter.

Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me:
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
Than the queen's life? a garcious innocent soul,
More free than he is jealous.

Ant. That's enough.

Sec. Serv. Madam, he hath not slept to-night; commanded
None should come at him.

Paul. Not so hot, good sir:
I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,
That creep like shadows by him and do sigh
At each his needless heavings, such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking: I
Do come with words as medicinal as true,
Honest as either, to purge him of that humour
That presses him from sleep.

Leon. What noise there, ho?

Paul. No noise, my lord; but needful conference
About some gossips for your highness.

Leon. How!
A way with that audacious lady! Antigonus,
I charged thee that she should not come about me:
I knew she would.

Ant. I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure's peril and on mine,
She should not visit you.

Leon. What, canst not rule her?

Paul. From all dishonesty he can: in this,
Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me for committing honour, trust it,
He shall not rule me.

Ant. La you now, you hear:
When she will take the rein I let her run;
But she'll not stumble.

Paul. Good my liege, I come;
And, I beseech you, hear me, who profess
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor, yet that dare
Less appear so in comforting your evils,
Than such as most seem yours: I say, I come
From your good queen.

Leon. Good queen!

Paul. Good queen, my lord,
Good queen; I say good queen;
And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst about you.

Leon. Force her hence.

Paul. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
First hand me: on mine own accord I'll off;
But first I'll do my errand. The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter;
Here'tis; commends it to your blessing. [*Laying down the child.*

Leon. Out !
A mankind witch ! Hence with her, out o' door :
A most intelligencing bawd !

Paul. Not so :
I am as ignorant in that as you
In so entitling me, and no less honest
Than you are mad ; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.

Leon. Traitors !
Will you not push her out ? Give her the bastard.
Thou dotard ! thou art woman-tired, unroosted
By thy dame Partlet here. Take up the bastard ;
Take't up, I say ; give't to thy crone.

Paul. For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Takest up the princess by that forced baseness
Which he has put upon't !

Leon. He dreads his wife.

Paul. So I would you did ; then 'twere past all doubt
You'ld call your children yours.

Leon. A nest of traitors !

Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Paul. Nor I, nor any
But one that's here, and that's himself, for he
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's ; and will not—
For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to't—once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten
As ever oak or stone was sound.

Leon. A callat
Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her husband
And now baits me ! This brat is none of mine :
It is the issue of Polixenes :
Hence with it, and together with the dam

Commit them to the fire !

Paul. It is yours ;
And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse. Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father, eye, nose, lip,
The trick of's frown, his forehead, nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek,
His smiles,
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger :
And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow in't, lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's !

Leon. A gross hag !
And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the husbands
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.

Leon. Once more, take her hence.

Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.

Leon. I'll ha' thee burnt.

Paul. I care not :
It is an heretic that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant ;
But this most cruel usage of your queen,
Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hinged fancy, something savours
Of tyranny and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.

Leon. On your allegiance,
... chamber with her ! Were I a tyrant,

If she did know me one. Away with her !

Paul. I pray you, do not push me ; I 'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord ; 'tis yours : Jove send her
A better guiding spirit ! What needs these hands ?
You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, so : farewell ; we are gone. [*Exit.*

Leon. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.
My child ? away with't ! Even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence
And see it instantly consumed with fire ;
Even thou and none but thou. Take it up straight :
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,
And by good testimony, or I 'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine. If thou refuse
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so ;
The bastard brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire ;
For thou set'st on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, sir :
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in 't.

Lords. We can : my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leon. You're liars all.

First Lord. Beseech your highness, give us better credit :
We have always truly served you, and beseech you
So to esteem of us, and on our knees we beg,
As recompense of our dear services
Past and to come, that you do change this purpose,
Which being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue : we all kneel.

Leon. I am a feather for each wind that blows :
Shall I live on to see this bastard kneel
And call me father ? better burn it now
Than curse it then. But be it ; let it live.

It shall not neither. You, sir, come you hither ;
You that have been so tenderly officious
With Lady Margery, your midwife there,
To save this bastard's life,—for 'tis a bastard,
So sure as this beard's grey,—what will you adventure
To save this brat's life ?

Ant. Any thing, my lord,
That my ability may undergo
And nobleness impose : at least thus much :
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left
To save the innocent : any thing possible.

Leon. It shall be possible. Swear by this sword
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord.

Leon. Mark and perform it, see'st thou ! for the fail
Of any point in't shall not only be
Death to thyself but to thy lewd-tongued wife,
Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liege-man to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place quite out
Of our dominions, and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to it own protection
And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,
On thy soul's peril and thy body's torture,
That thou commend it strangely to some place
Where chance may nurse or end it. Take it up.

Ant. I swear to do this, though at present death
Had been more merciful. Come on, poor babe :
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurses ! Wolves and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside have done
Like offices of pity. Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed does require ! And blessing
Against this cruelty fight on thy side,

Poor thing, condemn'd to loss ! [*Exit with the child.*

Leon. No, I'll not rear
Another's issue.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Please your highness, posts
From those you sent to the oracle are come
An hour since : Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arrived from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to the court.

First Lord. So please you, sir,, their speed
Hath been beyond account.

Leon. Twenty-three days
They have been absent : 'tis good speed ; foretells
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords ;
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady, for, as she hath
Been publicly accused, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives
My heart will be a burthen to me. Leave me,
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A sea-port in Sicilia.*

Enter CLEOMENES *and* DION.

Cleo. The climate's delicate, the air most sweet,
Fertile the isle, the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.

Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits,
Methinks I so should term them, and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice !
How ceremonious, solemn and unearthly
It was i' the offering !

Cleo. But of all, the burst
And the ear-deafening voice o' the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surprised my sense,
That I was nothing.

Dion. If the event o' the journey
Prove as successful to the queen,—O be 't so !—
As it hath been to us rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on 't.

Cleo. Great Apollo
Turn all to the best ! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear or end the business : when the oracle,
Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up,
Shall the contents discover, something rare
Even then will rush to knowledge. Go : fresh horses !
And gracious be the issue ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A court of Justice.*

Enter LEONTES, Lords, *and* Officers.

Leon. This sessions, to our great grief we pronounce,
Even pushes 'gainst our heart : the party tried
The daughter of a king, our wife, and one
Of us too much beloved. Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in juitice, which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt or the purgation.
Produce the prisoner.

Off. It is his highness' pleasure that the queen
Appear in person here in court. Silence !

Enter HERMIONE *guarded ;* PAULINA *and* Ladies *attending.*

Leon. Read the indictment.

Off. [*Reads*] Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, king

of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, king of Bohemia, and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband : the pretence whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.

Her : Since what I am to say must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation and
The testimony on my part no other
But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot me
To say 'not guilty :' nine integrity
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so received. But thus : if powers divine
Behold our human actions, as they do
I doubt not then but innocence shall make
False accusation blush and tyranny
Tremble at patience. You, my lord, best know,
Who least will seem to do so, my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devised
And play'd to take spectators. For behold me
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince, here standing
To prate and talk for life and honour 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare : for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I

Have strain'd to appear thus: if one jot beyond
The bound of honour, or in act or will
That way inclining, harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry fie upon my grave!

Leon. I ne'er heard yet
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did
Than to perform it first.

Her. That's true enough;
Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

Leon. You will not own it.

Her. More than mistress of
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
With whom I am accused, I do confess
I loved him as in honour he required,
With such a kind of love as might become
A lady like me, with a love even such,
So and no other, as yourself commanded:
Which not to have done I think had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude
To you and toward your friend, whose love had spoke,
Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes; though it be dish'd
For me to try how: all I know of it
Is that Camillo was an honest man;
And why he left your court, the gods themselves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

Leon. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in's absence.

Her. Sir,
You speak a language that I understand not:
My life stands in the level of your dreams,
Which I'll lay down.

Leon. Your actions are my dreams;

You had a bastard by Polixenes,
And I but dream'd it. As you were past all shame,—
Those of your fact are so—so past all truth :
Which to deny concerns more than avails ; for as
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it,—which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee than it,—so thou
Shalt feel our justice, in whose easiest passage
Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats :
The bug which you would fright me with I seek.
To me can life be no commodity :
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give lost ; for I do feel it gone,
But known not how it went. My second joy
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
I am barr'd, like one infectious. My third comfort,
Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,
The innocent milk in it most innocent mouth,
Haled out to murder : myself on every post
Proclaim'd a strumpet : with immodest hatred
The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs
To women of all fashion ; lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i' the open air, before
I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die ? Therefore proceed.
But yet here this ; mistake me not ; no life,
I prize it not a straw, but for mine honour.
Which I would free, if I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else
But what your jealousies awake, I tell you
'Tis rigour and not law. Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle :
Apollo be my judge !

First Lord. This your request

Is altogether just : therefore bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle. [*Exeunt certain officers.*

Her. The Emperor of Russia was my father :
O that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial ! that he did but see
The flatness of my misery, yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge !

Re-enter Officers, *with* CLEOMENES *and* DION.

Off. You here shall swear upon this sword of justice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos, and from thence have brought
This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's priest and that since then
You have not dared to break the holy seal
Nor read the secrets in't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we swear.

Leon. Break up the seals and read.

Off. [*Reads*] Hermione is chaste ; Polixenes blameless ; Camillo a true subject ; Leontes a jealous tyrant ; his innocent babe truly begotten ; and the king shall live without an heir, if that which is lost be not found.

Lords. Now blessed be the great Apollo !

Her. Praised !

Leon. Hast thou read truth ?

Off. Ay, my lord ; even so
As it is here set down.

Leon. There is no truth at all i' the oracle :
The sessions shall proceed : this is mere falsehood.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My lord the king, the king !

Leon. What is the business ?

Serv. O sir, I shall be hated to report it !
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's speed, is gone.

Leon. How! gone!
Serv. Is dead.

Leon. Apollo's angry; and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice. [*Hermione swoons.*] How now there!

Paul. This news is mortal to the queen: look down
And see what death is doing.

Leon. Take her hence:
Her heart is but o'ercharged; she will recover:
I have too much believed mine own suspicion:
Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life.

[*Exeunt Paulina and Ladies, with Hermione.*

Apollo, pardon
My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes,
New woo my queen, recall the good Camillo,
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy;
For, being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister to poison
My friend Polixenes: which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My swift command, though I with death and with
Reward did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing't and being done: he, most humane
And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest
Unclasp'd my practice, quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great, and to the hazard
Of all incertainties himself commended,
No richer than his honour: how he glisters
Thorough my rust! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!

Re-enter PAULINA.

Paul. Woe the while!

O, cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too !

First Lord. What fit is this, good lady ?

Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me ?
What wheels ? racks ? fires ? what flaying ? boiling ?
In leads or oils ? what old or newer torture
Must I receive, whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst ? Thy tyranny
Together working with thy jealousies,
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine, O, think what they have done
And then run mad indeed, stark mad ! for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing ;
That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant
And damnable ungrateful : nor was't much,
Thou wouldst have poison'd good Camillo's honour,
To have him kill a king : poor trespasses,
More monstrous standing by : whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crows thy baby-daughter
To be or none or little ; though a devil
Would have shed water out of fire ere done't :
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince, whose honourable thoughts,
Thoughts high for one so tender, cleft the heart
That could conceive a gross and foolish sire
Blemish'd his gracious dam : this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer : but the last,—O lords,
When I have said, cry 'woe !'—the queen, the queen,
The sweet'st, dear'st creature's dead, and vengeance for't
Not dropp'd down yet.

First Lord. The higher powers forbid !

Paul. I say she's dead ; I'll swear't. If word nor oath
Prevail not, go and see : if you can bring
Tincture or lustre in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly or breath within, I'll serve you

As I would do the gods. But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things, for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

Leon. Go on, go on:
Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserved
All tongues to talk their bitterest.

First Lord. Say no more:
Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I' the boldness of your speech.

Paul. I am sorry for 't:
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent. Alas! I have show'd too much
The rashness of a woman: he is touch'd
To the noble heart. What's gone and what's past help
Should be past grief: do not receive affliction
At my petition; I beseech you, rather
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman:
The love I bore your queen—lo, fool again!—
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children;
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too: take your patience to you,
And I'll say nothing.

Leon. Thou didst speak but well
When most the truth; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Prithee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen and son:
One grave shall be for both: upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual. Once a day I'll visit

The chapel where they lie, and tears shed there
Shall be my recreation : so long as nature
Will bear up with this exercise, so long
I daily vow to use it. Come and lead me
Unto these sorrows. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Bohemia. A desert country near the sea.*

Enter ANTIGONUS *with a Child, and a* Mariner.

Ant. Thou art perfect then, our ship hath touch'd upon
The deserts of Bohemia ?

Mar. Ay, my lord ; and fear
We have landed in ill time : the skies look grimly
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry
And frown upon's.

Ant. Their sacred wills be done ! Go, get aborad ;
Look to thy bark : I'll not be long before
I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste, and go not
Too far i' the land : 'tis like to be loud weather ;
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey that keep upon 't.

Ant. Go thou away :
I'll follow instantly.

Mar. I am glad at heart
To be so rid o' the business. [*Exit.*

Ant. Come poor babe :
I have heard, but not believed, the spirits o' the dead
May walk again : if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night, for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another ;
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So fill'd and so becoming : in pure white robes,

Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me,
And gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her: 'Good Antigonus,
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath.
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
There weep and leave it crying; and, for the babe
Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
I prithee, call't. For this ungentle business,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more.' And so, with shrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself and thought
This was so and no slumber. Dreams are toys:
Yet for this once, yea, superstitiously,
I will be squared by this. I do believe
Hermione hath suffer'd death, and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
Of King Polixenes, it should here be laid,
Either for life or death, upon the earth
Of its right father. Blossom, speed thee well!
There lie, and there thy character: there these;
Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,
And still rest thine. The storm begins: poor wretch,
That for thy mother's fault art thus exposed
To loss and what may follow! Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds; and most accursed am I
To be by oath enjoin'd to this. Farewell!
The day frowns more and more: thou'rt like to have
A lullaby too rough: I never saw

The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour !
Well may I get aboard ! This is the chase :
I am gone fer ever. [*Exit, pursued by a bear.*

Enter a Shepherd.

Shep. I would there were no age between ten and three-and-twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest ; for there is nothing in the between but wronging the ancientry, stealing, fighting—Hark you now ! Would any but these boiled brains of nineteen and two-and-twenty hunt this weather ? They have scared away two of my best sheep, which I fear the wolf will sooner find than the master : if any where I have them, 'tis by the seaside, browsing of ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will ! what have we here ? Mercy on's, a barne ; a very pretty barne ! A boy or a child, I wonder ? A pretty one ; a very pretty one : I'll take it up for pity : yet I'll tarry till my son come ; he hallooed but even now. Whoa, ho, hoa !

Enter Clown.

Clo. Hilloa, loa !

Shep. What art so near ? If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ailest thou, man ?

Clo. I have seen two such sights, by sea and by land ! but I am not to say it is a sea, for it is now the sky : betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it ?

Clo. I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore ! but that's not to the point. O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls ! sometimes too see'em, and not to see'em ; now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast, and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you'ld thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then for the land-service, to see now the bear tore out his shoulder-bone ; how he cried to me for help and said his name was Antigonus, a nobleman. But to make an end of the ship, to see how the sea flap-dragoned it : but, first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mocked them ; and how the poor gentleman

roared and the bear mocked him, both roaring louder than the sea or weather.

Shep. Name of mercy, when was this, boy ?

Clo. Now, now : I have not winked since I saw these sights : the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman : he's at it now.

Shep. Would I had been by, to have helped the old man !

Clo. I would you had been by the ship side, to have helped her : there your charity would have lacked footing.

Shep. Heavy matters ! heavy matters ! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself : thou mettest with things dying, I with things new-born. Here's a sight for thee ; look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's child ! look thee here ; take up, take up, boy ; open 't. So, let's see : it was told me I should be rich by the fairies. This is some changeling : open't. What's within, boy ?

Clo. You 're a made old man : if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold ! all gold !

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so : up with't, keep it close : home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy ; and to be so still requires nothing but secrecy. Let my sheep go : come, good boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings. I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman and how much he hath eaten : they are never curst but when they are hungry : if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That 's a good dead. If thou mayest discern by that which is left of him what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I ; and you shall help to put him i' the ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good deads on't.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

PROLOGUE.

Enter TIME, *the* Chorus.

Time. I, that please some, try all, both joy and terror
Of good and bad, that make and unfold error,
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime
To me or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years and leave the growth untried
Of that wide gap, since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was
Or what is now received : I witness to
The times that brought them in ; so shall I do
To the freshest things now reigning and make stale
The glistering of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass and give my scene such growing
As you had slept between : Leontes leaving,
The effect of his fond jealousies so grieving
That he shuts up himself, imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia ; and remember well,
I mentioned a son o' the king's, which Florizel
I now name to you ; and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wondering : what of her ensues
I list not prophesy ; but let Time's news
Be known when 'tis brought forth. A shepherd's daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is the argument of Time. Of this allow,
If ever you have spent time worse ere now ;
If never, yet that Time himself doth say
He wishes earnestly you never may. [*Exit.*

SCENE I. *Bohemia. The palace of* POLIXENES.

Enter POLIXENES *and* CAMILLO.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate : 'tis a sickness denying thee any thing ; a death to grant this.

Cam. It is sixteen years since I saw my country : though I have for the most part been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me ; to whose ſeeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so, which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of try sevices by leaving me now, the need I have of thee thine own godness hath made ; better not to have had thee than thus to want thee : thou, having made me businesses which none without thee can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself or take away with thee the very services thou hast done ; which I have not enough considered, as too much I cannot, to be more thankful to thee shall be my study, and my profit therein the heaping friendships. Of that fatal country, Sicilia, prithee speak no more ; whose very naming punishes me with the rememberance of that penitent as thou callest him, and reconciled king, my brother ; whose loss of his most precious queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when sawest thou the Prince Florizel, my son ? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them when they have approved their virtue.

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince. What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown : but I have missingly noted, he is of late much retired from court and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have considered so much, Camillo, and with some care ; so far that I have eyes under my service which look upon his removedness ; from whom I have this intelligence,

that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelligence; but, I fear, the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place; where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Prithee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo! We must disguise ourselves.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE II. *A road near the* Shepherd's *cottage.*

Enter AUTOLYCUS, *singing.*

When daffodils begin to pear,
With heigh! the doxy over the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lyra chants,
With heigh! with heigh! the thrush and the jay,
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served Prince Florizel and in my time wore three-pile; but now I am out of service:

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear ?
The pale moon shines by night :
And when I wander here had there,
I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin budget,
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffic is sheets ; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father named me Autolycus ; who being, as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. Gallows and knock are too powerful on the highway : beating and hanging are terrors to me : for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it. A prize ! a prize !

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see : every'leven wether tods : every tod yields pound and odd shilling ; fifteen hundred shorn, what comes the wool to ?

Aut. [*Aside*] If the springe hold, she cock's mine.

Clo. I cannot do't without counters. Let me see ; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast ? Three pound of sugar, five pound of currants, rice,—what will this sister of mine do with rice ? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty nosegays for the shearers, three-man-song-men all, and very good ones ; but they are most of them means and bases ; but one puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must have saffron to colour the warden pies ; mace ; dates ?—none, that's, out of my note ; nutmegs, seven ; a race or two of ginger, but that I may beg ; four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o' the sun.

Aut. O that ever I was born ! [*Grovelling on the ground.*

Clo. I' the name of me—

Aut. O, help me, help me ! pluck but off these rags ; and then, death, death !

Clo. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. O sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received, which are mighty ones and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robbed, sir and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horseman, or a footman?

Aut. A footman, sweet sir, a footman.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a footman by the garments he has left with thee: if this be a horseman's coat, if hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee; come, lend me thy hand.

Aut. O, good sir, tenderly, O!

Clo. Alas, poor soul!

Aut. O, good sir, softly, good sir! I fear, sir, my shoulder blade is out.

Clo. How now! canst stand?

Aut. [*Picking his pocket*] Softly, dear sir; good sir, softly. You ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir; I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or any thing I want; offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robbed you?

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with troll-my-dames: I knew him once a servant of the prince: I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court.

Clo. His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipped out of the court; they cherish it to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices, I would say, sir. I know this man well: he

hath been since an ape-bearer ; then a process-server, a bailiff ; then he compassed a motion of the Prodigal Son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies ; and, having flown over many knavish professions he settled only in rogue ; some call him Autolycus.

Clo. Out upon him ! prig, for my life, prig : he haunts wakes, fairs and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, sir ; he, sir, he ; that's the rogue that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia : if you had but looked big and spit at him, he'ld have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter : I am false of heart that way ; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now ?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was ; I can stand and walk : I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way ?

Aut. No, good-faced sir ; no, sweet sir.

Clo. Then fare thee well : I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir ! [*Exit Clown.*] Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too ; if I make not this cheat bring out another and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrolled and my name put in the book of virtue !

[*Sings*] Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile-a :
A merry heart goes all the day
Your sad tires in a mile-a. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The* Shepherd's *cottage.*

Enter FLORIZEL *and* PERDITA.

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life : no shepherdess, but Flora

Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes it not becomes me :
O, pardon, that I name them ! Your high self,
The gracious mark o' the land, you have obscured
With a swain's wearing, and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like prank'd up : but that our feasts
In every mess have folly and the feeders
Digest it with a custom, I should blush
To see you so attired, swoon, I think,
To show myself a glass.

Flo. I bless the time
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.

Per. Now Jove afford you cause !
To me the difference forges dread ; your greatness
Hath not been used to fear. Even now I tremble
To think your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way as you did : O, the Fates !
How would he look, to see his work so noble
Vilely bound up ? What would he say ? Or how
Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold
The sternness of his presence ?

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them : Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd ; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated ; and the fire-robed god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now. Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
Nor in a way so chaste, since my desires
Run not before mine honour, nor my lusts

Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O, but, sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Opposed, as it must be, by the power of the king :
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak, that you must change this purpose,
Or I my life.

Flo. Thou dearest Perdita,
With these forced thoughts, I prithee, darken not
The mirth o' the feast. Or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's. For I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine. To this I am most constent,
Though destiny say no. Be merry, gentle ;
Strangle such thoughts as these with any thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming :
Lift up your countenance, as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial which
We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O lady Fortune,
Stand you auspicious !

Flo. See, your guests approach :
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

Enter Shepherd, Clown, MOPSA, DORCAS *and others, with* POLIXENES *and* CAMILLO *disguised.*

Shep. Fie, daughter ! when my old wife lived, upon
This day was both pantler, butler, cook,
Both dame and servant ; welcomed all, served all ;
would sing her song and dance her turn ; now here
At upper end o' the table, now i' the middle ;
On his shoulder, and his ; her face o' fire
With labour and the thing she took to quench it,
She would to each one sip. You are retired,
As if you were a feasted one and not

The hostess of the meeting : pray you, bid
These unknown friends to's welcome ; for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o' the feast ; come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
And your good flock shall prosper.

Per. [*To Pol.*] Sir, welcome :
It is my father's will I should take on me
The hostess-ship o' the day. [*To Cam.*] You're welcome, sir.
Give me those flowers there, Dorcas. Reverend sirs,
For you there's rosemary and rue ; these keep
Seeming and savour all the winter long :
Grace and remembrance be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing !

Pol. Shepherdess,—
A fair one are you—well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter, the fairest flowers o' the season
Are our carnations and streak'd gillyvors,
Which some call nature's bastards : of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren ; and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them ?

Per. For I have heard it said
There is an art which in their piedness shares
With great creating nature.

Pol. Say there be ;
Yet nature is made better by no mean
But nature makes that mean : so, over that art
Which you say adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry

A gentler scion to the wildest stock,
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race : this is an art
Which does mend nature, change it rather, but
The art itself is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gillyvors,
And do not call them bastards.

Per. I'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them ;
No more than were I painted I would wish
This youth should say 'twere well and only therefore
Desire to breed by me. Here's flowers for you ;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram ;
The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun
And with him rise weeping : these are flowers
Of middle summer, and I think they are given
To men of middle age. You're very welcome.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas !
You'ld be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through. Now, my fair'st friend,
I would I had some flowers o' the spring that might
Become your time of day , and yours, and yours,
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing : O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that frighted thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon ! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty ; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath ; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength—a malady
Most incident to maids ; bold oxlips and

The crown imperial ; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one ! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of and my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er !

Flo. What, like a corse ?

Per. No, like a bank for love to lie and play on ;
Not like a corse ; or if, not to be buried,
But quick and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers :
Methinks I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun pastorals : sure this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I,ld have you do it ever : when you sing,
I'ld have you buy and sell so, so give a alms,
Pray so ; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too : when you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that ; move still, still so,
And own no other function : each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deed,
That all your acts are queens.

Per. O Doricles,
Your praises are too large : but that your youth,
And the true blood which peepeth fairly through't,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd,
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the false way.

Flo. I think you have
As little skill to fear as I have purpose
To put you to't. But come ; our dance, I pray :
Your hand, my Perdita : so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per. I'll swear for'em.

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever

Ran on the green-sward : nothing she does or seems
But smacks of something greater than herself,
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something
That makes her blood look out : good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.

Clo. Come on, strike up !

Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress : marry, garlic,
To mend her kissing with !

Mop. Now' in good time !

Clo. Not a word, a word ; we stand upon our manners.
Come, strike up !

[*Music. Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.*

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this
Which dances with your daughter ?

Shep. They call him Doricles ; and boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding : but I have it
Upon his own report and I believe it ;
He looks like sooth. He says he loves my daughter :
I think so too ; for never gazed the moon
Upon the water as he 'll stand and read
As 'twere my daughter's eyes : and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiss to choose
Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances featly.

Shep. So she does any thing : though I report it,
That should be silent : if young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter Servant.

Serv. O master, if you did but hear the pedlar at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe ; no, the bagpipe could not move you : he sings several tunes faster than you 'll tell money ; he utters them as he had eaten ballads and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better; he shall come in. I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful matter merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed and sung lamentably. 1 9

Serv. He hath songs for man or woman, of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves: he has the prettiest love-songs for maids; so without bawdry, which is strange; with such delicate burthens of dildos and fadings, 'jump her and thump her;' and where some stretch-mouthed rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer 'Whoop, do me no harm, good man;' puts him off, slights him, with 'Whoop, do me no harm, good man.'

Pol. This is a brave fellow. 199

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?

Serv. He hath ribbons of all the colours i' the rainbow; points more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross: inkles, caddisses, cambrics, lawns: why, he sings 'em over as they were gods, or goddesses; you would think a smock were a she-angel, he so chants to she sleeve-hand and the work about the square on't.

Clo. Prithee bring him in; and let him approach singing.

Per. Forewarn him that he use no scurrilous words in 's tunes. [*Exit Servant.* 211

Clo. You have of these pedlars, that have more in them than you'ld think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, *singing.*

Lawn as white as driven snow;
Cyprus black as e'er was crow;
Gloves as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces and for noses;

Bugle bracelet, necklace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden quoifs and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears:
Pins and poking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry:

Come buy.

Clo. If were not in love with Mopsa, thou shouldst take no money of me; but being enthralled as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribbons and gloves.

Mop. I was promised them against the feast; but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promised you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promised you: may be, he has paid you more, which will shame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets where they should bear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole, to whistle off these secrets, but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'tis well they are whispering: clamoui your tongues, and not a word more.

Mop. I have done. Come, you promised me a tawdry-lace and a pair of sweet gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozened by the way and lost all my money?

Aut. And indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, sir; for I have about me many parcels of harge.

Clo. What hast here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print o' life, or then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune, how a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burthen and how she longed to eat adders' heads and toads carbonadoed.

Mop. It is true, think you?

Aut. Very true, and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer! 260

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to't, one Mistress Tale-porter, and five or six honest wives that were present. Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mop. Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by: and let's first see moe ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad of a fish, that appeared upon the coast on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought she was a woman and was turned into a cold fish for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her: the ballad is very pitiful and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you? 273

Aut. Five justices' hands at it, and witnesses more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why this is a passing merry one and goes to the tune of 'Two maids wooing a man:' there's scarce a maid westward but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you. 282

Mop. We can both sing it: if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear: 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you must know 'tis my occupation; have at it with you.

SONG.

A. Get you hence, for I must go
Where it fits not you to know.

D. Whither ? *M.* O, whither ? *D.* Whither ?
M. It becomes thy oath full well, 291
Thou to me thy secrets tell.
D. Me too, let me go thither.
M. Or thou goest to the grange or mill.
D. If to either, thou dost ill.
A. Neither. *D.* What, neither ? *A.* Neither.
D. Thou hast sworn my love to be.
M. Thou hast sworn it more to me :
Then whither goest ? say, whither ? 299

Clo. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves : my father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we'll not trouble them. Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both. Pedlar, let's have the first choice. Follow me, girls. [*Exit with Dorcas and Mopsa.*

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em. [*Follows singing.*

Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a ?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st and finest, finest wear-a ? 310
Come to the pedlar ;
Money's a medler,
That doth utter all men's ware-a. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair, they call themselves Saltiers, and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in't ; but they themselves are o' the mind, if it be not too rough for some that know little but bowling, it will please plentifully. 321

Shep. A way ! we'll none on't : here has been too much homely foolery already. I know, sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us : pray, let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

Serv. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the king ; and not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squier.

Shep. Leave your prating : since these good men are pleased, let them come in ; but quickly now.

Serv. Why, they stay at door, sir. [*Exit.*

Here a dance of twelve Satyrs.

Pol. O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.
[*To Cam.*] Is it not too far gone ? 'Tis time to part them.
He 's simple and tells much. [*To Flor.*] How now, fair shepherd !
Your heart is full of something that does take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young
And handed love as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks : I would have ransack'd
The pedlar's silken treasury and have pour'd it
To her acceptance ; you have let him go
And nothing marted with him. If your lass
Interpretatıon should abuse and call this
Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited
For a reply, at least if you make a care
Of happy holding her,

Flo. Old sir, I know
She prizes not such trifles as these are :
The gift she looks from me are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart ; which I have given already,
But not deliver'd. O, hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometime loved ! I take thy hand, this hand,
As soft as dove's down and as white as it,
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow that's bolted
By the northern blasts twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this ?

How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand was fair before! I have put you out :
But to your protestation ; let me hear
What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too ?

Flo. And he, and more
Than he, and men, the earth, the heavens, and all :
That, were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy, were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve, had force and knowledge
More than was ever man's I would not prize them
Without her love ; for her employ them all ;
Commend them and condemn them to her service
Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.

Cam. This shows a sound affection.

Shep. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him ?

Per. I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well ; no, nor mean better :
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargain !
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't :
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.

Flo. O, that must be
I' the virtue of your daughter : one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet ;
Enough then for your wonder. But, come on,
Contract us'fore these witnesses.

Shep. Come, your hand ;
And, daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft, swain, awhile, beseech you ;
Have you a father ?

Flo. I have : but what of him ?

Pol. Knows he of this ?

Flo. He neither does nor shall.

Pol. Methinks a father
Is at the nuptial of his son a guest
That best becomes the table. Pray you once more,
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs ? is he not stupid
With age and altering rheums ? can he speak ? hear ?
Know man from man ? dispute his own estate ?
Lies he not bed-rid ? and again does nothing
But what he did being childish ?

Flo. No, good sir ;
He has his health and ampler strength indeed
Than most have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial : reason my son
Should choose himself a wife, but as good reason
The father, all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity, should hold some counsel
In such a business.

Flo. I yield all this ;
But for some other reasons, my grave sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.

Pol. Let him know't.

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. Prithee, let him.

Flo. No, he must not.

Shep. Let him, my son : he shall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice,.

Flo. Come, come, he must not.
Mark our contract.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir,
[Discovering himself.

Whom son I dare not call ; thou art too base
To be acknowledged : thou a sceptre's heir,
That thus affect'st a sheep-hook ! Thou old traitor,
I am sorry that by hanging thee I can
But shorten thy life one week. And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft, who of force must know
The royal fool thou copest with,—

Shep. O, my heart !

Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briers, and made
More homely than thy state. For thee, fond boy,
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh
That thou no more shalt see this knack, as never
I mean thou shalt, we'll bar thee from succession ;
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,
Far than Deucalion off : mark thou my words :
Follow us to the court. Thou churl, for this time,
Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it. And you, enchantment,—
Worthy enough a herdsman ; yea, him too,
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee,—if ever henceforth thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee
As thou art tender to't. [*Exit.*

Per. Even here undone !
I was not much afeard ; for once or twice
I was about to speak and tell him plainly,
The selfsame sun that shines upon his court
Hides not his visage from our cottage but
Looks on alike. Will't please you, sir, be gone ?
I told you what would come of this : beseech you,
Of your own state take care : this dream of mine,—
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes and weep.

Cam. Why, how now, father !

Speak ere thou diest.

Shep. I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know. Or sir!
You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet, yea,
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie close by his honest bones: but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud and lay me
Where no priest shovels in dust. O cursed wretch,
That knew'st this was the prince, and wouldst adventure
To mingle faith with him! Undone! undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have lived
To die when I desire. [*Exit.*

Flo. Why look you so upon me?
I am but sorry, not afeard; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: what I was, I am;
More straining on for plucking back, not following
My leash unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper: at this time
He will allow no speech, which I do guess
You do not purpose to him; and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear:
Then, till the fury of his highness settle,
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it.
I think, Camillo?

Cam. Even he, my lord.

Per. How often have I told you 'twould be thus!
How often said, my dignity would last
But till 'twere known!

Flo. It cannot fail but by
The violation of my faith; and then
Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together
And mar the seeds within! lift up thy looks:
From my succession wipe me, father: I

Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advised.

Flo. I am, and by my fancy : if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason ;
If not, my senses, better pleased with madness,
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate, sir.

Flo. So call it : but it does fulfil my vow ;
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd, for all the sun sees or
The close earth wombs or the profound seas hide
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair beloved : therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's honour'd friend,
When he shall miss me,—as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more,—cast your good counsels
Upon his passion : let myself and fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know
And so deliver, I am put to sea
With her whom here I cannot hold on shore ;
And most opportune to our need I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepared
For this design. What course I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O my lord !
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, Perdita. [*Drawing her aside.*
I'll hear you by and by.

Cam. He's irremoveable,
Resolved for flight. New were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn,
Save him from danger, do him love and honour,
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia

And that unhappy king, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now, good Camillo;
I am so fraught with curious business that
I leave out ceremony.

Cam. Sir, I think
You have heard of my poor services, i' the love
That I have borne your father?

Flo. Very nobly
Have you deserved: it is my father's music
To speak your deeds, not little of his care
To have them recompensed as thought on

Cam. Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I love the king
And through him what is nearest to him, which is
Your gracious self, embrace but my direction:
If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration, on mine honour,
I'll point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your highness; where you may
Enjoy your mistress, from the whom, I see,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by—
As heavens forfend!—your ruin; marry her,
And, with my best endeavours in your absence,
Your discontenting father strive to qualify
And bring him up to liking.

Flo. How, Camillo,
May this, almost a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee something more than man
And after that trust to thee.

Cam. Have you thought on
A place whereto you'll go?

Flo. Not any yet:
But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do, so we profess
Ourselves to be slaves of chance and flies

Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then list to me :
This follows, if you will not change your purpose
But undergo this flight, make for Sicilia,
And there present yourself and your fair princess,
For so I see she must be, 'fore Leontes :
She shall be habited as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks I see
Leontes opening his free arms and weeping
His welcomes forth ; asks thee the son forgiveness,
As 'twere i' the father's person ; kisses the hands
Of your fresh princess ; o'er and o'er divides him
'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness ; the one
He chides to hell and bids the other grow
Faster than thought or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him ?

Cam. Sent by the king your father
To greet him and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you as from your father shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down :
The which shall point you forth at every sitting
What you must say ; that he shall not perceive
But that you have your father's bosom there
And speak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you :
There is some sap in this.

Cam. A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores, most certain
To miseries enough ; no hope to help you,
But as you shake off one to take another :
Nothing so certain as your anchors, who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you

Where you'll be loath to be : besides you know
Prosperity's the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true :
I think affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.

Cam. Yea, say you so ?
There shall not at your father's house these seven years
Be born another such.

Flo. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding as
She is i' the rear our birth.

Cam, I cannot say 'tis pity
She lacks instructions, for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, sir ; for this
I'll blush you thanks.

Flo. My prettiest Perdita !
But O, the thorns we stand upon ! Camillo,
Preserver of my father, now of me,
The medicine of our house, how shall we do ?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son,
Nor shall appear in Sicilia.

Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this : I think you know my fortunes
Do all lie there : it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed as if
The scene you play were mine. For instance, sir,
That you may know you shall not want, one word.
[*They talk aside.*

Re-enter AUTOLYCUS.

Aut. Ha, ha ! what a fool Honesty is ! and Trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman ! I have sold all my trumpery ; not a counterfeit stone, not a ribbon, glass,

pomander, brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting: they throng who should buy first, as if my trinkets had been hallowed and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which means I saw whose purse was best in picture; and what I saw, to my good use I remembered. My clown, who wants but something to be a reasonable man, grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his pettitoes till he had both tune and words; which so drew the rest of the herd to me that all their other senses stuck in ears: I could have filed keys off that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that in this time of lethargy I picked and cut most of their festival purses; and had not the old man come in with a whoo-bub against his daughter and the king's son and scared my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

[*Camillo, Florizel, and Perdita come forward.*

Cam. Nay, but my letters, by this means being there
So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you'll procure from King Leontes—

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you!
All that you speak shows fair.

Cam. Who have we here?
[*Seeing Autolycus.*
We'll make an instrument of this, omit
Nothing may give us aid.

Aut. If they have overheard me now, why, hanging.

Cam. How now, good fellow! why shakest thou so? Fear not, man; here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, be so still; here's nobody will steal that from thee: yet for the outside of thy poverty we must make an exchange; therefore discase thee instantly,—thou must think there's a necessity in't,—and change garments with this

gentleman : though the pennyworth on his side be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir. [*Aside*] I know ye well enough.

Cam. Nay, prithee, dispatch : the gentleman is half flayed already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, sir ? [*Aside*] I smell the trick on't.

Flo. Dispatch, I prithee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest ; but I cannot with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.

[*Florizel and Autolycus change garments.*

Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy
Come home to ye !—you must retire yourself
Into some covert : take your sweetheart's hat
And pluck it o'er your brows, muffle your face,
Dismantle you, and, as you can, disliken
The truth of your own seeming ; that you may—
For I do fear eyes over—to shipboard
Get undescried.

Per. I see the play so lies
That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy.
Have you done there ?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no hat.
[*Giving it to Perdita.*
Come, lady, come. Farewell, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, sir.

Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain* forgot !
Pray you, a word.

Cam. [*Aside*] What I do next, shall be to tell the king
Of this escape and whither they are bound ;
Wherein my hope is I shall so prevail

To force him after : in whose company
I shall review Sicilia, for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us !
Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed the better.
[*Exeunt Florizel, Perdita, and Camillo.*

Aut. I understand the business, I hear it : to have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse ; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been without boot ! What a boot is here with this exchange ! Sure the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing extempore. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity, stealing away from his father with his clog at his heels : if I thought it were not a piece of honesty ot acquaint the king withal, I would do't : I hold it the more knavery to conceal it ; and therein am I constant to my profession.

Re-enter Clown *and* Shepherd.

Aside, aside ; here is more matter for a hot brain : every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clo. See, see ; what a man you are now ! There is no other was but to tell the king she's a changeling and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to, then.

Clo. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king ; and so your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him. Show those things you found about her, those secret things, all but what she has with her : this being done, let the law go whistle : I warrant you

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his son's

pranks too ; who, I may say, is no honest man, neither to his father nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him and then your blood had been the dearer by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. [*Aside*] Very wisely, puppies !

Shep. Well, let us to the king : there is that in this fardel will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. [*Aside*] I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clo. Pray heartily he be at palace.

Aut. [*Aside*] Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance : let me poket up my pedlar's excrement. [*Takes off his false beard.*] How now, rustics ! whither are you bound ?

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there, what with whom, the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, discover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, sir.

Aut. A lie ; you are rough and hairy. Let me have no lying : it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie : but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel ; therefore they do not give us the lie.

Clo. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

Shep. Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir ?

Aut. Whether it like me or no, I am a courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings ? hath not my gait in the measure of the court ? receives not thy nose court-odour from me ? reflect I not on thy baseness court-contempt ? Thinkest thou, for that I insinuate, or toaze from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier ? I am

courtier cap-a-pe; and one that will either push on or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, sir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

Clo. Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant: say you have none.

Shep. None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock nor hen.

Aut. How blessed are we that are not simple men!
Yet nature might have made me as these are,
Therefore I will not disdain.

Clo. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

Clo. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical: a great man, I'll warrant; I know by the picking on's teeth.

Aut. The fardel there? what's i' the fardel? Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel and box, which none must know but the king; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why, sir?

Aut. The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy and air himself: for, if thou beest capable of things serious, thou must know the king is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis said, sir; about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly: the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clo. Think you so, sir?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane to him,

though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I: draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an't like you, sir?

Aut. He has a son, who shall be flayed alive; then'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recovered again with aqua-vitæ or some other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital? Tell me, for you seem to be honest plain men, what you have to the king: being something gently considered, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and if it be in man besides the king to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

Clo. He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold: show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember 'stoned', and 'flayed alive.'

Shep. An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more and leave this young man in pawn till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. Ay, sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety. Are you a party in this business?

Clo. In some sort, sir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

Aut. O, that's the case of the shepherd's son : hang him, he'll be made an example. 789

Clo. Comfort, good comfort ! We must to the king and show our strange sights : he must know 'tis none of your daughter nor my sister ; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does when the business is performed, and remain, as he says, your pawn till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side ; go on the right hand : I wiil but look upon the hedge and follow you. 798

Clo. We are blest in this man, as I may say, even blest.

Shep. Let's before as he bids us : he was provided to do us good. [*Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.*

Aut. If I had a mind to be honset, I see Fortune would not suffer me : she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion, gold and a means to do the prince my master good ; which who knows how that may turn back to my advancement ? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him : if he think it fit to shore them again and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue for being so far officious ; for I am proof against that title and what shame else belongs to 't. To him will I present them : there may be matter in it. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A room in* LEONTES' *palace.*

Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, *and Servants.*

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have perfom'd
A saint-like sorrow : no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd ; indeed, paid down
More penitence than done trespass : at the last,
Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil ;
With them forgive yourself.

Leon. Whilst I remember
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them, and so still think of
The wrong I did myself; which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord:
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or from the all that are took something good,
To make a perfect woman, she you kill'd
Would be unparallel'd.

Leon. I think so. Kill'd!
She I kill'd! I did so: but thou strikest me
Sorely, to say I did: it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue as in my thought: now, good now,
Say so but seldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good lady:
You might have spoken a thousand things that would
Have done the time more benefit and graced
Your kindness better.

Paul. You are one of those
Would have him wed again.

Dion. If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign name; consider little
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom and devour
Incertain lookers on. What were more holy
Than to rejoice the former queen is well?
What holier than, for royalty's repair,
For present comfort and for future good,
To bless the bed of majesty again
With a sweet fellow to 't?

Paul. There is none worthy,
Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods

Will have fulfilled their secret purposes ;
For has not the divine Apollo said,
Is't not the tenour of his oracle,
That King Leontes shall not have an heir
Till his lost child be found ? which that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our human reason
As my Antigonus to break his grave
And come again to me ; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel
My lord should to the heavens be contrary,
Oppose against their wills. [*To Leontes.*] Care not for issue ;
The crown will find an heir ; great Alexander
Left his to the worthiest ; so his successor
Was like to be the best.

Leon. Good Paulina

Who hast the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honour, O, that ever I
Had squared me to thy counsel ! then, even now,
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes,
Have taken treasure from her lips—

Paul. And left them

More rich for what they yielded.

Leon. Thou speak'st truth.

No more such wives ; therefore, no wife : one worse,
And better used, would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corpse, and on this stage,
Where we're offenders now, appear soul-vex'd,
And begin, 'Why to me ?'

Paul. Had she such power,

She had just cause.

Leon. She had ; and would incense me

To murder her I married.

Paul. I should so.

Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'ld bid you mark
Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in't
You chose her ; then I'ld shriek, that even your ears

Should rift to hear me ; and the words that follow'd
Should be 'Remember mine.'

Leon. Stars, stars,
And all eyes else dead coals ! Fear thou no wife ;
I'll have no wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry but by my free leave ?

Leon. Never, Paulina ; so be blest my spirit !

Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath.

Cleo. You tempt him over-much.

Paul. Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront his eye.

Cleo. Good madam,—

Paul. I have done.
Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir,
No remedy, but you will,—give me the office
To choose you a queen : she shall not be so young
As was your former ; but she shall be such
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take joy
To see her in your arms.

Leon. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry till thou bid'st us.

Paul. That
Shall be when your first queen's again in breath ;
Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himself Prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princess, she
The fairest I have yet beheld, desires access
To your high presence.

Leon. What with him ? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness : his approach,
So out of circumstance and sudden, tells us
'Tis not a visitation framed, but forced

By need and accident. What train ?
Gent. But few,
And those but mean.
Leon. His princess, say you, with him ?
Gent. Ay, the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.
Paul. O Hermione,
As every present time doth boast itself
Above a better gone, so must thy grave
Give way to what's seen now ! Sir, you yourself
Have said and writ so, but your writing now
Is colder than that theme, 'She had not been,
Nor was not to be equall'd ;'—thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once : 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,
To say you have seen a better.
Gent. Pardon, madam :
The one I have almost forgot,—your pardon,—
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else, make proselytes
Of who she but bid follow.
Paul. How ! not women ?
Gent. Women will love her, that she is a women
More worth than any man ; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.
Leon. Go, Cleomenes ;
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,
Bring them to our embracement. Still, 'tis strange
[Exeunt Cleomenes and others.
He thus should steal upon us.
Paul. Had our prince,
Jewel of children, seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord : there was not full a month
Between their births.
Leon. Prithee, no more ; cease ; thou know'st

He dies to me again when talk'd of : sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that which may
Unfurnish me of reason. They are come.

Re-enter CLEOMENES *and others, with* FLORIZEL *and* PERDITA.

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince ;
For she did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you : were I but twenty one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him, and speak of something wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome !
And your fair princess,—goddess !—O, alas !
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood begetting wonder as
You, gracious couple, do : and then I lost—
All mine own folly—the society,
Amity too, of your brave father, whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look on him.

Flo. By his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia and from him
Give you all greetings that a king, at friend,
Can send his brother : and, but infirmity
Which waits upon worn times hath something seized
His wish'd ability, he had himself
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Measured to look upon you ; whom he loves—
He bade me say so—more than all the sceptres
And those that bear them living.

Leon. O my brother,
Good gentleman ! the wrongs I have done thee stir
Afresh within me, and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand slackness. Welcome hither,

As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too
Exposed this paragon to the fearful usage,
At least ungentle, of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man not worth her pains, much less
The adventure of her person ?

Flo. Good my lord,
She came from Libya.

Leon. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd and loved ?

Flo. Most royal sir, from thence ; from him, whose daughter
His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her : thence,
A prosperous south-wind friendly, we have cross'd
To execute the charge my father gave me
For visiting your highness : my best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd ;
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival and my wife's in safety
Here where we are.

Leon. The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air whilst you
Do climate here ! You have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman ; against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin :
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issueless : and your father's blest,
As he from heaven merits it, with you
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you !

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir,
That which I shall report will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir,
Bohemia greets you from himself by me ;

Desires you to attach his son, who has—
His dignity and duty both cast off—
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

Leon. Where's Bohemia ? speak.

Lord. Here in your city ; I now came from him :
I speak amazedly ; and it becomes
My marvel and my message. To your court
While she was hastening, in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple, meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me :
Whose honour and whose honesty till now
Endured all weathers.

Lord. Lay 't so to his charge :
He's with the king your father.

Leon. Who ? Camillo !

Lord. Camillo, sir ; I spake with him ; who now
Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
Wretches so quake : they kneel, they kiss the earth ;
Forswear themselves as often as they speak :
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.

Per. O my poor father !
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

Leon. You are married ?

Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be ;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first :
The odds for high and low's alike,

Leon. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king ?

Flo. She is,
When once she is my wife.

Leon. That 'once,' I see by your good father's speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking
Where you were tied in duty, and as sorry
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look up:
Though Fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us with my father, power no jot
Hath she to change our loves. Beseech you, sir,
Remember since you owed no more to time
Than I do now: with thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate; at your request
My father will grant precious things as trifles.

Leon. Would he do so, I'ld beg your precious mistress,
Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a month
'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such gazes
Than what you look on now.

Leon. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made. [*To Florizel.*] But your petition
Is yet unanswer'd. I will to your father:
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I am friend to them and you: upon which errand
I now go toward him; therefore follow me
And mark what way I make: come, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Before* LEONTES' *palace.*

Enter AUTOLYCUS *and a* Gentleman.

Aut. Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation?

First Gent. I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the

chamber ; only this methought I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it. 7

First Gent. I make a broken delivery of the business ; but the changes I perceived in the king and Camillo were very notes of admiration : they seemed almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes ; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture ; they looked as they had heard of a world ransomed, or one destroyed : a notable passion of wonder appeared in them ; but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say if the importance were joy or sorrow ; but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman that haply knows more.
The news, Rogero ? 19

Sec. Gent. Nothing but bonfires : the oracle is fulfilled ; the king's daughter is found : such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Here comes the Lady Paulina's steward : he can deliver you more. How goes it now, sir ? this news which is called true is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion : has the king found his heir ? 27

Third Gent. Most true, if ever truth were pregnant by circumstances : that which you hear you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of Queen Hermione's, her jewel about the neck of it, the letters of Antigonus found with it which they know to be his character, the majesty of the creature in resemblance of the mother, the affection of nobleness which nature shows above her breeding, and many other evidences proclaim her with all certainty to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings ?

Sec. Gent. No.

Third Gent. Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another, so and in such manner that it seemed sorrow wept to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenances of such distraction that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loss, cries 'O, thy mother, thy mother !' then asks Bohemia forgiveness ; then embraces his son-in-law ; then again worries he his daughter with clipping her ; now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by like a weather-bitten conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it and undoes description to do it.

Sec. Gent. What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child ?

Third Gent. Like an old tale still, which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep and not an ear open. He was torn to pieces with a bear : this avouches the shepherd's son ; who has not only his innocence, which seems much, to justify him, but a handkerchief and rings of his that Paulina knows.

First Gent. What became of his bark and his followers ?

Third Gent. Wrecked the same instant of their master's death and in the view of the shepherd : so that all the instruments which aided to expose the child were even then lost when it was found. But O, the noble combat that'twixt joy and sorrow was fought in Paulina ! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled : she lifted the princess from the earth, and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart that she might no more be in danger of losing.

First Gent. The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes ; for by such was it acted.

Third Gent. One of the prettiest touches of all and that which angled for mine eyes, caught the water though not the fish, was when, at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to't bravely confessed and lamented by the king, how attentiveness wounded his daughter ; till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an 'Alas,' I would fain say, bleed tears, for I am sure my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there changed colour ; some swooned, all sorrowed : if all the world could have seen't, the woe had been universal. 83

First Gent. Are they returned to the court ?

Third Gent. No : the princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano, who, had he himself eternity and could put breath into his work, would beguile Nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape : he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione that they say one would speak to her and stand in hope of answer : thither with all greediness of affection are they gone, and there they intend to sup. 93

Sec. Gent. I thought she had some great matter there in hand ; for she hath privately twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither and with our company piece the rejoicing ?

First Gent. Who would be thence that has the benefit of access ? every wink of an eye some new grace would be born : our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along. *[Exeunt Gentlemen.* 101

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would prefement drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince ; told him I heard them talk of a fardel and I know not what : but he at that time, over-fond of the shepherd's daughter, so he then took her to be, who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me ; for had I been the finder out of this

secret, it would not have relished among my other discredits.

Enter Shepherd *and* Clown.

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy ; I am past moe children, but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clo. You are well met, sir. You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born. See you these clothes ? say you see them not and think me still no gentleman born ; you were best say these robes are not gentlemen born : give me the lie, do, and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know you are now, sit, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clo. So you have : but I was a gentleman born before my father ; for the king's son took me by the hand, and called me brother and then the two kings called my father brother ; and then the prince my brother and the princess my sister called my father father ; and so we wept, and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Ay ; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Clo. I humbly beseech you; sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

Shep. Prithee, son, do ; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life ?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clo. Give me thy hand : I will swear to the prince thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman ?

Let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son ?

Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his friend : and I'll swear to the prince thou art a tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt not be drunk ; but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands and that thou will be drunk : but I'll swear it, and I would thou wouldst be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so, sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow : if I do not wonder how thou darest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not. Hark ! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us : we'll be thy good masters. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A chapel in* PAULINA'S *house.*

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, Lords *and* Attendants.

Leon. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort
That I have had of thee !

Paul. What, sovereign sir,
I did not well I meant well. All my services
You have paid home ; but that you have vouchsafed,
With your crown'd brother and these your contracted
Heirs of your kingdoms' my poor house to visit,
It is a surplus of your grace, which never
My life may last to answer.

Leon. O Paulina,
We honour you with trouble : but we came
To see the statue of our queen : your gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities ; but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.

Paul. As she lived peerless,

So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon
Or hand of man hath done ; therefore I keep it
Lonely, apart. But here it is : prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd as ever
Still sleep mock'd death : behold, and say 'tis well.

[*Paulina draws a curtain, and discovers Hermione standing like a statue.*

I like your silence, it the more shows off
You wonder : but yet speak ; first, you, my liege.
Comes it not something near ?

Leon. Her natural posture !
Chide me, dear stone, that I may say indeed
Thou art Hermione ; or rather, thou art she
In thy not chiding, for she was as tender
As infancy and grace. But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing
So aged as this seems.

Pol. O, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence ;
Which lets go by some sixteen years and makes her
As she lived now.

Leon. As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty, warm life,
As now it coldly stands, when first I woo'd her !
I am ashamed : does not the stone rebuke me
For being more stone than it ? O royal piece
There's magic in thy majesty, which has
My evils conjured to remembrance and
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee.

Per. And give me leave,
And do not say 'tis superstition, that
I kneel and then implore her blessing. Lady,

Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours to kiss.

Paul. O, patience!
The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's
Not dry.

Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on,
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers dry: scarce any joy
Did ever so long live; no sorrow
But kill'd itself much sooner.

Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him that was the cause of this have power
To take off so much grief from you as no
Will piece up in himself.

Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you,—for the stone is mine—
I'ld not have show'd it.

Leon. Do not draw the curtain.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on 't, lest your fancy
May think anon it moves.

Leon. Let be, let be.
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—
What was he that did make it? See, my lord,
Would you not deem it breathed? and that those veins
Did verily bear blood?

Pol. Masterly done:
The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leon. The fixture of her eye has motion in't,
As we are mock'd with art.

Paul. I'll draw the curtain:
My lord's almost so far transported that
He'll think anon it lives.

Leon. O sweet Paulina,
Make me to think so twenty years together!
No settled senses of the world can match

The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone.

Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you ; but
I could afflict you farther.

Leon. Do, Paulina ;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort. Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her : what fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath ? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.

Paul. Good my lord, forbear :
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet ;
You'll mar it if you kiss it, stain your own
With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain ?

Leon. No, not these twenty years.

Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.

Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you
For more amazement. If you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move indeed, descend
And take you by the hand : but then you'll think—
Which I protest against—I am assisted
By wicked powers.

Leon. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on : what to speak,
I am content to hear ; for 'tis as easy
To make her speak as move.

Paul. It is required
You do awake your faith. Then all stand still ;
On : those that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

Leon. Proceed :
No foot shall stir.

Paul. Music, awake her ; strike ! [*Music.*
'Tis time ; descend ; be stone no more ; approach ;
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come,

I'll fill your grave up : stir, nay, come away,
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you. You perceive she stirs :

[*Hermione comes down.*

Start not ; her actions shall be holy as
You hear my spell is lawful : do not shun her
Until you see her die again ; for then
You kill her double. Nay, present your hand :
When she was young you woo'd her ; now in age
Is she become the suitor ?

Leon. O, she's warm !
If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his neck :
If she pertain to life let her speak too.

Pol. Ay, and make't manifest where she has lived,
Or how stolen from the dead.

Paul. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale : but it appears she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.
Please you to interpose, fair madam : kneel
And pray your mother's blessing. Turn, good lady ;
Our Perdita is found.

Her. You gods, look down
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head ! Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserved ? where lived ? how found
Thy father's court ? for thou shalt hear that I,
Knowing by Paulina that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserved
Myself to see the issue.

Paul. There's time enough for that ;
Lest they desire upon this push to trouble
Your joys with like relation. Go together,

You precious winners all ; your exultation
Partake to every one. I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some withar'd bough and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

Leon. O, peace, Paulina !
Thou should'st a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine a wife : this is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou hast found mine ;
But how, is to be question'd ; for I saw her
As I thought, dead, and have in vain said many
A prayer upon her grave. I'll not seek far—
For him, I partly know his mind—to find thee
An honourable husband. Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand, whose worth and honesty
Is richly noted and here justified
By us, a pair of kings. Let's from this place.
What ! look upon my brother : both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion. This is your son-in-law
And son unto the king, who, heavens directing,
Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely
Each one demand an answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time since first
We were dissever'd : hastily lead away. [*Exeunt.*

PART IV

PARAPHRASE

PARAPHRASE

THE WINTER'S TALE

ACT I : SCENE I.

Antechamber in LEONTES' *Palace*

Enter CAMILLO *and* ARCHIDAMUS

Archidamus. Camillo, if you visit in future Bohemia, under similar circumstances as now I am employed, in the matter of entertainment you will find, as I have already told you, a great difference between our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

Camillo. This coming summer, I think, the king of Sicilia wishes to pay Bohemia a visit which is due as a return of courtesy.

Archi. We would not be able to entertain you with the same lavishness, we shall make up for it with the sincerity of our affection for surely.

Cam. Please, continue to say what you wanted to say.

Archi. In truth, I speak with perfect knowledge ; we cannot entertain you with such magnificence, with such rare courtesy, with such—Oh, I am at a loss to find words to describe it. We shall offer you drinks which will benumb your senses so that you would fail to notice our short comings. Then you would praise us without finding any fault with our entertainment and hospitality.

Cam. You thank us too lavishly for what is given out of heart's affection and love.

Archi. Believe me when I say that I only utter what reason and honesly prompt me to speak out.

Cam. The king of Sicilia cannot overdo in hospitality to the king of Bohemia. They were educated together in their childhood; and such a deep affection and liking sprang up for each other that it must have since then grown riper. Since

they assumed kingly duties, they had less occasion to meet with each other, they have exchanged gifts, letters and worthy representatives in the meantime. Thus they have been in contact with each other, though absent, and it seems they had extended their hands across the seas, and barren lands in friendship and embraced each other as it were from the opposite corners of the earth. May the gods continue their love and friendship !

Archi. I think neither malice nor any other cause can change their love for each other. You have a source of ineffable comfort in your young prince, Mamillius ; I have observed him to be the most promising gentleman.

Cam. I fully agree with you in your observation of the prince. He is a brave boy, he is like a medicine which truly cures sufferings of the people and freshens their hearts. Cripples going on crutches before his birth yet desire to live only to see him grow into manhood.

Archi. Would they otherwise be happy to die ?

Cam. Yes, if there were no other reason for them to wish to live.

Archi. If the king had no son, they would live as cripples on crutches till he had one.

ACT I : SCENE II.

A room of state in the same

Enter LEONTES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, POLIXENES, CAMILLO, *and* Attendents.

Polixenes. It is nine months before that I left my throne vacant ; if I were to thank you properly, I might need as long a time again to do it ; oh my brother, even then I would depart eternally your debter, therefore let my thanks like a cipher in its right place swell the expressions of gratitude into thousands and tens of thousands.

Leontes. Do not talk of thanks now, offer them when you depart.

Pol. Sir, I am departing tomorrow. I am obsessed with fears of what might have happend or developed during my long absence from my kingdom. I pray that no untoward circumstances might happen at home to confirm my apprehensions. Besides, I have stayed much too long to tire your patience.

Leontes. I am quite strong, brother, you cannot have patience so easily strained.

Pol. Yet I would not stay longer.

Leon. Please stay a week longer at least.

Pol. In truth, I am leaving tomorrow.

Leon. We will divide equally the time, between us, and and then in this request you cannot refuse.

Pol. Please do not insist on this, I pray you. There is none, none in the world whose words can persuade me as quickly as yours ; now at this moment also, it should be so, if your invitation had any urgency behind it that pertained to you ; my own interests cause my refusal to your request. My state affairs pull me towards home. If you detain me, you would punish me in your affection and love. My stay would be an expense and trouble to you ; to save both, allow me to bid you farewell, brother.

Leon. My queen, have you nothing to say ? Why donot you say something ?

Hermione. I intentionally kept silent so long, sir, till you forced him to say that he would not stay. Sir, your persuasion has been much too mild. Let him know, all is well in Bohemia we had news of Bohemia only yesterday. Please tell him this, and he has no more excuse to depart so soon.

Leon. Hermione, you have said the right thing.

Her. If he says he longs to see his son, that would indeed be a strong reason. Let him say that and we would let him go. But let him swear so, and we would not urge him to stay, with distaffs we would then forcibly drive him off. Yet I will be bold enough to request your royal Highness to stay a week onger. When you would invite in future my husband to lBohemia, I will not mind his overstaying a month there after

the fixed day of his departure. Leontes, my love for you is not a whit less than that of any lady in the world for her husband. Now friend, you will surely stay.

Pol. No, madam.

Her. No, but you will stay.

Pol· I cannot and must not stay, truly.

Her. Truly ! you cannot deny my request to stay with weak, lame excuse and vows ; though you try to shake the stars from their spheres with your oaths, I should yet persist in saying "Sir, you cannot go." Truly, you shall not go, a a lady's, 'truly' is as powerful as a lord's. Will you go yet ? Then I shall keep you as a prisoner, not like a guest ; so when you finally depart from hence, you would have to pay your prisoner's fees and spare all words of gratitude. Now what do you say ? My prisoner or my guest ? By your own oath 'truly' either my guest or my prisoner you shall be.

Pol. Your guest, then madam ; to be your prisoner would mean to be guilty of a crime, which to commit is more difficult for me than for you to punish.

Her. I shall then be your kind hostess and ·not your jailor. Come now, I will ask you to tell me about your naughtiness when you and my lord were boys. You must have been pretty little lords then !

Pol. We were, fair Queen two lads who thought our boyhood days would never end, and we shall for ever be merry boys with days of enjoyment.

Her. Was not my lord more naughty than you ?

Pol. We two were like lambs born at the same hour, that leap and frisk in the sun and bleat at each other. Then we commerced with innocence. We did not know what is evil, nor dreamt evil existed or one could do any ill. If we could live like that in the future years to come and if our weak spirits were never stimulated by passions, we could declare our innocence to heaven ; and the faint of original sin as sons of Adam, who first transgressed, would leave us.

Her. From this I presume you have sinned since then.

Pol. O, most divine lady ! Since then temptations have come in our way. For in those days my wife was an innocent girl and your dear self had not yet my friend.

Her. Heavenly Grace help us ! please donot conclude what you meant to say lest you say that your queen and I are devils. We shall bear the burden of your crime provided it is your first crime and you did not extend this indulgence to others.

Leon. Is my friend won by you at last ?

Her. He will stay, my lord.

Leon. At my request he would not stay. Hermione, my dearest, you never spoke to a better purpose.

Her. Never !

Leon. Never but once !

Her. What ? Have I spoken well twice ? When was it the first time ? I pray you tell me, my lord, gorge us with praise and fatten us ; one good deed remaining unpraised will stop a thousand other good deeds from accomplishment. One soft kiss would do more than a harsh command to us. But the point is : my last good deed was to entreat him to stay, what was my first deed ? If I take the right meaning of what you say, this deed has an equal to it, done in the past. Oh that her name were Grace ! Once before I spoke to purpose ? When ? let me know it. It am in suspense to hear it.

Leon. Why, that was when three weary months had tired me out of patience, before I could hold your white hand and claim you as my wife to be ; then did you say. 'I am yours for ever.'

Her. It is grace indeed , why then, I have spoken to the purpose twice ; the one earned me for ever a King for a husband ; the other earned for some time a friend.

Leon. (*Aside*) Oh, it is unbearable ! To carry friendship too far is to merge it into passion. I have a throbbing in my heart, my heart beats wildly, but not for joy. This friendship may look innocent and enjoy a liberty ; based on lavish emotions of the heart ; it may be graceful to the woman who exhi-

bits it. I grant it may be, but to be lovingly fingering the palm, and touching fingers, as they are now, and putting on practised smiles, as in a looking glass, and then sighing a deep sigh as if it were the death of a deer announced in the hunting field ; Oh, this a familiarity which my heart abhors, and my brows are already decked with the invisible horns of a cuckold. Mamillius, are you my boy ?

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. In faith ! why that's my fine lad. What, have you soiled your nose ? They say you are an exact copy of mine. Come, captain, we must be turned into beasts ; not, of cource horned beast (cuckold) but cleanly (free of horns), yet the bull, the young cow and the calf are termed as beasts. Still playing with the fingers upon his palm ! How now, you playful calf— are you really my calf ?

Mam . Yes, if you will, my lord.

Leon. You lack a shaggy head, and the horns of a beast, to resemble me completely : yet they say we are as alike as eggs ; women say so, but woman will say anything : but even if women are as false as mourning garments, rotting from over dyeing or worn by insincere mourners, as false even as the winds and waters are : even if they are as false as one who does not discrimate between what is his, and what is mine, who with the turn of the dice in any way that is advantageous to him...,..even then, it is certain that this boy is my son, and that he resembles me. Come, Sir Page, look at me with your blue eyes, sweet rogue ! my dearest ! flesh of my flesh ! can your mother ?...,..could it be ?... ..But Lust ! Thy fancies enter into the inmost hearts of men and women. Impossible things thou makest possible, holdest thy converse with dreams,........then it is most likely that thou mayest combine with what is material, and I have found this ; it is poisoning my mind and hardening my brows (that is I am suffering the mental torture of a cuckold.)

Pol. What are you thinking about, Sicila ?

Her. He seems purturbed in mind.

Pol. What my lord ! how goes it
With you, my brother ?

Her. You look agitated, are you moved, mylord ?

Leon. No, with all seriousness I say no. How at times human nature will betray its weakness and be mocked and ridiculed by those who are less tender-hearted ! Looking at the feature of my boy's face, it seems to me I had gone back twenty-there years and see myself a boy, dressed in my green velvet coat, my dagger sheathed so as not to be hurt by it, as a sword worn only as an ornament. How I resembled then, this seed of mine, this unripe pea-pod of mine, this gentleman. My honest friend, will you allow yourself to be imposed upon ?

Mam. No my lord, I will fight.

Leon. you will ! why may fortune smile at him. My brother, are you as fond as I am of your own young prince ?

Pol. If at home, Sir, he is ever engaging my attention, he is the sorce of my mirth ; he inspires my serious actions, now my sworn friend, and then my enemy ; my constant companion my soldier, statesman, all ; he makes a long July day pass as quickly for me as a short December day ; and with his childish tricks removes my painful thoughts that would otherwise congeal my blood.

Leon. This my son affects one as your son affects you. We two will walk, my lord, and leave you to follow with slower and statelier steps. Hermione, show the extent of your love for me in your welcome to my friend. Treat him liberally. Next to yourself and my young son, my friend is the owner of my heart's affection.

Her. If you wish to seek us, we shall be in the garden. Shall we attend you there ?

Leon. Do as your inclination dictates ; if you remain under the heavens, I would be able to find you. (*Aside*) I am now playing as a fisherman plays with a fish caught, letting out plenty of line well ! How she lifts up her face to him in a provoking manner and how she clings to his arms with the boldness of a wife holding her doling husband !

[*Exeunt Polixenes, Hermione and Attendants.*

Gone already ! I am already damned as a cuckold. Go play, boy, your mother plays and I must play as a spy too. But a

base part I play. Shame and disgrace of it will drag me to my grave. Go, play, my boy.

There have been, or I am mistaken, cuckolds before now; while I am speaking many men are even at this moment holding their wives by the arm, little knowing that they have been reduced by their neighbours during their absence. Nay, there is comfort in the fact that the wives of other cuckolds play as false as my wife, whether they know it or not. If all those who have faithless wives, gave themselves up to despair. One tenth of mankind would have to kill themselves by hanging. There is no remedy for it. It is the influence of an evil star which infects the world of man and there is no way of resisting it ; there is no safeguard against cuckoldom ; knows it ; Evil men are there always and ever to corrupt women ; many husbands have faithless wives but they do not know of their misfortune and shame. How now boy !

Mam. I am like you, they say.

Leon. Why that is some comfort and consolation. What Camillo, there ?

Cam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. Go play, Mamillius ; you are an honest man.

[*Exit Mamillius.*

Camillo, this Great lord will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had great trouble in persuading Polixenes to stay. You had to insist several times and entreat him to stay.

Leon. Did you notice it ?

Cam. He refused at first to stay even at your persistent entreaties ; his business seemed urgent to him.

Leon. Did you perceive it ? (*Aside*) people are laughing at me already ; wispering 'Sicilia is a cuckold' ; 'it is far gone when at last I shall know of it. How did it come about, Camillo this decision of Polixenes to stay ?

Cam. At the good queen's request.

Leon. So it is at the queen's request ; 'good' should be to the point ; but so it is, but that's not all. Did others beside you notice this ? For your brain is receptive, you are more

clever that common men. You say, it is not noticed by others, with similar intelligence which you possess ?

Except possibly, it is noticed by more clever men than you ! Is it not ? Perhaps, people of average intelligence and mental capacity failed to notice this, Speak, is it not so ?

Cam. Business you call it ? my lord ! Most people only think that Bohemia stays here longer.

Leon. Ha !

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leon. Ay, but why ?

Cam. To please your highness, and because of the entreaties of the queen.

Leon. To please ? The entreaties of your Queen ? That's enough : I donot want to hear more. I have so far trusted you with all thing nearest to my heart, with all my inner secrets, nay, I have confided my sins to you. On hearing them you have rebived my conscience, by acting the confessor. After I had a heart to heart talk with you. I had felt disburdened of my conscience, my sense of guilt had disappeared after I frankly confessed to you my sins. But I am surprised now to find that I am deceived in my idea of your integrity, or what goes by the name of integrity.

Cam. My lord ! you would not be deceived thus !

Leon. I have to insist on it that you are not honest ; or if you are naturally honest you are a coward, suppressing your honesty, and preventing it from its natural course ; or else I must look upon you as a servant, who, though I trusted him with my inmost secrets, has neglected the duties, involed in the trust ; or else, you are a fool, who sees a game played in all seriousness and heavy stake swept away from the gaming table, considers it all as a joke.

Cam. My gracious lord, I may be negligent, foolish, and lacking in courage ; no man is free from these weaknesses, in the daily commerce of life. In your service, my lord, if ever I appeared to be willingly negligent, it must be my foolishness ; If I were persistent in my foolishness, then it must be due to my negligence, which in turn was ignorant of the consequence

of my action ; if ever I hesitated to do a thing whose result was unpredictable and when I ventured to do it later, I felt an inner condemnation of my inactivity. Thus the fear I show is also shared by even the wisest among us. These, my lord, are weaknesses to be pardoned by you. Even an honest man may fall a victim to them. But I pray, your highness, speak more clearly to me ; let me know what are my faults and their true nature. If after hearing of them. I deny them, I cannot be changed with these failings.

Leon. Have you not seen, Camillo—but I am sure you have seen—or your power of observation is weaker than that of a cuckold—or at least have you not heard—for there must have rumours touching the incident—or at least have you not given it a thought, for an intelligent man with the power of thinking must think—that my wife is disloyal ? If you can not deny this, say my wife is a wanton ; or else be impertinent enough to deny that you have either eyes or ears or thinking powers—say that my wife is an immoral woman, say that deserves a name as foul as' that you would call a woman engaged in flax-dressing, who sins before even her engagement. Say this and justify what you say.

Cam. I would not wait upon you and hear my most gracious mistress so shamefully accused and so damagingly slandered without a serious protest at once. 'Curse my heart, you never spoke anything less becoming you ; which to repeat were a sin as hideous as that of which you speak, even if there is a semblance of truth in it.

Leon. Is whispering nothing ? Is leaning cheek to cheek nothing ? Is meeting noses nothing ? or kissing with inside lip ? Or sudden stopping in the midst of laughter with a heaving sigh ?—a sure sign of wantonness ; setting one foot on another ; huddling together in hidden corners ? Is wishing time swifter in passing nothing ? What is it to wish hours were minutes ; midday, midnight ? What is it to wish all eyes except those who desire to techery unobserved, should be shut blind with cataract—a disease which virtually blinds one's eyes ? Is all this nothing ? Why, then the world with all that it contains is nothing ! You may say that sky which covers the earth is nothing ; Bohemia, nothing ! my wife,

nothing ! all there are nothing, without any existence and reality of their own, if what I impute to my wife's character is untrue.

Cam. Good my lord, be cured of this diseased opinion you hold about your wife soon or it would be dangerous.

Leon. It may be dangerous, but it is true.

Cam. No, no, my lord !

Leon. It is ; you lie, you lie, I say thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee, you are a vulgar fellow, an ignorant slave, or else a clever opportunist, who can with his eyes see both good and bad, and not caring for either : Were my wife's liver, the seat of passion as infected as her mind, she would not live for one hour more.

Cam. Who does infect her ?

Leon. Why, he that wears her his neck as a medallion, Polixenes ; whom if I had true servants about me, zealous of my honour as well as their own interests, own profit, they would have taken early steps to stop this mischief. Ay, and thou, my eup-bearer—whom I have raised from low position to one of dignity and importance, who may see clearly as the sky sees the earth, and the earth sees the sky, how I am vexed-mighest mix a cup to close my enemy's eyes in death, a poisonous drink to my enemy would be an end to my torture and suffering.

Cam. Sir, my lord, I could do this, and that with no swiftly killing poison, but with a drink of poison that would bring death slowly and with violent effect, but I cannot believe this impurity of character in my respected Queen, who is the emblem of spotless honour. I have loved you—

Leon. You doubt of Hermione's sin and damnation to you ! Dost thou think I am so confused and deranged of mind as to seek this trouble for myself and bring dishonour to my bed ? By preserving the purity of the bed alone I may sleep in peace, But by staining it, I shall be in a perpetual torment of the mind. Do you think I shall dishonour my own son, the Prince, who I am sure, is mine own, and whom I consider as flesh my flesh, without adequate reasons for it ? Would I do this ? Could ever a man commit such a folly ?

Cam. I must believe you, Sir ; I do, and will kill Bohemia for it : one this condition that when he is killed, you should take back your Queen in affection ; even for the sake of your son ; and thereby stop the calumny of tongues in courts and kingdoms which hold familiar and intimate realations with you.

Leon. You are advising me to do exactly as I had resolved to do. I will not allow any blame to be attached to her honour —no—not the least.

Cam. My lord, go then ; with an untroubled face, free from suspicion as that of friends at a feast, bear yourself with Polixenes and your Queen. I am the man to serve him wine, if he does not get a healthy drink from me, then say I am not your servant.

Leon. Then this is fixed ; do it, and you have one half of my heart, if you do not do it, I would kill you—you will burst your own heart.

Cam. I will do it, my lord.

Leon. I will pose as a friend, as you advise me. [*Exit.*

Cam. Oh, unhappy lady ! But, what a position I am in ! I must be the poisoner of good Polixenes. The reason for poisoning him is that I owe allegiance to my king, who, disloyal to his better nature will have others do the same. If I commit this crime, I hope to obtain promotion. But it I could find examples of thousands of men who had prospered by murdering anointed kings, I will not do it. But since there is no record of such instance in brass, or stone or documents or records of any kind, I forswear the villainy I promised to my king. I must escape from the court ; to do it and to refuse to do it are equally dangerous to my personal safety. MayGod bring good fortune to me ! Here comes Bohemia.

Re-enter POLIXENES.

Pol. This is strange ; I feel that I am no longer in favour in Sicilia. Not to speak to me ? Good day, Camillo.

Cam. Hail, most royal sir !

Pol. What is the news in the court ?

Cam. Nothing unusual, my lord.

Pol. The king is sad as if he had lost some province, a region loved as he loves himself. Just now I met him with the usual salutation ; when he, turning his eyes away in the other direction, and raising his upper lip in contempt, runs past me and so leaves me, to ponder over what may caused him to change thus.

Cam. I dare not know, my lord.

Pol. How ! Dare not ! You mean you know and dare not to say it ! Be frank and plain to me. I take it that you dare not reveal it to me that which you know. For what you know, you know ; you can not deny this knowledge to yourself. Good Camillo, the changed colour of your cheeks is to me a mirror which reflects my altered look also, for I see that I have something to do with this changed look of yours, as I find myself altered with it.

Cam. There is a sickness which puts some of us in distemper ; but I cannot name the disease and you have caught the disease though apparently you look well.

Pol. How ! caught of me ! you do not find me with the eyes of a basilisk, the monster whose glance is fatal ! I have looked on thousands and they prospered the better as I have looked on them. I have not killed any with my looks yet. Camillo, you are a gentleman with the experience of a learned man. This experience is an ornament to our nobility as well as to our noble parents, and in a line of succession from them we claim to be gentlemen, I request you, if you know anyting which I ought to know, do not conceal it from me, and leave me ignorant of it.

Cam. I can not answer.

Pol. An infection caught of me, and yet I am not sick myself ! You must answer my question. I insist on it. Do you hear, Camillo ? I call upon you, by all the duties imposed on man by his honour, among which this granting of my request is the least obligatory, to declare what danger you apprehend to be impending on me, how far off, how near it is ; how this is to be circumvented, if it is to be prevented at all ! If not, tell me how best I could bear it.

Cam. Sir, I will tell you ; Since I am enjoined in honour and by him whom I judge honourable. Therefore listen to advice ; you must follow this as quickly as I set it forth. For any delay will mean the undoing of both you and me, and end of our life.

Pol. Proceed, good Camillo.

Cam. I am appointed by him to murder you !

Pol. By whom Camillo ?

Cam. By the king.

Pol. Why ?

Cam. He thinks, nay he is confident he swears, as if he had himself witnessed it, or been an instrument to encourage you in this business, that you have dishonoured his queen.

Pol. O, then my royal blood turn into a diseased jelly and my name be for ever linked with Judas, who betrayed the Best of Man, Jesus Christ ! In that case, let my fairest name so stink that it will affect the dullest sense wherever I go so that my very presence be shunned and abhorred more than the greatest infection that we hear or read of !

Cam. You may try to dispel his jealousy by swearing in the name of all the stars of heaven and by invoking all their influence. It is easier to stop the sea obeying the moon than to remove by advice the solid structure of his jealous folly. For his folly is built upon his firm conviction which he would hold as long as he lives.

Pol. How could he conceive this jealousy ? How was his suspicion developed ?

Cam. I donot know : but I am sure it is safer to avoid what is grown up already than to question how it developed. If, therefore you trust and believe in my integrity that is inherent in me,—Your Highness must leave tonight with me :—I will secretly inform your attendants of this plan of escape and I will get them all out through the many gates of the city in batches of two or three. As for myself I shall put myself in trust to your service and seek my fortune as I risked my position here by disclosing the plot to you. You must not have any doubt about what I have disclosed to you. For by the

honour of my parents, I have told the truth. If you wait to find out the truth by asking Leontes, I can not stay here to face my master. You will not be safer here as one who has been condemned by the king's own mouth and who is sure to be executed for his conviction has already been pre-determined.

Pol. I do believe you ! I saw his heart in his visage. Give me your hand : be my guide in this matter, and you shall have high preferment at my court. and ever be nearest to me. My ships are ready and my people expected my departure from here two days ago. This jealousy is for a precious lady, as she is rare in her virtue and excellence, this jealousy must be great ; and the person, who is affected by it is mighty king, it will be violent in its consequence, and as he believes he has been betrayed by a man who professed ever true friendship to him, his revenge must be consequently bitter. Fear casts its gloom on me ; may my escape end in safety and bring comfort to the gentle queen, concerned in this matter, though she gave no cause to justify his unfounded jealousy. Come Camillo, I will look upon you as a father if you help me to escape from this country safely : let us depart.

Cam. It is in my authority to order the opening and shutting of all the gates of the city ; please your highness to seize your opportunity while there is yet time to do so. Come, Sir, away.

ACT II : SCENE I

A room in LEONTE'S *palace.*

Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, *and* Ladies.

Her. Take the boy with you ; he troubles me so much ; I can not bear it any longer.

First Lady. Come my gracious lord, will you play with me ?

Mam. No, I will have nothing to do with you.

First Lady. Why, my sweet Lord ?

Mam. You will kiss me hard and speak to me as if I were a baby still. I love you better.

Sec. Lady. And why do you love me so, my lord ?

Mam. Not because your brows are blacker ; yet black brows, they say, suit some women best, but there should not be too much hair there, but very thin hair in a semi-circle and shaped like a half-moon with the touch of a pen.

Sec. Lady. Who taught you this ?

Mam. I learnt it out of women's faces. Pray now, what colour are your eye-brows ?

First Lady. Blue, my lord.

Mam. Nay, that deserves ridicule ; I have seen a lady's nose which was blue, but not her eye-brows.

First Lady. Listen to me. Your mother is fast getting big with child ; we shall soon respectfully welcome a fine new prince and then you would have to play with us, if we should have you.

Sec. Lady. She has of late grown into a bulky shape. May she get over her trouble easily.

Her. What is the serious topic you are discussing ? Come, sir, now I am ready to play with you again : I pray, sit down by me and tell us a tale.

Mam. Shall it be merry or sad ?

Her. As merry as you like.

Mam. A sad tale is best for the winter. I have one of spirits and goblins.

Her. Let us have that, Good sir, Come on, sit down : come on, and do your best to frighten me with your spirits, and ghosts : you are rather good at it.

Mam. There was a man........

Her. Nay come, sit down : then go on with your story.

Mam. Who lived near a church-yard. I will tell it softly, the crickets, meaning the littering ladies shall not hear it.

Her. Come on, then tell the story in wispers to me.

[*Enter* LEONTES *with* ANTIGONUS, Lords *and* others.]

Leon. Did you meet him there ? With his attendants ? Was Camillo with him ?

First Lord. I met them behind the grove of pines : they hastened away in such a manner as I have never seen men do ; I followed them till they took to their ships.

Leon. How blessed am I in my right judgment, in my true opinion of Hermione ! Alas ! how I wish my knowledge were less ! For it is but a curse to be blessed with such knowlege ! There may be a spider in the cup, and yet one may drink of the cup, not knowing of the spider's existence in it, and leave unharmed because his knowledge is not infected. But if one presents the hateful spider before the eye, makes him realise he has drunk of the poisoned cup, he vomits with such violence as if he would split his sides. I have drunk of the poisoned cup and seen the spider. I see clearly that Camillo was his help in this matter, his pander. There is a plot against my life, my crown ; all my fears have come true ; that false villain whom I employed was before employed by him, he has revealed my design, and I remain a humiliated man—a toy for them to play with as they please. How came the gates so easily open ?

First Lord. By Camillo's great authority, which has been by your order, absolute in opening or shutting of the gates.

Leon. I know it too well. Give me the boy ; I am glad you did not bring him up ; for though he does bear some marks of my features yet he inherits much more of your blood.

Her. What is this ? Is it some game ?

Leon. Take the boy away from her : he shall not come near her ; take him away ; and let her play with that which is within her ; for it is Polixenes that has made you big in this manner.

Her. But I would say he had not, and I will be sworn you would believe my words, however much you may be inclined to say no.

Leon. You, my lords, look on her, mark her well. If you are about to say 'she is a goodly lady', from the justice of your

heart you would add—"It is a pity she is not chaste or honourable." ·Praise her only for her outward beauty, which deserves high praise, even then your words if praise will be interrupted by a shrug, by hums and ha's—those petty signs of disapprovaly that calumny uses. O—I am wrong for I should say, these petty signs which mercy, not calumny uses. For calumny will wither up virtue itself: the shrugs, these hums, these ha's, when you have said, 'She is beautiful' interfere with and stop you before you can say 'She is virtuous'! But let it be known from him who has cause to grieve that his wife is an adulteress.

Her. Should a villain say so, the most unregerated villain in the world, he were as much more villain. You, my lord, are only mistaken.

Leon. You have mistaken, my lady. Polixenes for Leontes. O thou worthless thing! What foul name shall I not call you placed in high rank but I am afraid low people, following my example, should use the same term to persons high or low, forgetting the distinction between the prince and the beggar. I have said she is an adulteress; I have said with whom; More she is a traitor and Camillo is an accomplice with her, one that knows that which she should be ashamed to share with any one but her vile seducer. She is an adulteress, even as bad as those whom the ordinary people give foulest epithets: And sure it is, she knows of the flight of Polixenes and Camillo.

Her. No, by my life, I have not been a party to this. How much sorry you will feel, when you come to know the truth, now that you have in public declared me an adulteress. My gentle lord! You can then not be able to amend my wrongs then by just saying you were mistaken in your opinion of me.

Leon. No, if I am mistaken with all the proofs on which I rely on, the earth, the centre of the world is not strong enough to bear the weight of a school-boy's top. Take her away to prison. He who shall plead for her is guitly to that extent of his sympathy with her.

Her. An ill-omend star rules over my destiny; I must be patient till the stars are more favourable to me. My good lords, I am not prone to weeping, as woman are. Perhaps my dry eyes may rob me of your just pity, but I have residing here in my bosom that honourable grief which a fierce glow which

no tears can drown. I beg of you all, my lords, judge me with kind thoughts tempered with mercy, judge me as your charity would prompt you. And so let the king's will be performed.

Leon. Shall I be heard?

Her. Who is it that goes with me? I pray, your highness, that my women may be with me, for you see my present delicate condition requires their help and company? Do not weep, my good women. There is no cause, when you shall know your mistress deserved to be sent to prison, reserve your tears for the time I return from prison. I now go on to prison so that greater blessing and grace of character may be my share later. Adieu, my lord! I never wished to see you sorry: now I hope you will be some day so, My women, come, we have obtained permission for you.

Leon. Go, do our bidding, hence!

[*Exit Queen, Guarded*; *with Ladies.*

First Lord. I pray, your highness, call the queen again.

Ant. Be certain of what you do, sir, last what you believe to be just proves a cruel one. There great persons suffer in this, yourself, your Queen and your son.

First Lord. As for her, my lord, I dare lay my life down, and will do it, sir, in her defence, and say, if you would accept it, that the queen is innocent and pure in the eye of heaven, and in her relation to you. She is innocent in the matter in which you accuse her.

Ant. If our queen is unfaithful, I will rather turn my house into a stable, I shall always accompany my wife wherever she goes. I would not trust her out of sight and touch: If our queen, is false, every woman, every dram of woman's flesh is false.

Leon. Hold your peace.

First Lord. My good Lord.

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves. you are deceived, by some plotter, who will be damned for it, if only

I knew the villain, I would publicly denounce him and his shameful act. If she is not innocent, I have three daughters the eldest is eleven ; the scond nine, and the third five ; if this guilt the queen is proved, that she is charged with I shall, be my honour, make them barren, they shall not reach maturity to bear illegitimate children. They are equal heirs to me as I have no sons and I would rather make them barren so that they would not bring forth into the world any child.

Leon. Cease, no more : you smell of this business with the nose of deadman ; but I do see it and feel it too, as you feel the pressure of my fingers on you now, and I see the fingers cause you pain also.

Ant. If this is so, there would be no honest persons in the world to be buried. There is not a grain of honesty then to light up the face of this ugly world.

Leon. What ? Dare you disbelieve my words ?

First Lord. I wish in this matter you were disbelieved and not I. I shall get more pleasure to see her honour vindicated and your suspicion proved false. Men would blame you for so rashly suspecting your wife.

Leon. Why, what necessity is there that I should *talk this* over with you ; I should rather follow the urgent dictates of my own conclusions. My prerogative as king does not need your advice in this matter. I tell you this out of my own natural goodness. You will not face a fact as it is, because you are dazed or pretend to be so. I do not need you advice, any more. This matter, the loss or gain from it entirely in my concern and I take the responsibility of its execution and its consequences.

Ant. My lord, I wish you had done all in the matter quietly and silently without disclosing it to the public.

Leon. How could that be ? Either old age has turned you into a fool or you were born a fool. Camillo's flight, considered in relation to their familiarity which was palpable and suspicion had nothing to do with it proved clearly the guilt of the Queen. There is no need of any confirmation except the actual witnessing of the deed of adultery. Everything else

points to the step I had taken against my queen. Yet for a greater confirmation, for it would be a pity if in this matter I acted rashly—I have sent in haste to sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple, Cleomenes and Dion, who are, you know, men of sufficient ability; now they will bring all what we want from the Oracle whose spritual advice, when received, shall stop me from or goad me to my action against Hermione. Have I done well ?

First Lord. Well done, my lord.

Leon. Though I am convinced, and need no more proof than what I already possess, yet the oracle shall satisfy the doubts of others particularly those credulous people who are still ignorant of the truth. So I have thought that she should be imprisoned, and be kept away from my presence, lest she should design against my life through Polixenes and Camillo. Come, follow me, I am going to speak in public ; for this business will rouse us all.

Ant. [*Aside.*] It will rouse us to laughter, as I believe, if the good truth became known.

ACT II : SCENE II

Enter PAULINA, *a* Gentlemen *and* Attendants.

Paul. Call the keeper of the prison ; let him know who I am. Good lady, the best court of Europe is not good enough for you ; what business has such a woman to lie in prison ?

[*Re-enter* Gentleman *with the* Gaoler.]

Now, good sir, you know me, do you not ?

Gaol. Yes as a worthy lady, and as one whom I much honour.

Paul. Pray you then, conduct me to the queen.

Gaol. I may not madam, I have strict order not to allow any one to see the queen.

Paul. This is too much ! to put in prison an honest and honourable lady and to stop her gentle visitors from seeing her ! Is it lawful to see her women ? any of them ? Emilia ?

Gaol. If you kindly, madam, send away your attendants. I shall bring Emilia forth to you.

Paul. I pray you now, cal! her. Leave me for a while.

[*Exeunt Gentleman and Attendants.*

Gaol. And, madam, I must be present at your meeting.

Paul. Well, let it be so, I pray you. Here is such a stir to make a stain appear where there is no stain. This is beyond excuse.

[*Re-enter* Gaoler *with* Emilia.]

Dear Gentleman, how does our gracious lady.

Emilia. Reduced to such abject misery, with all her fears and griefs. She fares no better than one in her station. No tender lady has ever endured more, she is, before the proper time, brought to bed of child.

Paul. A boy ?

Emil. . A daughter ; a beautiful baby, strong and likely to live. The queen receives much comfort from her ; she says, "My poor prisoner, I am as innocent as you are."

Paul. I am sure of that ; these dangerous and harmful fits of lunacy in the king, O daman them ! He must be told of the birth of the child and he shall be told. The task becomes a woman best ; I will take it myself. And if I use sweet words in telling it to him, may my tongue blister, and may it never be the instrument expressing my hot anger. I pray you Emilia, give my regards to the queen and my assurance of the best obedience. If she would trust me with the child, I will show her to the king, and act as her defender and champion in forthnight manner. We do not know he may be moved at the sight of the child. The silence of pure innocence may be more effective when the loudest speeches fail to convince.

Emil. Most worthy madam, your honour and good is so evident in this, that your self-appointed mission can not but succeed. You are the fittest person to undertake this business. Please go to the next room and wait there. I shall at once inform the queen of your most noble offer. She was even today

seriously thinking over some such plan but she did not dare request any person of honour in the court lest she should meet with a refusal.

Paul. Tell her, Emilia, I shall use all the language I command ; and if my expression is as wise as my heart is bold ; I shall not fail.

Gaol. Madam, if the Queen be pleased to send the child, I donot know what danger I may run into by letting you carry the child without express permission.

Paul. You need not fear of any danger, Sir, the child was a prisoner in the womb, now the child has been released by the process of nature, so in no sense now the child is a prisoner. The child is innocent, and has not deserved the anger of the king ; moreover, the child is not guilty of the Queen's crime, if she did commit any.

Gaol. I do believe it.

Paul. Do you not fear of any harm to you ; upon my honour, I shall protect you from all dangers. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE III.

A room in LEONTE'S *Palace.*

Enter LEONTES, Lords, *and* Servants.

Leon. I have no rest both by day and by night. It is futile to brood over it so much. If the adulteress is part of the cause, distressing to the mind were not alive. I might regain a portion of my peace. The lewd king is beyond the reach of my vengeance ; any scheme or plan that my brain hatches, would not be able to get at him. He is absolutely safe against any stratagem of mine. But she cannot escape me. If she is dead, given to the fire, I might regain a portion of my lost peace. Who is there ?

First Servant. My lord !

Leon. How is the boy doing ?

First Servant. He had good rest to-night. It is hoped his sickness is gone.

Leon. How noble is his mind ! Realising the dishonour of his mother, he straightaway fell into melancholy, languished in

spirit and felt the shame and sorrow of it ; brooding over his mother's shame, he lost his former good spirits, his appetite, his sleep, and pined away in grief. Leave me alone, and find how he fares. [*Exit Servant.*] Fie, Fie, no thought of him—of Polixenes ; the very thought of revenge is a pang of defeat to me. By himself he is mighty, more so, with his parties and allies ; he must be left alone for the time being. Let fall my vengeance now upon her. Camillo and Polixenes laugh at me, and mock my sorrow ; they would not laugh, if I could reach them, nor she, who is in my power shall laugh at me.

Enter PAULINA, *with a child.*

First Lord. You must not enter.

Paul. Nay, my good lords, you should rather help me and support me. Do you fear less for the queen's life than the wrath of the king upon you ? The queen, gracious and innocent, who had nothing to do with what she is accused of is not a greater concern to you than the king with his jealousy !

Ant. That is enough.

Second Servant. Madam, the king had no sleep to-night ; he has ordered that no one should come to him.

Paul. Not so hasty, good sir, I come but to bring him sleep. Persons like you, who walk with silent steps round him, and echo his needless sighs and nowish the cause of his sleeplessness, keep him awake. As for me, I come with words that will soothe as they are honest and true. My words will work as a medicine to take away the distemper that causes insomnia in him.

Leon. What noise there, ho ?

Paul. No noise, my lord, but some talk pertaining to the baptism of your new-born child.

Leon. How ! turn the bold lady out ! Antigonus, I asked you not to let your wife come near me. I knew she would.

Ant. I told her so, my lord, on peril of displeasure from you, on her and on me, she should not visit you.

Leon. What, canst you not rule her ?

Paul. Yes, he can stop me from all wantonness ; in this case, however, he will surely have no authority over me unless he imitates you by imprisoning his wife for doing what is honourable.

Ant. There you see, how she talks. When once she takes the bit between her teeth, I allow her to run as she likes, but she will not stumble on the way thus.

Paul. My good lord, I have come ; And I pray you, hear me, I profess myself to be your loyal servant, your physician, your most obedient adviser ; I yet venture to appear to bring you solace and relief though I appear to be less of a loyal servant who is watching silently over your misery. I say, I come from your good queen.

Leon. Good queen !

Paul. Good queen, my lord, good queen ; I say good queen ; I would by combat in a tournament prove her innocence where I a man, even if I were the weakest man in the land.

Leon. Push her away home.

Paul. Let him who does not care for his eyesight dare lay hands on me first : I will depart when I wish to on my own accord ; but first I must go what I have come to accomplish. The good queen, for she is good, has borne a daughter. Here it is, she commends the child to your blessing.

[*Laying down the child.*

Leon. Out ! A witch who has changed her sex ! Away with her, turn her out of the door. A wicked bawd, who acts as a go-between to help illicit love.

Paul. Not so ; I am ignorant of the role you impute on me, this shows your ignorance about me. I am no less virtuous than you are mad ; I have said enough ; I pass for a virtuous woman in this world.

Leon. Traitors ! Will you not push her out ? Give her the bastard. You, old fellow ! (This to Antigonus) You are hen-pecked, subdued by your wife who rules over you, dominated by your chatter-box of a wife, a Dame Partlet. Take up the bastard, take it up, I say, give it to your wife.

Paul. For ever accursed be your hands, if you take up the princess, with bastardy imputed upon her.

Leon. You are terribly afraid of your wife !

Paul. I wish you were so ; then, surety, you would not disown your own child.

Leon. A nest of traitors !

Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Paul. Nor I, nor any, but one who is here and he is the king, for he exposes to slander,—keen and injurious as the thrust of the sword,—his own high honour, his queen's, his promising boy's, he will not—For as the case stands, it is a curse which nothing can shake off, nothing can root out his rotten opinion, as rotten as ever the oak or stone is sound.

Leon. A bawd with a loose tongue, recently she beat her husband and now rails at me. This child is not mine ; it is the child of Polixenes ; away with it, and with the mother, put both of them, into the flames.

Paul. It is yours ; and I shall apply the old proverb and say it the worse for being so like you. Behold, my lords, even if the prints are small, it is the exact miniature copy of its father ; eyes, nose, lip, typical frown, forehead, dimples on the chin, cheek, smiles, the shape of the hand, nails, and finger—all proclaim the resemblance to its father. And thou, good goddess of Nature, who hast made the babe so like the father, put no yellow, the colour of jealousy in the shaping of her mind ! (if thou hast a hand in it), lest she should begin to suspect, as he does, her own children not sired by her husband !

Leon. A gross hag ! And a worthless woman, you deserve to be hanged, you who will not stop her tongue.

Ant. If you hang all the husbands who cannot control their wive's garrulity, you would hardly be a subject left.

Leon. Once more, I order you to take her hence.

Paul. Only an unworthy and wicked lord could do that ; for he can do no better.

Leon. I will order thee to be burnt.

Paul. I care not, if you so order, it will be the heretic who sets the fire but she, who burns, is not the heretic, I shall not call you a tyrant ; this most cruel treatment of your queen ; based on no stronger evidence than your weak suspicion—does smell of tyranny, and it will make you base, nay, a byword of scorn in the world.

Leon. I charge you on your allegiance, get her out of the chamber. If I were a tyrant, she would certainly be dead by

now. She would not dare call me a tyrant if she knew I was one. Away with her.

Paul. I pray to you, do not push, me thus : I shall myself go away. Look at your babe, my lord ! It is yours, and I commend her to god's protection and yours. You who are so patient and unprotesting with his follies, will not really help the king : So, so, farewell'; I am gone. [*Exit.*

Leon. (*To Antigonus*) Thou traitor, hast set thy wife on this business. My child ? away with it. Even thou, who art so tenderly affectionate on the child, take it away, and see that it burnt in fire at once. Even thou, none but thou shalt do it. Take it up at once ; within an hour bring me word that it is done, and either you produce proof of your deed, or you would lose your life and all that you call yours. If you refuse, and oppose my anger, say so, I shall myself dash out the brains of the child with mine own hands. Go, give it to the fire ; for you have set your wife to do this.

Ant. I did not, sir, these lords, my noble friends, if they want to do it, can absolve me of the charge.

Lords. We can. Your royal highness. He is not guilty of her coming here.

Leon. You are all liars.

First Lord. I pray your highness, believe us a little more. We have always truely served you. We beg on our knees, to esteem us loyal and as a reward of our esteemed services, in the past and to be rendered in the future, that you change your decision, which so cruel, so bloody, would surely lead to some horrible evil, we all kneel.

Leon. Am I like a feather that blows with the wind ? Shall I live to see this bastard grow, kneel and call me father ? No, it shall not. You, Sir, come you forward, you, who with your child are so tender to the child. Your wife has done the job of a midwife to save this bastard's life. For it is a bastard as sure as this beard is grey. What will you do to save this child's life ?

Ant. Anything, my lord, that I can do and my honour enjoins me to do. At least this much I am prepared to do. I shall offer all my blood in my body to save the innocent babe. I shall do anything that is possible.

Leon. It shall be possible. Swear by this sword that thou will carry out my command.

Ant. I will, my lord.

Leon. Listen to me and perform the act ; do you see ? If you fail to carry out any part of my behest, it will not only mean death to you, but also to your foul-tongued wife, whom I have forgiven for the present. I command you, as my subject owing allegiance to me, to carry away this female bastard to some remote desert, far oustide the boundary of my kingdom, and leave her there, without showing her any mercy, at the mercy of and hazards of the place, none to protect her. As the child came to me as the gift of a stranger, I do in justice command you, at the risk of your body and soul (if you fail to do my behest) to leave the child at some place, as a stranger, where chance may protect or destroy her. Take her up.

Ant. I swear to do this, though an instant death would have been more merciful. Come on, poor babe. May some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens to feed you ! Wolves and bears, they say, forgetting their cruel nature, have done such acts of mercy. Sir, may you have more prosperity than you deserve for this cruel deed ! And, poor thing may blessing protect thee, inspite of this cruel infliction which condemns you to be exposed to the cruelties of nature in a desert land.

[*Exit with the child.*

Leon. No, I will not bring up another man's issue.

Enter a Servant

Serv. If it please your highness to hear, messengers, you sent to the oracle came back an hour ago : Cleomenes and Dion, safely arrived back from Delphos, have both landed, and are coming quickly to the court.

First Lord. If it please you, Sir, their speed has been beyond calculation.

Leon. They have been away twenty-three days : it is good speed, and it is an omen that Apollo will soon reveal the truth of the matter. Be ready, Lord, summon the council, that I may formally try my most unfaithful wife. For she has been publicly accused and she would have a fair and open public trial. As long as she lives, my heart will be heavy. Leave

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Sea-port in Sicilia.

Enter CLEOMENES *and* DION.

Cleo. The climate is quite bracing, the air sweet, the island is very fertile, the temple better than the reputation it enjoys.

Dion. I shall tell my people of the holy dresses for this is most impressing and I can call them celestial robes, also worth noting the dignity of the wearer's. O, the sacrifice! how full of ceremony, solemn and divine, when the offering was being made!

Cleo. But above all, the loud speech and the resounding voice of the Oracle, not unlike Jone's thunder. Which was a real surprise to my senses. It brought to me a sense of own insignificance and nothingness.

Dion. If the outcome of our journey prove as fovourable to the queen,—Oh may it be so— as it has been rare, pleasant and quick, the time taken for the journey is worth the trouble.

Cleo. May great Apollo turn all to the best. These proclamation impeeting guilt on the queen which she is free of, I do not like.

Dion. The violent execution of it will resolve all doubts or after all settle the matter once for all. When the Oracle, seated up by the cheif priest of Apollo, is opened and it contents known to all, it will reveal the truth to us. Go, let us have fresh hores! And gracious be the issue. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE II.

A Court of Justice.

Enter LEONTES, Lords *and* Officers.

Leon. This court session. I announce with great grief, is very distressing to my heart. The person to be tried is the daughter of a king, my wife and one loved by us all. I shall be cleared of the charge of tyranny as I am holding the trial in an open court; and the accused shall have full justice, to prove her innocence or guilt. Bring the prisoner to the court.

Officer. His highness call for the queen to appear in person here in court. Silence!

Enter HERMIONE *guarded;* PAULINA *and* Ladies *attending.*

Leon. Read the indictment.

Off. (*Reads*) Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, king of Sicilia, thou art accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, king of Bohemia, and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, loyal husband ; the design whereof being partly revealed by circumstances, you, Hermione, in violation of the faith and loyalty which a true subject owes, held counsel with them and aided them in their flight to safety.

Her. Since what I must say is to deny the charge, and since I have no other evidence than my words, it is no use to say 'I am not guilty', for my virtue is considered as false, and inspite my assertions, this court will consider my virtue false. But if divine powers witness the actions of men, as surely they do, I firmly believe that my innocence shall be proved against this false accusation and that my patience will eventually shake the purpose of the tyrant and put him to confusion and shame. You, my lord, know best, though now you seem to forget, how my life, past life had been as chaste and true as I am now unhappy; this is more than history or fable can provide or the stage invent to charm the spectators. For behold me, who is a partner to a king's bed, co-sharer of the throne, a great king's daughter, the mother of a prince full of promise, standing to plead for life and honour before all those present here. I care for my life as little as I care for this misfortune, I can easily give up either. But as for my honour, it touches my children; so I stand to defend myself alone. I appeal to your own conscience, Sir, to consider how I stood in your favour, how I deserved your kind favour, before Polixenes came to the court. I ask you, in what way I exceeded the limits of prosperity in my courtesy and behaviour to Polixenes, that I should be humiliated to stand as a prisoner in this court ? If I went one iota beyond the limits of honour, in deed, action or will, let all the hearts that hear me now be hardened against me : let these who are bound in kinship with me cry shame upon my grave.

Leon. I have not known that who are bold in sins are less bold in denying them.

Her. That is true enough ; though it is a saying, it does not apply to me.

Leon. You will not own your guilt.

Her. No, I have nothing to own, when I am not guilty of it. As for Polixenes, with whom I am accused, I confess I did love him, within bounds of honour and courtesy, as proper to a lady of my position, with a love no more or less than you yourself commanded. In failing to extend this courtesy, I should have been guilty of disobeying you, ungrateful both to you and your friend, whose love from boyhood had been given to you forcely. And now, as for conspiracy, I do not know what it is, how it tastes, I would not know how to taste it even if it were served to me. All I know is Camillo was an honest man; as to why he left the court, the gods themselves, if they knew only what I know, would be all ignorant.

Leon. You knew of his escape, as much as you know now how to manage things during his absence.

Her. Sir, you speak in a language which I donot understand. My life stands at the mercy of your false fancies, and I will lay it down readily.

Leon. Your actions are the substance of my dream. You bore a child to Polixenes, and you would assert that I only dreamt of it. As you were-like all those who commit similar sins—dead to all shame, so now shame-facedly you deny all truth. But to deny this sin will only prove your guilt and not absolve you. As your bastard has been cast out, no one fathering it, in this you are to blame and not the child so you shall see the course of our justice which even mildly administered would demand nothing less than death to you.

Her. Sir, you can spare your threats ; the ogre of death does not frighten me, I would welcome it myself. To me, life is no longer a precious possession, I had lost the supreme treasure of my life, your favour which is my only solace ; for I see it gone though I donot know how I lost it. As for my second joy, my first born, I am shut away from his presence, like a person with contagious disease. My third comfort, born under an ill-star is snatched away from me to be killed, taken away from my breast, the innocent milk still wet in her innocent mouth. And as for me, I am wide proclaimed a wanton. I have been denied comforts, rest and privacy after my confinement,—which is not denied to women with your hatred. Lastly, I have been placed here in the open air, before I have recovered from the effects of child-bearing. Now, my liege,

tell me what comforts hold me to my life, why I should shun death. Therefore proceed with your trial and let fall your fury and punishment on me as you please. But yet hear this : do not misunderstand me, I am not pleading for my life, I value my life as a trifle, as for my honour, which I am eager to keep stainless, I proclaim that if it turn out that you condemn me only upon suspicion and no other proof but what is created by your jealousy, such a condemnations would be revengeful cruelty and not justice.—You, noble lords of the realm, in your presence, I appeal to the oracle. Let Apollo be my judge.

First Lord. This your request is wholly just, therefore bring forth, in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[*Exeunt some officers.*

Her. The Emperor of Russia was my father. Oh ! If he were alive, were witnessing his daughter's trial ! How I wish he did but see my misery and humiliation, and yet I wish him to watch with pity for me and not to seek vengeance on my husband.

Re-enter Officers, *with* CLEOMENES *and* DION.

Off. You shall now swear upon this sword of justice, that you, Cleomenes and Dion, have been both at Delphos, and thence have brought the sealed up oracle, delivered by the hand of great Apollo's chief priest, and that since then you have not dared to break the holy seal nor read the unknown contents of it.

Cleo. We swear all this.

Leon. Break up the seal and read.

Off. (*Reads.*) Hermione is chaste ; Polixenes free of fault; Camillo, a true subject; Leontes a jealous tyrant, his innocent child legitimate of birth ; and the king shall live without an heir, if that which is lost be not found.

Lords. Now blessed by the great Apollo !

Her. May he be praised.

Leon. Have you read the true contents of the Oracle ?

Off. Yes, my lord ; exactly these words are here set down.

Leon. There is no truth at all in the Oracle : The trials shall proceed ; this is sheer falsehood.

Enter Servant

Serv. My lord the king, the king !

Leon. What is the matter ?

Serv. Oh Sir, you will hate me if I report it. The prince your son, suffering intensely from his mother's insult and fearing the ill fortune of the queen is gone.

Leon. How ! gone !

Serv. Is dead.

Leon. Apollo is angry ; and the heavens themselves do strike at my injustice. [*Hermione faints.*] How, now, what is happening there.

Paulina. This news is mortal to the queen look down and see what death is doing.

Leon. Take her away from here ; her heart is heavy with grief ; she will recover ; I have too much relied on my own suspicions. I pray to you, apply some remedy with care to bring her back to life.

[*Exeunt Paulina and Ladies with Hermione.*

Apollo, pardon my profaneness against thy Oracle ! I will reconcile myself and recover my friendship to Polixenes. I shall woo my queen to regain her love, recall the good Camillo, when I declare a man of truth and mercy ; for carried beyond my sense by my inordinate jealousies, and goaded on to bloody thoughts and revenge, I chose Camillo as the agent to poison my friend, Polixenes. He delayed to carry out my rash command, out of his goodness, and thus saved Polixenes, though I threatend him to death if he did not do it and promised promotion to induce him. He, a kind soul, with his high sense of honour, revealed my foul plot to my royal guest, and risked an uncertain future, possessing nothing but his honour. How he shines brightly in his nobility against my baseness and how his goodness and innocence put to shame my wicked deeds !

Re-enter PAULINA.

Paul. O miserable time ! O, cut my lace, lest my heart would swelling break both my heart and the lace !

First Lord. What madness is this lady ?

flaying ? boiling ? boiling in molten lead or boiling oil ? What fortunes, old and new, must I go through—I, whose every word who cause such pain as will deserve utmost cruelty of your revenge. Your tyranny, together with your jealousies, fancies to weak even for boys, too immature and idle even for girls of nine—Oh, consider what they have done, what havoc, and then run mad, stark mad ! For all your past follies were but seasings to it. You betrayed Polixenes but that was nothing ; it showed you first as a fool, and then as a weak-minded base ungrateful friend. I do not call it crime that you thought of corrupting good Camillo's honour by instigating him to kill a king; but there are not much, compared with the more atrocious one waiting to be perpetrated by you. I do not count even the offence of the casting your child to the crows, though even this act would have brought tears from the very devil in pity, and he would have stopped from doing it even in flames. Nor are you directly responssible for the death of the Prince, whose sense of honour, much too ripe for one so young, realised how his coarse and incensed father had slandered the innocence of his mother. This simply broke the heart of the prince : all these are not accusations and crimes brought against you for which you would have to answer. But the last, O Lords, when I have said it—cry 'woe'—the queen, the queen, the sweetest, dearest creature is dead, and God's wrath as yet had come down on earth.

First Lord. May the mighty gods forbid it !

Paul. I say she is dead, and I will swear it. If my words of oath you donot believe, go and see. If you can bring back colour to her lips, or brightness to her eye, warmth and breath in her, I shall worship you as gods. But, Oh, you tyrant, you can not now repent for your deeds, they are not to be altered by your suffering and repentance. The only course left for you is absolute despair. A thousand knees kneeling together in prayer for ten thousand years, naked and fasting on a barren mountain in perpetual winter and storms would not move the gods to take pity on you.

Leon. Go on, go on, you can not accuse me too severely ; by my deed, I deserve worst reproaches from everybody.

First Lord. Do not speak any more ; whatever the deed, you have already talked too much.

Paul. I am sorry for it. When I know my faults, I am always ready to repent. Alas ! I showed too much of my rash-

ness to the king. He is touched to the quick. Things done and past remedy should not be brooded over with sorrow and repentance. Do not receive remorse and affliction of the mind because I spoke so rashly but now. I pray, you now punish me for reminding you of what you need to forget. Now my good sovereign, forgive the rashness of a foolish woman. The love I bore your queen—Lo, what a fool I am again. I will speak of her no more, nor of your children. I shall not remind you of my own husband, who is lost too. Fortify against sorrow with your patience, and I will say nothing.

Leon. You spoke nothing that was not well and you spoke the plain, unvarnished truth. I can bear better your reproaches than your pity. I pray you bring me to the dead bodies of my queen and son. One grave shall inwin them; upon the grave shall be scrolled the causes of their death,—which will be eternal shame. Once a day I will visit the chapel where they lie, and shed my tears of sorrow and repentance. That only will be my recreation in future days to come. As long as I live, I promise to daily practice this penance. Come and lead me to these sorrowful sights. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE III.

Bohemia, A desert country near the sea..

Enter ANTIGONUS *with a* Child *and a* Mariner.

Ant. Are you certain, then, that our ship has touched upon the deserts of Bohemia.

Mar. Ay, my lord, and I fear we have land in an evil hour. The dark sky threatens storms to burst soon. My conscience feels that heavens are angry and frowning upon this foul business we have to do.

Ant. May the sacred wills of the gods be done! Go, get back to the ship and guard your ship. I shall soon come back and join you.

Mar. Go, as hastily as you can, and do not go to far into the land. It is likely to be a stormy weather. Besides, this place is noted for wild beasts that dwell in it.

Ant. Go away to your ship, I will come back soon.

Mar. I am glad at heart to be so left out of the business.

Ant. Come, poor babe : I have heard, but I do not believe it, that the spirits of the dead walk on the earth again. If such a thing be, your mother appeared to me last night. For never have I dreamt a dream so like the reality. To me came a creature, bearing her head from side to side. I never beheld a human being-possessed of such anguished sorrow yet bearing that sorrow with becoming dignity. She came near, the cabin, where I lay, in pure white, like Sanctity itself. Thrice she bowed before me and opened her lips wide to speak, but failing, burst into tears. When she at last could control her tears and regained her voice, she said : "Good Antigonus, since take, against thy kind nature, has made you the agent to throw out my poor child, as oath-bound as you are, places remote enough are in Bohemia ; there weep and leave it crying and I call thee to name her Perdita as she is counted lost for ever. For this ungentle act, which you perform at the command of my lord, you shall never see your wife again." And so, with shrieks, she melted into the thin air. Much frightened, in time I calmed myself and thought this true and not a dream. Dreams are toys, meaningless ; yet for this once religiously I will be rubed by this. I do believe that Hermione is dead, and that Apollo wished, this off-spring of Polixenes should be put upon the soil of its rightful father, left either to die or survive per chance. Blossom, O flower-like innocence ! God protect thee well ! There you lie, and with you lies a written account of your sad fate and these gold and jewels ; which may serve to bear the expenses of your up-bringing should you be found and protected be anybody and something more besides would be left over for you. The storm begins ! poor child, you are exposed to the inclemencies of the weather and something worse may be in store for you in future—all because of your mother's fault. I cannot weep, for my heart bleeds, and I am the most cursed man on earth to do this, compelled by my oath. Farewell ! The day turns more gloomy with the impending storm. You are likely to be tossed by the storm, its rude lullaby. I have never seen the sky so dark by day. A savage noise ! Well, may I somehow get to safety on board the ship ! This is the wild beast : I am lost for ever.

[*Exit, pursued by a bear.*

Enter a Shepherd.

Shep. I would there were no age between ten and twenty-three or that you should sleep out the rest. For there is

nothing in the interval except procreation, offending old people, stealing, and fighting—Listen! Would any but these hot-headed youth of nineteen and twenty-two hunt in this story weather? They have scared away two of my best sheep, which I fear the wolf will sooner find than the master. If I have to find them anywhere it is by the sea-side grazing by ivy creepers. May it be good luck, the god's will! What have we here? Mercy on us, a child; a very pretty child! A boy or a girl I wonder! A pretty one! A very pretty one! sure some illegitimate child though I am not educated. Yet I can find a waiting-gentlewoman involved. This is the work of some secret and clandestine love-affair. Surely the parents are more comfortable than this poor child. I will take it up for pity's sake; yet I will wait till my son comes; he shouted a halloo even now. Whoa! ha! ha!

Enter Clown

Clo. Hilloa, loa!

Shep. What, are you so near? If you will see a thing to talk on till your death, come hither. What aids you, man?

Clo. I have seen two such sights already. One is the sea, and another on land! But I must not call it a sea, for it has become one with the sky. Between the sky and the sea you cannot thrust a pin.

Shep. Why, boy, what do you mean?

Clo. How I wish you would see the fury of the sea now, how it rages, how its swollows the shore. But that is not what I want to say to you. Oh, the most heart-rending cries of lost poor soul lost in the sea. At time they are visible, but the next moment they are gone, into the jaws of the sea. Now the ship mounting high to touch the moon and then dropping into the foaming sea like a cork thurst into a hogshed. And then what happened on the shore! I had to watch a bear tearing out the shoulder-bone of a man, and he cried out for help to me. He said, he was a nobleman by name Antigonus. But to relate what happened to the ship, I saw the sea swallow it; but first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mocked them and how the poor gentleman roared and the bear mocked him, both roaring louder than the sea or the storm.

Shep. In the name of mercy, when did this happen, boy?

Clo. Now, now ; I have not winked since I saw these sights ; the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman : he is at it now.

Shep. How I wish I had been near the old man to try to save him ?

Clo. I wish you had been near the ship to help save the drowning sailors, there your kindness would be of no avail.

Shep. Sad things ! but look here, boy. Now bless yourself you met with things dying : I met things new-born. Here is a sight for thee, look ! The christening robe of a square's child ! Look what is there ! Take it up, boy, open it. So let us see. It was told that I should be rich by fairy agents. This is an fairy-child left by them. Open it. What is there within, boy ?

Clo. Your fortune is made, old man. If God forgives your sins of young days, you have a happy life in front of you. Gold ! all gold !

Shep. This is gold from the fairies ; it will bring us luck, boy, take it up, keep it secret ; to be rich now only requires secrecy. Let my sheep go, let us go home by the shortest way.

Clo. Go you by the nearest path you see. I will go and see if the bear is gone away from the gentleman after feasting on him, and see how much he has eaten ; they are never savage except when they are hungry : if the bear should have left part of his body, I will give bury it.

Shep. It is a good deed ! If you can find out who he is by the remains left by the bear of his body, take me to see him.

Clo. My Mary, will I ; and you can help me to bury him.

Shep. It is a lucky day, boy, and we will do deed on this day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. : PROLOGUE.

Enter TIME, *the* Chorus.

Time. I, who please some, test all ; I, who am the joy of the good and the fear of the bad, who lead-men into errors, and afterwards reveal the errors, take upon myself now in the name of Time, to fly with my wings over a long stretch of years. Do not consider it a crime, if I in my swift passage, I glide over sixteen years, and leave untold what had happened in this long interval of time, since it is in my power to

overthrow the law of Nature and in one moment establish and overthrow custom. Let me pass for what I have always been, either before the ancient order of things, or after the new order now prevalent. I have seen the times that brought them into existence ; so I shall freshen up the latest customs now and then in turn the glossy shine off from this present and make it stab and reduced to it to one with the dead past. Your patience permitting, I shall pass over a gap of time, I shall let the time roll on, and present a new scene, a new situation which will wake you up from a long sleep to witness it.

Leaving Leontes to his sad grief which his unhappy jealousy brought upon himself and which had made him shut himself away from all men, imagine me, gentle spectators, that I am now in the beautiful land of Bohemia ; remember well I mention a son of the king's whose name is Florizel, and with speed, I haste to talk of Perdita, now grown in grace—a fit object of admiration and wonder to gaze at. What shall happen to her I do not care to reveal. What Time does to her you will know when the time comes. A shepherd's daughter and all that belongs to her will be the theme of Time to tell. Approve of my conduct if you ever have spent time worse before now ; if you have never spent time so tediously, then at least approve of this, that Time himself does say that he wishes that you may never have to spend your time unprofitably.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Bohemia, The Palace of POLIXENES.

Enter POLIXENES *and* CAMILLO.

Pol. I beg of your good Camillo, do not urge this request any more to leave Bohemia. It is distressing to deny you anything. But it would be death to me if I have to grant what you now ask of me.

Cam. It is fifteen years since I saw my native country ; though for the most part I have lived in foreign countries ; I desire to die and be buried there. Besides, the king, my master repenting of his cruelty to me, has sent for me, to whose keen suffering I might bring some relief, or at least I may be presumptuous in thinking so, which goads me to depart from here.

Pol. As you love me, Camillo, do not undo the services already rendered, by leaving me now; That I can not do without you now, is the result of your goodness. It would have been better if I had not enjoyed your services. Then I could do without them now. Now you have engaged me in undertakings which none can manage, without your help, and so you must stay to attend to them yourself, or you take away with you the very services you have done in the past. As for your services, which are invaluable, if I have not been able to appreciate them properly in the past, I shall endeavour to be more thankful to you and my profit therein would be the increase of friendly feelings between us. Of that ill-stared country, Sicilia, 'Pray, do not speak any more. The very mention of its name recalls to my memory painfully, the brother king, now repentent as you find him, and reconciled to you and me. I freshly lament even now the loss of his most precious queen and children. Tell me, when did you see Prince Florizel, my son? Kings are no less unhappy, when their children become refractory, then they are in losing them, when the virtues of the children are tested and approved by them.

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince. His present affairs are not known to me. I have noted with pain that of late he is much retired from rhe court, and that he is less devoted to his princely activities than he used to be in the past.

Pol. I have also noticed as much, Camillo, and with concern; so that I had to employ men to watch him and I have this news from them. The prince is constantly going to the house of a shepherd; a man, they say, rich beyond the dream of his neighbours, and this man rose to be rich suddenly from a position of absolute poverty.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who has a daughter famed for her beauty and grace, and her fame is far wider spread, which can seldom be associated with such a humble home.

Pol. This news also I have heard; and I fear it is the attraction of this girl which draws him thither. You will go with me to the place, where we shall go in disguise, and have some talk with the shepherd. Simple as he is, we can extract from him the cause why my son so frequently, visits the

place. I request you to help me in this matter and for the moment forget all about Sicilia.

Cam. I shall willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo ! we must disguise ourselves.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE II.

A road near the Shepherd's *Cottage.*

Enter AUTOLYCUS, *singing.*

When daffodils begin to peer (peep forth)
With heigh ! the doxy (strumpet) over the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet (sweetness) of the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winters pale.
(Now the bloom of colour in spring reigns in place of winter.)

The white sheet bleaching on the hedyl
With heigh ! the sweet birds, O, how they sing !
Doth set my pugging (Stealing) tooth on edge;
(They tempt me and I long for a drink)
For a quart of ale is a dish for king.

The lark, that tirra-lyra chants
With heigh ! with heigh ! the thrust and the joy
Are summer songs for me any my aunts. (light women)
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served prince Florizel and in my time worn costly velvet; but now I am out of service;

But shall I mourn for that, my dear ?
The pale moon shines by night;
And when I wander here and there
I then do most go right. (Then my stealing is quite successful)

If tinkers may have live to live,
And bear the sow-skin budget (wallet)
Then my account I well may give
And in the stocks (instrument of torture) avouch it.

If the tinker are allowed to make a living and bear their snow-skin wallet or bag then why I should not plainly say that

I am a pick-pocket or openly avow it when put in the stocks. My business is with sheets, when the kite builds its nest, mind your linen. My father named me Autolycus, who being as I am born under the influence of Mercury, was likewise a thief of small articles. Dice and lewd women have made me go in rags, and my living in from thieving. The fear of hanging and beating keep me away from highway robbery ; I am terribly afraid of hanging and beating ; as for the life to come after death, I do not allow myself to think of it. A prize ! A fellow whom I can cheat and role.

Enter Clown

Clo. Let me see ; Every eleven sheep would yield a tool or about twenty-eight pound of wool : and every food will be sold for a pound and a few shillings. Fifteen hundred sheep shorn, what does the wool come to ?

Aut. (*Aside*) If the trap works well, I shall catch this wood cock, i.e. this foolish man will be an easy victim.

Clo. I cannot count without counters. Let me see ; What am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast ? Three pounds of sugar, five pounds of currents, rice—what will this sister of mine do with rice ? But my father has made her the mistress of the feast, and she does it well. She had me twenty-four nosegays for the shearers, and for all the singers and very good ones. But they are most of them capable of singing only in terors and bases. There is one Puritan among them he sings psalms to the accompaniment of hornpipes. I must have saffron to colour the pie made of pears ; mace, dates ?—none in my lists of purchase, seven nutmegs, a root or two of ginger, but that I may get for nothing. Four pound of prunes ; and an equal quantity of raisins dried in the sun.

Aut. Oh, that I was ever born. [*Grovelling on the ground.*

Clo. In the name of mercy—

Aut. Oh, help me, help me ! please pull off these rags and then let me die ! die !

Clo. Alas, poor soul ! you need more rags to cover you, than that you should have these oft.

Aut. O Sir, they are more hateful to me than the blows I have received, which are heavy one and they are millions in number.

Clo. Alas! poor man! a million of beatings is too much too bare!

Aut. I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money and clothes are stolen from me, and these hateful rags put upon me.

Clo. What, were you beaten by a horseman or a footman?

Aut. A footman, sweet sir, a footman.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a footman by the garments he has left with you; If this be a horseman's coat, it has been worn to rags. Give me your hand, I will help you, come, lend me your hand.

[*Helping him up.*

Aut. Oh, Good sir, raise me gently, oh!

Clo. Alas, poor soul!

Aut. Oh, good sir, softly, good sir! I fear sir, my shoulder bone is broken.

Clo. How are you now, can you stand?

Aut. Softly, dear sir, [*Picks his pocket*]; good sir, softly. You have done an act of kindness to me.

Clo. Do you want any money? I have some little money for you.

Aut. No, good sweet sir, no, I pray you, sir, I am going to a kinsman who lives within three quarters of a mile from here. I shall there be able to get money or anything I want. I beg of you, do not offer me any money: that touches my heart deeply.

Clo. What manner of a man was he who robbed you?

Aut. A man, sir, that I have known to play the game to troll-my-dames—a game in which balls were 'trolled' through arches set on a board. I knew him once as a servant of the prince. I can not tell you for what virtue he was whipped out of the court.

Clo. Men of vices, you should say; I do not know of any one whipped out of the court for his virtues; but they welcome men of virtue to stay at court and yet they will not make their abode there.

Aut. I should say vices, sir. I know this man well: he has been since, carrying monkeys for a show, a process-server, a bailiff, purchased a puppet show of the Prodigal Son,—lastly

married a tinker's wife and settled down within a mile of my land and property. He tried his hand lightly at many dishonest occupations and finally adopted the life of a rogue : some call him Autolycus.

Clo. Curse him ! thief, for my life, thief ! he goes to the sitting up of persons with a corpse, to feasts of the dedication of a church, formerly kept by watching all night, to fairs, and to bear-beatings.

Aut. Very true, sir, the same man, sir, the same man ; That's the rogue that put me into this rags.

Clo. There is not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia, only if you had looked big, and spat at him, he would have run away.

Aut. I must own, sir, I have no guts to fight : I am a coward that way ; and that he knew, I assure you.

Clo. How are you now ?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was ; I can stand and walk. I will now take leave of you and walk slowly towards my kinsman.

Clo. Shall I accompany you a little on the way ?

Aut. No gentle, sir, no, sweet sir.

Clo. Then farewell ; I must go and buy spices for our sheep-shearing festival.

Aut. May you have luck, sweet sir ! [*Exit Clown*]. Your purse is not rich enough to buy your spices. I will be with you at your sheap-shearing festival too : If I cannot repeat this trick and fleece the shearers, let me be struck off the roll of vagabonds, and my name put on the list of virtuous persons.

[*sings*] Jog on, jog on, the foot path way
And merrily hent the stile-a.

(And merrily take hold of and clear the stile.)

A merry heart goes all the day.
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

Act IV. Scene III.

The Shepherd's *Cottage*.

Enter Florizel *and* Perdita.

Flo. This fancy dress brings life and colour to each part of you! you are no shepherdess, but the very goddess of flower, Flora, blooming forth at the advent of spring, ushered by April. This sheep-shearing festival of yours is a meeting of the petty gods and you are the queen in it.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord, it is not proper for me to protest against your exaggereted praises. O, pardon me, that I had the audacity to mention them. Your noble person, the object of adoration to all eyes that behold you in the land, you have covered it with the clothes of a shepherd. And as for me, poor humble maid, you have adorned me like a goddess; but at each table at our feast some foolish jests are tolerated by the guests, as a convention during the feast, I would blush to see you dressed like this; I would faint and dare not look at my own reflection at a mirror.

Flo. Happy and blessed is the hour when my falcon flew across your father's ground.

Per. May Jove afford you reason for blessing that time. To me the difference in rank is a cause of fear. Even now I tremble to think what would happen it by chance, your father should pass this way as you did before. Oh! May the Fates avert it? How would he look in disgust to see his own noble son dressed in a poor garment? What would he say? Or how should I, in this borrowed finery, face his stern look?

Flo. Expect nothing but joy and merriment. The god themselves, under the influence of love, lowered their dignity and divinity to put on the shapes of beasts: Jupiter became a bull and bellowed to win the love of Europa; Neptune, the god of the green sea, became a ram and bleated when he fell in love with Theophane; and Apollo, the golden god, robed all in fire, became a poor humble shepherd even as I happen to be at this moment. The transformation of the gods did not win for them a greater prize than your beauty. They did not love with so pure a motive as mine. For it is my honour that controls my passions and loyalty, my lust.

Per. O, but, sir, your resolve will give way when it is

opposed, as it must be, by the power of the king. When your father comes to know of this, One of the two things is bound to happen; either you will give up your purpose or I must give you up and live as a shepherdess.

Flo. My dearest Perdita, with these unhappy thoughts do not spoil the mirth of the feast. I shall either marry you or cease to be my father's son. If I be not their, I can not be myself, nor anything to any body. Though fates may oppose it, I shall remain constant to you. Be merry, gentle maid, with the gaiety around you, try to forget these unhappy thoughts. Your guests are coming. Be of good cheer as if this day were the day of our nuptial which we had promised to celebrate in future.

Per. May Fortune smile on us!

Flo. See your guests are coming. Prepare yourself to welcome them with a cheer. And let us be merry and let our cheeks be flushed red with joy and merriment.

Enter Shepherd, Clown, MOPSA, DORCAS *and others* *with* POLIXENES *and* CAMILLO *disguised.*

Shep. Fie daughter! When my old wife was alive, on this day she was all in one: the pantler, the butler and the cook; both lady and servant. She welcomed all, served all; she would sing her song and dance her turn. Now she would be at the the upper end of the table now in the middle; she would dance with one, then after with another; her face a glow with labour and wine, which she took to take away the strain of it; she would go to each guest and drink to each one. You are shy and retired, as if you are the guest and not the hostess of the feast. I pray you, go and bid these unknown guests welcome. For this is the way to make friends and make ourselves known better. Come, donot be shy and blust, behave boldly as show what you are—the mistress of the feast, come on, and bid as all welcome to your sheep-shearing festival and your good flock will prosper.

Per. (*To Polixenes*) Sir, welcome; It is my father's will that I should take on me the duties of a hostess for the day. (*To Camillo*). You are welcome, sir. Give me those flowers, Dorcas, Reverned sirs, there is rosemary and rue also; these flowers keep their scent and colour throughout the winter. May these

bring grace and remembrance to you both ! you are welcome to our sheep-shearing festival !

Pol. Shepherdess—you are a fair lady, you properly present us with winter flowers which fit our age.

Per. Sir, the year growing old, the summer had not yet ended; nor the winter come with trembling. The fairest flowers of the season are carnations and streaked gilly flowers, which some call Nature's bastards. Our rural garden does not posse s such flowers and I do not care to get slip of them.

Pol. Why, gentle maiden, do you neglect them ?

Per. Because I have heard people say that the skill in producing streaked gilly-flowers by cross breading shares the power of nature's creative function.

Pol. If it is so, what of that ? Yet nature makes the means of skill, so whatever is improved by it is still nature. So above the gardener's art is an art which nature imposes on it. You see, sweet maid, we graft a plant of better variety to one of the wild sort and produce a still better plant by a bud of nobler stock. This is an art which alters and improves nature, but the art itself is part and parcel of nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gilly-flowers, and do not call them bastards.

Per. I will not touch the garden-tool to dig up the earth to plant one slip of them. I would no more wish it. If I painted my face, this youth I would not wish, to admire me and say that he would like to beget children by me. Here are flower's for you, strong smelling laventer, mints, savory, marjoram, the marigold that shuts its petals with the setting sun and opens at day-break soaked in dew. These are flowers of the middle summer and I think they are given to men of middle age. You are very welcome.

Cam. I would leave grazing and live only by gazing at you, were I one of your flock.

Per. Alas ! You would, then turn so lean that the cold winds of January would blow through you how, my fairest friend. I wish I had some spring flowers to present you suiting your age. Young maidens, they would be also suitable for you, pure. innocent and fresh in your virginity. O Proser-

pina ! how I wish to get the flowers which you let fall from his chariot when Pluto forcefully carried you away from the meadows of Sicily to the underworld ! How I wish to get daffodils that bloom before the swallow visits, and charm the windy March with their beauty ; violets, sweeter that the eye-lids of June or the breath of Venus ; white primroses that fade away before the sun becomes hot in June and die unmarried—a disease most of the maids suffer from when in love —bright oxlips and crown imperial, lilies of all kinds, flower-de-luce being one. Oh ! I want these to make garlands of ; and on my sweet friend—I wish to shown them all here.

Flo. What do you want to put flowers on me as on a deadbody ?

Per. No, rather as on a bank for love to lie and play on. Not like a corpse ; or if so, you are not to be buried but to be alive and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers ; It seems, I am playing as I have seen them do in the whitsuntide morrice dances. Surely this dress of mine has changed my disposition now.

Flo. What you do, excels always what has been done before. When you speak, sweet, I would have you talk for ever, when you sing, I would like you to buy and sell, that is do all your business, give alms and pray and I would love to see you do these things with a song in your lips. When you dance, I wish you were a wave of the sea so that you could dance for ever, you would be in perpetual motion to the dancing step and know no other act to do ; each one of your acts, so unique, so much your own, gives a crown of glory to the present moment. All your acts are queenly, supreme in grace and excellence.

Per. O Doricles. Your praises are extravagant ; but that your youth and the blush of truth which peeps through your countenance, announce your innocence and honesty of a shepherd boy, I might with wisdom, my Doricles, fear that you courted me with false intentions.

Flo. I think you have as little reason to fear my intentions as I have purpose to make you suspicious : but come, let us dance, I pray. Let one clasp your hand, my Perdita : So do doves pair, when they mean never to part.

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born maid that ever walked on the green grass. Everything does, gives a hint of her being something above her station in life. She appears to be noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something that makes her blush, in good truth she is the queen of curds and cream.

Clo. Come on, strike up !

Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress, you need garlic against her foul breath.

Mop. Now, that is said in proper time.

Clo. Not a word, we must behave properly now, come, let us dance.

(*Music, Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.*)

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, tell me who is this fair shepherd who dances with your daughter.

Shep. His name is, Doricles ; and he boasts that he is the owner of a good feeding ground. I know it from his own lips, and I believe it. He looks truthful to me. He says he loves my daughter. I think so too : for the moon never gazed upon the water so steadily as he would stand and look at my daughter's eyes : and to be plain speaking, it is not possible to determine of the two, who loves the other better.

Pol. She dances gracefully.

Shep. So she does anything ; though I, who ought not to say this, talk of this. If young Doricles should win her, she shall bring to him that which he little expects.

Enter Servant.

Serv. O master, if you only hear the pedlar at the door, you would never dance again to the tabor and the pipe ; no the bagpipe would not move you : he sings several tunes faster than you can count money : he utters them as if he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears are charmed by his tunes.

Ser. He has songs for all kinds of men or women ; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves. He has the prettiest love songs for maids; decent songs without vulgarity which is unusual ; such delicate refrains of dildos and fadings "Jump her and thump her ; and where some wide-mouthed rogue would make mischief and try to interrupt with some ribaldry, he makes the maid answer, "whoop, do me no harm, good man," puts him off, wards him with "whoop, do me no harm, good man."

Pol. This is a fine fellow.

Clo. Believe me, you talk of an admirable clever fellow ; has he any fresh wares to sell ?

Ser. He has ribbons of all the colours in the rainbow ; tagged laces more than all lawyers in Bohemia can use, though they might come to him in a body ; broad linen tapes, garters, cambrics, lawns ; why he sings of them as if they were gods or goddesses ; you would think a woman's under-garment were a goddess, he so praises the cuff or the sleeves, and the embroidery of the bodice.

Clo. I pray you, bring him here ; and let him enter singing.

Per. But warn him beforehand that he should not sing indecent songs.

Clo. Some of these pedlars have more merit in them than you think, sister.

Per. Yes, brother, or you may start thinking so.

[*Enter* AUTOLYCUS *singing.*]

Lawn (fine silk) as white as driven snow;
Cypress (crepe) black as e'er was crow;
Gloves as sweet (perfumed) as damask roses;
Masks for faces and for noses ;
Bugle bracelet (bracelet of bugle-shaped beads) necklace
amber (necklace made of amber)
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden quoifs (golden head dresses of women)
and stomachers (portions of dress covering the bosom)
For my lads to give their dears ;
Pins and poking-sticks (metal rods used for ironing)
of steel.

What maids lack (require) from head to heel ;
Come buy of me, come, come buy, come buy ;
Buy lads, or else your lasses cry ;
Come buy.

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou should have taken no money out of me; but as I am enslaved by love, I shall be forced to buy some ribbons and gloves.

Mop. You promise to give them to me at the time of the feast, and even now it is not too late now.

Dor. He has promised you even more, or else people are talking lies.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promised, may be, he had paid you more, which will put you to shame to give back to him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids ? Will they wear their openings in petticoats where they should bear their faces ? Is there no proper time for talk of these among yourselves, say during milking time, bed time, or by the fire place ? to give vent to these secrets ? instead, you are chattering in the presence of the guests ! It is well the guests are talking among themselves, and do not hear you. Hold your tongues and speak no more.

Mop. I have done. Come, you promised me a neck-tie and a pair of perfumed gloves.

Clo. Have I not told you how I was cheated and lost all my money ?

Aut. Yes, sir, there are cheats going about in the country and therefore we should be very watchful.

Clo. But you need not be afraid of ; nobody would cheat you of anything here.

Aut. I hope so, sir, for I carry with me many valuable wares.

Clo. What have you ? got ballads ?

Mop. Pray, do buy some for me. I love a ballad in print, on my life, for then we know they are true.

Aut. Here is a ballad in a sad tune relating how a usurer's wife gave birth to twenty money bags at one time and how she wished to eat adders' heads and toads, well sliced for boiling.

Mop. Do you think it is a true story ?

Aut. Quite true ; it happend only a month ago.

Dor. May god forbid my marrying a usurer !

Aut. Here is the name of the mid-wife signature on it ? One Mistress Tale-porter and five or six honest women witnessed it. Why should I carry and offer for sale false stories ?

Mop. I pray now, buy it for me.

Clo. Come on, put it aside for me ; let us see some ballads first ; we shall buy them also soon.

Aut. Here is another ballad sung by a fish, that come ashore from a depth of forty thousand fathom of sea, on Wednesday, on the eightieth day of April. It sang of cruel hearts of maidens. It was thought she was a woman, turned into a a cold fish, for she would not return the love of her lover. The ballad is very pitiful and it is true.

Dor. Do you think it is true ?

Aut. Five Judges have attested it and there are more witnesses than I can hold in my pack.

Clo. Put it by for me, and take up another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad, and a very pretty one.

Mop. Yes, we shall buy some merry ballads also.

Aut. This is a very merry ballad and goes to the tune of "Two maids wooing a man".

All girls in the west country sing it. It is in great demand I tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it, if you will join us you see it has three parts.

Dor. We learn it a month ago.

Aut. I can take part in it ; it is, you know, a part of my trade to sing ballads. I will begin it, you follow it.

SONG

A. Get you hence, for I must go
Where it fits not you to know.

D. Whither ? *M.* O, wither, *D.* wither ?

M. It becomes thy oath well
Thou to me thy secrets tell.
(your oath com:·-!'s you to divulge the secret to me).

D. Me too, let me go thither.

M. Or thou goest to the grange or mill.
(I know you are going to the farm-house or the mill),

D. If to either, thou dost ill,

A. Neither ? *D.* What neither ? *A.* Neither.

D. Thou hast sworn my love to be :

M. Thou hast sworn it more to me :
Then wither goest ? say, wither ?

Clo. We shall sing this. song soon by ourselves ; My father and the gentlemen are engaged now in serious talk, and we should not disturb them. Come, come with all your thing and follow me. Come on, girls. I will buy for both of you. Pedlar, you will give us the choicest things. Follow me girls. [*Exit with Dorcas and Mopsa.*

Aut. And you will have to spend a lot for them. [*follows singing.*

Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape. (shoulder wear)
My dainty duck, my dear-a ?
Any silk, any thread,
And toys (ornaments) for your head,
Of the newest and finest, finest wear-a ?
Come to the pedlar
Money is a meddler (medium of commerce and exchange)
That doth utter all men's ware-a.
(*utter*—put into circulation) [*Exit.*

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Master, there three cartmen, three cow herds, three shepherds, and three swine-herds, all dressed in skins, and they call themselves satyrs. They will show you a dance which women say is a jumble-dance, for they are not in it. It will please you plenty unless indeed those who play only bowls think it rather tough.

Shep. Send them away! We will not see them dance, we have had too much already of these rustic foolery. I know, sir, we weary you.

Pol. No, you weary those who wish to entertain us; I pray you, do let us these dancers—these four threes of rustics.

Serv. One three of these groups, sir, as they say, have even danced before the king and even the worst of the three can jump as high as twelve feet and a half by the foot-rule.

Shep. Stop you nonsense; since these good men are please to see their dance, let them come in, at once. [*Exit.*

Serv. They are waiting at the door sir.

[*Here a dance of twelve Satyrs.*]

Pol. Yes, old man, you will know more of that later on.

[*To Camillo.*] This has gone too far. It is time to separate them. He is simple and tells much. [*To Florizel.*] My fair shephered! Your mind is preoccupied with some thoughts that take away your mind from the joy of feasting. In truth, when I was young and in love as you are now, I used to shower pretty, trifling gifts on my sweet heart; I would have ransacked the store of silks in the stock of the pedlar and bought all and offered them to her; you have let him go without buying anything from him. If your sweetheart feels offended and call this neglect as your wants of love for her or want of liberal heartedness, you would be in a great difficulty to give a satisfactory explanation of your neglect, at least if you care to hold her affection happily.

Flo. Old sir, I know she does not care for these tinsels and trifles. The gifts she looks for are locked in my heart safely—which I have given her already, if not actully delivered to her. O, Perdita! listen to the vows of love that I utter before this old gentleman, who, I am sure, has loved in his youth. I take your hand, the this very hand, soft as and white as dove's feathers, or as white as an negro's tooth, or the snow that fanned and sifted by the northern winds.

Pol. What follows? How prettily the young shepherd seems to wast with tears the hand that was fair before! But I seem to have stopped you from protesting your love to this young lady; you go on with your protestations of love; let me hear what you profess.

Flo. Do, Sir, and be a witness to it.

Pol. May this my friend also join me ?

Flo. Yes, he certainly may, and all men, the earth, the heavens and all. If I were crowned the most imperial monarch, on earth, and most worthy of the dignity of this station, if I were the most fair youth, who made others look at him ; if I possessed force and knowledge more than ever fell to the lot n an, I would not care for all these possessions without her love. I would have used these gifts only to please her ; I would have commeded them to her service, if they would fail to please her, I would have condemned them to extinction.

Pol. You a vowal of love has grace.

Cam. This shows a sound affection.

Shep. But my daughter, do you reciprocate his feelings ?

Per. I can not speak so well, I can not say anything so pretty nor can I mean better. By the chaste sentiments, I cherish for him, I measure the purity of his.

Shep. Join your hands and let there be an engagement ! And you unknown friends you will bear witness to it. I give my daughter to him and will bestow property as dowry equal to that possessed by the youngman.

Flo. O, sir, her virtue must make the balance even. For a certain person, dying, I shall have than you can dream of yet ; enough to set you wondering. But, come on, declare our engagement before these gentlemen.

Shep. Come, your hand ; and daughter, yours.

Pol. I pray you, shepherd, wait a while ; Have you a father ?

Flo. I have ; but what of him ?

Pol. Does he know of this betrothal ?

Flo. He does not, nor is he going to know.

Pol. I think, a father's presence is very becoming at as a guest during the feast of his son's marriage. Once more I ask you; is your father is suffering from sevility and decay of the reasoning faculty. Has he become stupid with age and

rheumatism ? Can he speak ? hear ? know man from man ? Can he not manage his own affairs ? Does he lie bed-ridden ? Is he in his second childhood ?

Flo. No, Sir, he enjoys his health and mighty strength better than any man of his age.

Pol. Then by my white beard I swear, you offer him a wrong, if this is so, which is unbecoming of a devoted son. It is reasonable a son should choose himself a wife, but it is also proper that the father should have a say in this matter, for a father's only joy lies in the prospect of having a fair posterity through such a marriage.

Flo. I concede all this; but there are reasons, my grave sir, which I can not divulge to you for keep my father out of this.

Pol. Let him then know them.

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. I pray to you, please let him.

Flo. No, he must not.

Shep. Let him, my son, for if you let him know, he shall not regret and disapprove of your choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not, come, witness our betrothal.

Pol. Witness your separation, sir, (*Discovering himself*), you I am ashamed to call my son. You are too base to be acknowledged by son; you are heir to my kingdom and you prefer to lead a shepherd's life by marrying a shepherd's daughter ! And you, old shepherd, you are a traitor to your king ! I am sorry, by hanging you. I can but shorten your life by a week or so. And you, his daughter, with your beauty and freshness must have witchery in your charms : you knew you were toying with a fool of a prince of royal blood.

Shep. O, my heart !

Pol. I will have you beauty scratched with briers, and made plainer that becomes your station. For you, foolish boy, if I ever come to know you breathe a sigh as you shall never see this toy of your fancy again and I shall see that you do not,—I shall disinherit you. I shall regard you than as one not my flesh and blood and not bound to me in kinship.—You

will be farther in kinship to me than Deucation, the greek Noah. Listen carefully to my words : follow me to the court. And you, old shepherd, you have displeased me much, yet I shall not punish you, you shall be free from the consequence of your crime this time. As for you, a piece of enchantment, worthy to be married to a shepherd of your class; and I may admit, even worthy of him who wanted to marry you, if not our honour made you unworthy of such marriage, if ever you open the rustic doors to him or embrace him with your arms again, I shall invent a death by torture for you, as cruel as you are tender. [*Exit.*

Per. Even now ruin and destruction over my head ! But I was not afraid of his majesty and anger. For once or twice I was about to speak and tell him plainly that the same sun shine upon his court, does not fail to shine also upon our cottage and the sun makes no difference between them. Will it please you, sir, to go now ? I told you what would come of this ; I pray, you remember your royal state; I have now awakened from this dream of mine-now I shall no longer play the queen, but wake up to reality and milk my ewes and weep.

Cam. What do you say, shepherd ? Speak before you are dead.

Shep. I can not speak, I can not think, I do not dare to know which I have already known. O sir ! you have ruined an old man of eighty three, who wish to crawl on his grave quietly, and peacefully: yea, to die upon the bed my father died, to lie in grave close to his grave. But now a hangman must put on my shroud and bury me in unholy grave yards, where no priest would come to do the last rites. O cursed daughter ! you knew this youngman was the prince but still exchanged with him promises of love ! I am ruined, undone ! If I might die within this hour, I have lived long enough. and should welcome death. [*Exit.*

Flo. Why do you look like this at me ? I am only sorry for what had happened, I am not afraid; I am only for the time being stopped from accomplishing my purpose and I have not altered my purpose. What I was before, I am now : I shall struggle to pull myself back to freedom ; I am not going to submit unwillingly to the wishes of my father.

and I do not think you desire to speak to him now. He will not suffer to come near you so please keep away from him, until his anger has blown over.

Flo. I do not desire to meet him. I think, you are Camillo—is it not?

Cam. I am he, my lord.

Per. How often have I told you that our love would meet with disaster like this! How often have I said that my dignity will hold as your beloved only as long as our relation remains unknown.

Flo. It can not end unless I break my vow of love, and if I should do so, let the whole earth be smashed by Nature and all the seeds of life within it cease to exit. Look up, be cheerful, Father, you can bar me from succession, but I have an inheritance in my love.

Cam. Be reasonable.

Flo. I am reasonable, as reason obey love, I shall follow the dictates of reason, if not, let my senses, better pleased with madness, embrace madness.

Cam. This is a desperate way of thinking, sir.

Flo. You may call this desperate; but it helps me keep my vow of love and I consider that in keeping with my honesty and honour. Camillo, not for Bohemia, not for the splendour and pomp of ruling that land, no not even for all things the wide world over which the sun shines, and for treasures inside the bowels of the earth and in the unknown deep bottom of the seas, will I break my vow I have made to my beloved. Therefore I request you, as you have always been my father's honourable and trusted friend, to calm my father's wrath and anger against me with you good advice, when I shall be away, and I shall not see him ever again; in the near future let me fight against my fate and try to win it. Remember this, and tell my father. I am sailing away with Perdita, whom I can not hold here on this land, and by sheer luck and favourable chance, aiding us, a ship is riding at anchor near by, though not for this purpose of elopement. What I am going to do, you need not know nor do I wish to reveal it to you.

Cam. Oh, my lord! I wish you mind was less agitated to listen calmly what I would advice. You will need it strongly for your good.

Flo. Listen, Perdita (*Drawing her aside.*)—I shall listen to what you advise me soon.

Cam. He is resolutely bent on carrying out his purpose. He is determined to fight. But it would make me happy if could use his departure to serve my purpose, which is to protect him from dangers and provide him love and honour with which he would be received in Sicilia, and which at the same time would obtain for the sight of native land, dear Sicilia once again and of that unhappy king whom I long to see.

Flo. Now, Camillo, what have you to tell me? I am so burdened with particulars of my plan than I ask you strait, without ceremony and courtesy, what you would advise me to do.

Cam. Sir, I think you have heard of my services, rendered in the past, to your father out of my regard for him.

Flo. Yes, you have served him nobly and deserve well and nobly. My father always delights in speaking of your good deeds, he is ever willing to have your services requited as he values them.

Cam. Then, my lord, if you are pleased to think that I love the king, and consequenty also love you, who are nearest to him, then please do as I direct you. Then you will see that your resolved and urgent plan may suffer change. On mine honour, I promise, I will direct you when you shall go. There you are sure to be welcomed in keeping with your dignity. There you may marry her. I see you can never be parted from her except at the ruin of your life and happiness, which god forbid. In the meantime I shall try during your absence to soften your father's anger, and pacify him and bring about a change in his attitude towards you.

Flo. Indeed; it is almost a miracle, Camillo, tell me how is it to be done? Then I shall think of you as more than man and always trust you.

Cam. Have you decided when you would go?

Flo. No, not yet. But as unexpected happening forces us to act wildly on impulse, we will let ourselves be guided by chance, as its slaves and face every buffet of circumstances.

Cam. Then listen to me. If you will not change your mind and you are bent on this flight, then go Sicilia and there

present yourself with your fair princess, so she will be as your wife, before Leontes. Let her be clothed as a princess as is becoming to your wife. I can visualise Leontes welcoming you with open arms with tears in his eyes, and asking, the son, forgiveness as it were his father. He would be kissing the hand of your fresh princess : comparing his past unkindness to your father with his present kindness to you—denouncing the one and asking the other grow father than flight of time or thought.

Flo. My good Camillo, what pretex shall I offer to him for my visit ?

Cam. Say, you are sent by your father to greet him and console him. Sir, I will write down for you in details, as to how you must conduct affair with the king of Sicilia and the messages you are to deliver from your father to him. It will teach you how to hold conversation with Leontes on all occasions when you meet him. Then he would believe that you speak out the inmost secret thoughts and sentiments of your father.

Flo. I am obliged to you. There is life in what you are planning for me.

Cam. This plan is better than your wild surrender to the risks and dangers of unchartered sea routes, unknown shores, causing you enough misery. There would be at times no hopes for your safety and life, when one danger is passed, you would meet with the next one, before it is over. Nothing would be safer for you but to rely on the anchors of the ship, and you will think your stars, even if they make you stay where you hate to be. Bisides you know prosperity keeps secure the bonds of love, adversity alters the fresh hues and affections of love.

Per. One of these sayings is true. I think suffering and misfortune may alter the complexion of the cheek but not of the mind.

Cam. Yes, as you say. During the next seven years no other girl like you shall be born. (Your father's family will never possess a girl so graceful ever more.)

Flo. My good Camillo. She is as noble in her qualities and manners as backward in the accident of her low origin.

Cam. I do not think it is a pity that she is uneducated ; for she seems, she can teach those who profess to be teachers of men.

Per. I blush to hear what you say of me in your praise for me, so sir, pardon me. I thank you with a blush.

Flo. My prettiest Perdita ! But O, in what predicament we are ! Camillo, you saved my father's life in the past, now you have saved mine. The doer of good deeds in our family, you are always bringing balm and solace to the family. What shall I do now ? How shall I manage all this ? We are not equipped with men and money, we are not dressed properly, befiting the dignity and honour of the prince of Bohemia and his bride and we can not appear like this at the court of Sicilia.

Cam. My lord, do not worry about this. You know all my properties are lying in Sicilia. I shall take the responsibility to equip you royally. I shall take as great a care as I would have taken if you were going there serve my own interest. And to convince you that you would receive everything you need for the journey, I want to have a word with you in private.

[*They talk aside.*

Re-enter AUTOLYCUS.

Aut. Ha, ha, how Honesty and its cousin Trust turn men fools and simpletons ! I have sold all my trinkets and wars, all sold ! false stones, ribbons, glasses, perfumed balls, brooches, tablets, ballads, knives, tapes, gloves, shoe-strings bracelets, and horn rings—all sold and my bag in empty. They all crowded together and strove with one another to buy first, as if all the ware, I was selling were holy and they would bring God's blessings on them. This gave me an opportunity to find out whose purses among them were heavy and as I saw, I made the best use of my knowledge, that is. I fitched them. The clown, who needs a great deal to be a sensible man, (that is, he is a fool,) liked so much the songs that was popular with the girls that wanted to learn its tune and its text himself and he stood before me fixed till he learnt it and in the meantime the whole crow around me were listening as if spell-bound. You might have stolen a petticoat and it would have gone unnoticed ! they would be insensible of it I could easily take a purse from the trouser-pocket unnoticed ; I could have as

easily filed off keys hanging on their chains ; The people could hear or feel nothing for they are wear listening to the silly nonsense of the Clown's sing with great admiration. So at this time of idle attention I picked all their pockets and got out all the well-filled purses. Had not the old man come there in a flurry, and raised a hubbul about his daugther and the prince and scared the jack-claws from the chaff, I would have left not a pocket unpicked in the company.

[*Camillo, Florizel and Perdita come forward.*

Cam. No my letters by this means delieverd would reach there before your arrival at Sicilia, and will clear that doubt.

Flo. And the letters you will get from king Leontes.

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. May you be happy ! All your plans look very fair.

Cam. Who is this fellow ? [*seeing Autolycus*] we shall use him as a fool, we shall not neglect anything that may give us any help.

Aut. If they have overheard me, why at the least hanging for me !

Cam. Why, good fellow ! why do you shake with fear like this ? Do not be afraid, man; here is no harm intended for you.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, you may remain so still ; no one here will steal your poverty ; yet we should like to take out your garments for an exchange : therefore undress yourself at once and exchange your clothes with this gentleman's : we have a real purpose in doing it : yet by the exchange, he is a loser, still take this money and let it be an added gain to you.

Aut. I am a poor fellow sir. [*Aside*]. I know you well.

Cam. Nay, be quick, the gentleman is already half-undressed.

Aut. Are you serious about it, sir ? [*Aside*] I see the plan of theirs.

Flo. Be quick, be quick about it.

Aut. Indeed, I have got the tip for the service but I feel I c an not take it in good conscience.

Cam. Off with your clothes, no more delay !

[*Florizel and Autolycus exchange garments.*

You, girl, happy in your lover ! I wish that my prophecy may come true and your good fortune shield you ! You must retire into a bush, take your lover's hat, pull it down to hide face and removing your cloak, disguise your features as best as you can. So you can get on board the ship unseen and unrecognised, for I fear people might be watching you.

Per. I see how the play goes and I must take my part in it.

Cam. It cannot be helped. Have you finished putting on his clothes ? (*to Florizel*)

Flo. Should my father meet me now, he would not be able to recognise me.

Cam. But you need not wear your hat

[*Giving it to Perdita.*

Come, lady, come. Farewell, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, sir.

Flo. O Perdita, we have forgotten something. Just a word with you.

Cam. [*Aside*] The next thing I do, will be to tell the king of this flight and tell him also where they are going. That will force him to follow his son there, and that I shall persuade him to do. And in his company I shall see again Sicilia, I have a longing, keen as a yearning in a woman's heart to have a sight of Sicilia.

Flo. May Fortune speed us ! And so, Camillo, we are off to the sea-side.

[*Exeunt Florizel, Perdita and Camillo.*

Aut. I understand the whole plot, I can make it out of what I have already heard. It is necessary for a pick-pocket to possess an open ear, a quick eye, a deft hand. It is also necessary that he should have a good nose, to smell out things in which other senses may be employed with profit. I see, in these days dishonest people prosper. What a profitable exchange this has been even not considering the reward of money. I am sure even the gods seem to connive at our sins, and we may do anything without previous thought or design. The prince is up to some mischief, running away secretly with his sweet heart, an encumbrance at his heels. If I thought it were honest of me to let the king know of their flight, I would

not do it. It would be just like a knave to conceal it from the king, but I am a knave and I must be consistent with my true nature.

Re-enter Clown *and* Shepherd.

Let me keep out of view ; He here is more matter for a quick brain : a careful man like me may find opportunity of work and gain at every place where people gather such as the end of a lane, a shop, the church, the session of the court, and the place of hanging.

Clo. See, see what a man you are now ! The only way left for us is to tell the king she is a foster child and she is not your own daughter.

Shep. No, hear me.

Clo. No, but hear me.

Shep. Go ahead, then.

Clo. Since she is not your own blood and flesh, your blood and flesh has not offended the king : so he can not punish your flesh and blood. Show these things you found about her, those secret things all except what she bears on her person and after you have done so, let the law go hang ! I tell you.

Shep. I will tell the whole story to the king, and also of his son's pranks here with my daughter. His son, I may say, is not an honest man, neither to his father or to me, not to tell that he was going to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clo. Indeed, you have not the Ghost of a chance of becoming the king's brother-in-law ; if you become I know how much more your blood should be richer for that.

Aut. (*Aside*) Wise and nice fools !

Shep. Well, let us go to the king, this bundle contains something that will set him thinking.

Aut. (*Aside*) I do not know how this complaint might hinder the flight of my master.

Clo. I do hope that the king is in the palace when we go there so that we will be able to see him.

Aut. [*Aside*] Though I am not naturally honest. I am so somotimes by chance ; let me now take off my pedlar's beard.

[*Takes off his false beard*]. How now, rustics, where are you going ?

Shep. If it please your honour, we are going to the palace.

Aut. What business have you got there ? Tell me with whom ; what are the contents of your bundle ? Where do you live ? Your names, your ages ? How much property do you possess ? Your occupation ? Tell me anything that I should know, reveal your affairs to me.

Clo. We are only two simple and plain fellows, sir.

Aut. That is a lie ; you are not plain, your bodies are frough and full of hair. Do not tell me lies ; it is only proper tor tradesmen ; traders, of course, lie to us soldiers, and for sheir lies we pay them in money and not with the point of our therefore they do not challenge us.

Clo. Your worship were likely to give us one, as a lead coin, if you had not caught yourself doing it.

Shep. If it please you sir, may I ask you if you are a courtier.

Aut. Yes, I am a courtier, whether it pleases me or no. Do you not see the air of the court in these garments ? Does not my manner of walking reveal to you the stately gait of the court ? Do you not smell court-aroma in me ? Do you not perceive my superior airs, which must put awe in you rustic people, base-born as you are ! Do you not see in me contempt usually issuing from a courtier ? Do you think, because I am interest in you and asking you to tell me of your business, I am, therefore, no courtier ? I am a courtier from head to foot ; I am so powerful at the court that I can help or spoil your business there, if I choose to. Therefore, I command you to tell me what your business is there.

Shep. Sir, my business is with the king.

Aut. But who will advocate your cause before him ?

Shep. If it please you, I do not know, sir.

Clo. Advocate is the court-word for a present ; Tell him him you have none.

Shep.. No, Sir, I have no pleasant, cock or hen.

Aut. How blessed are we that are not rustics like you ! Yet nature might have made me a rustic as these people are. Therefore I will not disdain them.

Clo. This cannot be but a great courtier !

Shep. His garments are rich, but he does not wear them gracefully.

Clo. He must be the more noble in being dress fancifully. He is a great man. I am sure. I can see it from the way he picks his teeth.

Aut. What is there in this bundle ? Why do you carry that box ?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secret things in this bundle and the box, which no one but the king must see and know ; the king shall know these things within this hour, if I may come and talk with him.

Aut. Old man ! You are going to the court for nothing.

Shep. Why, Sir ?

Aut. The king is not at the palace ; he is gone aboard a new ship to shake off his sadness and have fresh air : for if you have reason and sense, you must know the king is full of grief.

Shep. Yes ; so it is they say : that it is about his son. Who intended to marry a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. Yes, if that shepherd is not already in custody, let him fly : otherwise, he shall have such curses, and tortures that are enough to break the back of a man and the heart of a monster.

Clo. Do you really think so, sir ?

Aut. He alone will not suffer what human wit can invest and vengeance suggest ; but even those that are related to him ; how far distant it may be, shall be hanged ; it would be a great pity but justice will find it necessary. An old sheep-tending rogue, dares' to have his daughter marry a royal prince, and acquire the dignity of a princess ! Some say he will be stoned to death ; but that death is too mild for him in my opinion ; To drag down the throne of a king to the level of a sheep-cote ! All tortures added together become too few, sharpest infliction of punishment with intensest pain is too inadequate for the crime.

Clo. If it please you, sir, did you hear if the old man had a son ?

Aut. Yes, he has a son, who shall be flayed alive ; then smeared over with honey, and placed above a wasp's nest, and

left there till he is almost dead ; then he would be recovered with spirit or some other stimulant, then with his raw wounds, he shall be placed against a brick-wall, on the hottest day in the calendar to bake him ; the sun shining from the south will burn upon his wounds, where flies will swarm and breed till he dies. But why should we talk of these traitors, and rascals, whose miseries we need not sympathise, their offences being so base ? Tell me, for you seem to be honest plain men, what business you have with the king. If you give me some remuneration, I shall conduct you where the king is at present on board the ship, and present you to him and plead your cause before him. And if there is any man, besides the king, who can do anything to represent your case, I am that man and I shall do it for you.

Clo. He seems to be a man of great authority : accept his offer and give him money. And persons in authority are as obstinate as bears. They can yet be led by the nose like bears, when you bribe them. Give him all the money in your purse and it is easily done Remember he said "stoned" and "flayed alive."

Shep. If it pleases you, sir, to plead for us before the king, here I offer you all the money I have in my purse. I will give you double the amount and leave this young man as security until I bring it.

Aut. Will you give me all this amount of money after I had done what I promised ?

Shep. Yes, sir.

Aut. Well, give me a part of the money now. Are you also a party to this affair ?

Clo. Yes, sir, in a way. But though my case is a pitiable one, I hope I shall not be flayed because I am in it.

Aut. Oh, that's the case of the shepherd's son. Hang him, he shall be set as an example to others.

Clo. That is good comfort ! We must go to the king and show him these things; he must realise that she is neither your daughter nor my sister. Otherwise we are doomed. Sir, I will also give you as much as this old man does, when the business is done, and remain as he says, your pawn till it be brought to you.

Aut. I trust you. Go to the seaside; take the road on the right, I shall look into the hedge once and then follow you.

Clo. I say, we are very lucky to get this man.

Shep. Let us go before him, as he bids us; he was put in our day, by fate, to help us.

[*Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.*

Aut. If I even wished to be honest, fortune will not let me be; she offers opportunities and gold to me. I have faced with an opportunity to do two things—get money and do the prince my master good. And who knows, this service done to the prince, in its turn, again may bring more advantage to me? I shall take these two fools, who are like moles, and ignorant, to the prince on board the ship. And if thinks it proper to send them back to shore and cares nothing of the complaint they are going to make to the king, then let him call me rogue for my service which he may then deem as officious. I am not at all sensitive to feel any humiliation out of this transaction. I can bear all the shame that belongs to such un-called for service. I shall present them to the prince: I may gain some advantage out of it. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A room in LEONTE'S *Palace.*

Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA *and Servants*

Cleo. Sir, you have mourned enough, and have undergone penance and suffering with the holy patience of a saint. You have fully expiated for all faults; indeed, your repentance and penitence exceed in suffering the enormity of the wrongs you committed. In the end, heavens themselves have forgiven you, forget now your past faults and the heavens forgive you.

Leon. So long I remember the queen and her virtues, I cannot forget my own weakness and failings and so I shall always think of the injury I did myself; which injury is so great that it had my kingdom heirless and destroyed my own queen, the sweetest companion that ever any man possessed, and on her lay the power to fulfil all hopes of happiness.

Paul. It is true, too true, my lord : If, one by one, you married all the good women of the world, or took all the qualities and excellences from all the women who are good to make a perfect woman, even then even the queen you killed would be still a better woman than this perfect woman.

Leon. I also think so killed ! Did I kill her ! I did so ; but you strike my heart sorely when you say I did kill her ; it is as excrutiating painful when I hear for your accusing tongue, as it is when my mind is darkened with this cruel thought : Now, for pity's sake, be good and do not cut my heart with your cruel words any more

Cleo. Do not be cruel any more, good lady.

Paul. You are one of those who would have him marry again.

Dion. If you would not do so, you do not care for the state, nor care that the royal name and line should be continued, nor have any thought of the dangers of the state, by the king's lack of issue, which may fall upon the state and the consequent calamity and insecurity overwhelming the people. What, if we rejoice in the thought that the late queen is now enjoying havenly bliss after her martyrdom ! What can be more sacred now for the restoration of royalty, that the king, for present comfort and for the good in future, should have a queen to bless the royal bed with a sweet companion on it.

Paul. There is no worthy lady to replace the queen, who is dead. Besides, the gods are determined to fulfil their secret will. For has not the divine Apollo said; is it not the purport of his oracle that king Leontes shall not have an heir till his lost child be found ? That it shall be found is as unreasonable to think as to expect my husband Antigonus to open his grave and come again to me, for I know he perished with the child. It is your advice to the king go contrary to the heavens and oppose the will of gods. [*To Leontes*] do not care for an issue ; the crown and the kingdom will find an heir after your death. Alexander the great, left his kingdom to the worthiest, without caring for an heir ; so he secured the most worthy successor of his own self.

Leon. Good Paulina, you cherish the memory of Hermione, I know, in honour, O, that I acted ever in accordance with your counsel ! Then even now, I might have looked upon the

eyes of my queen, and embraced her and taken the sweet treasure from her lips—

Paul. And left those lips richer for what is taken out of them.

Leon. You speak the truth. You can never get such a wife, therefore, there is no wife for me in future : If I had a worse wife and treated her better, that would make my queen's blessed spirit would animate the corpse, and appear vexed in soul on this stage of earth where we, sinners, live and begin to protest—"Why do you prefer the other to me ?"

Paul. If she had such a power, to do it, she would have just cause to do so.

Leon. She had cause and just cause ; and she would come and incite me to murder the lady I married again.

Paul. I would have done the same too. Were I the ghost of Hermione, that walked on the earth, I would ask you to mark the eyes of the new queen and tell me whether you chose her for the dullness in her eyes, and then I would shriek so loudly that your ears would be split by it. And then after that these word would follow 'Remember mine eyes.'

Leon. Her eyes were like stars, compared to them all eyes are burnt coals. Do not fear. I shall not marry again. I will have no wife.

Paul. Will you swear that you will never marry unless I give my full consent ?

Leon. I do swear, Paulina ; so God bless my spirit !

Paul. Then, Good my lords, bear witness to his oath.

Cleo. You tax his too much the king exacting an oath from him like this.

Paul. I mean to say, he shall not marry unless another lady, he confronts, who is as like as Hermione in all her features as her own picture is.

Cleo. Good madam—

Paul. I have done yet. if my lord will marry, if you will sir, nobody can prevent you from doing so—allow me to choose for you a queen: she shall not be as young as your former queen was before she died, or you married her : but she shall be such a one, that if the ghost of your former queen walked on earth, it would be pleased to see her in your arms.

Leon. My true Paulina, I shall not marry till you ask me to.

Paul. And I shall ask you to marry only if your first queen is alive again ; never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Sir, One who calls himself Prince Florizel, son of King Polixenes, with his princess, who is the fairest lady I have ever seen, wishes to present themselves to you.

Leon. Where are his followers ? He does not come in a manner worthy of his father's royalty. His coming like this shows that his visit is not planned in advance ; this unexpected and unceremonious visit must be the result of need and accident. Is he not accompanied by his train of followers ?

Gent. Very few, my lord, and they are humble folk.

Leon. You say, his princess is with him ?

Gent. Yes, sir, she is peerless in beauty, unsurpassed in beauty by any lady that walks under the sun.

Paul. Oh, Hermione ; each generation of men feels itself superior to the previous one, although better, so also you, in your grave, must make room for the maiden who is present now among us. Sir, you yourself have spoken and written but your writings are now colder than the cold body of the dead queen whose praise you uttered and sang once.

"She had not been, nor was not to be equalled"—Thus your verse flowed with her beauty once. Now the flow has abated very much indeed to say you have seen a better one.

Gent. I beg your pardon, madam, the one I have almost forgotten, this you pardon in me. The other, when you see her, you will also begin to praise her beauty in superlative terms. She is a beautiful creature, if she started a new religion, the followers of all other sects would lose their zeal and accept hers only if she bade them do it.

Paul. How about women ?

Gent. Madam, women will love her, because she is so fair and good that no man is worthy of her. And men will love her because she is the rarest and most precious of all women.

Leon. Go, Cleomenes; with your honoured friends and bring them to our loving presence. [*Exeunt Cleomenes and others.* Still I can not make out why he should visit us so unexpectedly.

Paul. If our prince, precious jewel had lived at this hour, he would have looked quite like this gentleman, in fact, they were born within the same month.

Leon. Pray, talk no more of this. You know I suffer the pangs of bereavement every time his name is mentioned to me.

And when I shall see this Gentleman, your words will once again remind me that sorrow which may deprive me of reason. They have come.

Re-enter CLEOMENES *and others, with* FLORIZEL *and* PERDITA.

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince. For when she conceived you in her womb, she printed the very image of your royal father on you. You bear the image of your father in your person so truely that if were twenty one years of age again. I should have called you a brother as I used to call your father then speak of some wild deeds we have shared together.—You bear the resemblance of his very youthful pose. You are most dearly welcome! And you fair princess, you are as fair as a goddess!—O, alas! I had lost a son and a daughter, who, if alive today, would have stood like you, gracious couple, exciting the wonder to all that is beneath the heaven and on the earth. And I lost—due to mine own folly the companionship and love of your brave father. Though I am leading a miserable life, now, yet I cling to my life to look on him once again.

Flo. By his command I have stopped at Sicilia and from him I convey to you all his greetings which a king may send to another king whom he considers as a friend and brother: And because of infirmity that attends old age, stops him from crossing the lands and waters between your kingdom and his, and to meet you. And he declared and asked me to tell you that he loves you more than all the other kings, who bear spectres.

Leon. O polixenes, my brother what a good gentleman you are! The wrongs that I did to you move my heart once again and the memory of it saddens my heart and these acts and greetings, so very kind strike my mind by contrast, my

own slackness so far in not asking your pardon earlier ! Prince, you are welcome here as men welcome the spring with gladness after the rigors of winter on earth. And has your father also exposed this paragon of beauty to the dangers of a sea voyage, expose her to the dreadful and cruel Neptune, the god of seas, much at the risk of her person, to greet a man who is not worth the trouble and risk she had taken ?

Flo. My lord, She came from Libya.

Leon. Libya ? Where the country is ruled by the gallant Smalus, that noble lord who is feared and loved alike for his strictness and nobility.

Flo. Yes, my lord, from Libya ; she is the daughter of king of Libya and he shed tears at parting with her in such profusion which proclaimed the true affection of the father for his daughter. From Libya a favourable south wind helping us, we crossed the sea to come here to do my father's bidding and see your highness : the better part of my retinue I have dismissed from the shores of Sicilia. They are on their way to Bohemia, to carry to my father the news of my marriage with this lady in Libya, and also of the safe arrival of my wife and mine in your kingdom.

Leon. May the blessed gods make the air free from all infiction while you stay with us here ! Your father is a man of pure heart, a gentleman of gracious qualities ; such a good man I have wronged. For which, the gods in anger have cursed me and left me issueless : Your father is blessed, by gods for his goodness as well he merits with a worthy son. Oh ! how happy I might have been if my son and my daughter now looked at me, with all the graces you two possess !

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir, you may not at first believe what I shall report to you if the proof of it were not so near. Please you, great sir, the king of Bohemia sends his greetings to you by me : He desires you to arrest his son, who has forsaken his dignity and duty, and has fled from his father, renouncing the hope of succession to be with a shepherd's daughter.

Leon. Where's Bohemia ? speak.

Lord. Here in your city. I now came from him. I speak with confusion, but it is in keeping with my wonder and the

message I carry while the king was hurrying on to inclose pursuit of this fair couple to your country, he met on the way, the father of this lady-like girl and her brother. They had also left their country along with the prince.

Flo. Camillo must have betrayed me : who was till now kept his honour and honesty unsulbid.

Lord. You can accuse him to his face now; he has come with the king.

Leon. Who ? Camillo ?

Lord. Camillo, sir, I spoke with him. He is now questioning these two fellows, I talked to you of. And I never saw people, shaking in fear so ; They kneel before the king and they kiss the ground on which he stands. They swear against what they had already sworn. But the king is not moved to pity, and he threatens them with several tortures, each worse than death.

Per. Oh, my poor father ! Even the gods are hunting us down, and we will not celebrate our marriage, because they are angry.

Leon. Are you married already ?

Flo. We are not married, nor are we likely to be ; The stars will fall from their spheres and touch the earth sooner than fate will allow us to marry. Fate strikes both at the rich and the poor.

Leon. My lord, is this the daughter of a king ?

Flo. She is ; when once she is my wife.

Leon. That "once" is a remote possibility now that your good father, with quick decision, had pursued you here. I am sorry, indeed very sorry, you have broken the bonds of affection from your father by this hasty step, you are duty-bound to obey him. And I am sorry that the girl you have chosen to love is not as high of birth as she is rich in beauty. Then could you marry her and be happy.

Flo. My dear Perdita, look up, do not cast your eyes in misery. Though Fortune is clearly enemical to us and is hunting us with our father, She yet has not the power to change our loves. I pray, sir, please remember the days when you wer not older than me, and judge me with your feelings in those days and sympathise with me and plead my cause on

my behalf to my father. At your request, my father. I am sure, will relent and will be ready to give away even precious things as if they were mere trifles.

Leon. If he would do so, I might beg your precious mistress whom he considers as a mere trifle !

Paul. Sir, my hige, you are looking at her with eyes of youthful admiration. Even a month before your queen died, she was more worthy of such admired looks that the girl you look at now.

Leon. I was thinking of my dead queen when I was looking at this girl. (*To Florizel*) But I have not yet answered to your request. I will go to your father. Since you have not let your desires have not as yet stained your honour. I am going to advocate your cause to your father. On this m ion I am now going to him. Therefore follow me and s or yourself how I prosper in it. Come my good lord.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE II.

Before LEONTES' *Palace*

Enter AUTOLYCUS *and a* Gentleman.

Auto. I pray you, sir, were you present at during the narration of the story ?

First Gent. I was there at the opening of the bundle, and heard the old shepherd say how he found it. After their astonishment was over, we were all commanded to leave the chamber. I could just over hear the shepherd say, that he found a child.

Aut. I wish to know what followed after this.

First Gent. I can only give you a disjointed account of what happened ; I perceived in the faces of the king and Camillo the expression of astonishment and excitement, so much so they were staring at each other and their eyes, widen open seemed to burst out of their sockets ; the very dumbness was eloquent ; their gestures were significantly expressive of what they felt ; they looked as concerned as if a world destroyed or gained after being captured. They were wonder-struck ; but the wisest beholder could not interpret the significance, whether this issued out of joy or sorrow ; but he could see that one of those two feelings had been excited in the extreme.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman who perhaps knows more. Any news, Rogero?

Second Gent. Nothing but sensational news; The Oracle is fulfilled; the king's daughter has been found. Such a great deal of amazing things have happened during the past hour that even the ballad-composers can not describe them adequately in their songs.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Here comes Lady Paulina's steward; he can tell you more. How goes it now, Sir? These happenings, which are true yet so strange that they appear like an old romantic tale and the truth of it is one that creates disbelief in it. Has the king got back his heir?

Third Gent. It is all true, if ever truth was confirmed by circumstantial evidence. That which you would hear narrated, you will see all that enacted even before your eyes, for there is such consistency and unity in the truth narrated. The mantle of Queen Hermione, her jewel around the neck of the child, the letters of Antigonus found with it, the handwriting of it, identified, the natural majesty of the child resembling her mother, the innate nobility manifest far above the station of life in which she was brought up, and many other proof proclaim her certainly to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of two kings?

Second Gent. No.

Third Gent. Then you have missed a sight which you can admire watching, but cannot relate properly. If you saw it, you might have been how one joyful news succeeded another fresh one in rapid succession that they all shed tears in ecstacy of joy; joy thus dissolved into tears, it seemed that sorrow was herself bidding adieu to them in tears for ever. Eyes looked up, and hands were lifted, and each face showing ecstacy,—you could not recognise them but by their garments—such was the universal mark of agitation in the facial expression of each one present there! Our king, being extremely happy at finding his daughter cried,—as if the joy is akin to loss in its poignancy,—"O, thy mother, thy mother!" Then he goes to the king of Bohemia and abjectly seeks his forgiveness; runs to

embrace his son-in-law ! Again he holds his daught in embrace! Then he goes to the shepherd and thanks ; the old man who looks like a weather-beaten conduct which has witnessed the reign of many kings. I have never heard of a re-union so touching ; you fail to describe this—our language is inadequate to describe it !

Second Gent. I pray, please tell us of what happened to Antigonus, who carried the child from here ?

Third Gent. This also is like another ancient tale, which has enough matter and substance to be narrated, though people would hardly believe in their truth and so will not give much of their attention to it ! He was torn to pieces by a bear ; and this is confirmed by the shepherd's son. The simplicity of his nature itself confirms the truth of his report but in addition to it, a handkerchief and a ring which he found on Antigonus has been identified by Paulina as belonging to her husband.

First Gent. What happened to the vessel in which Antigonus sailed, and his companions who sailed with him ?

Third Gent. The ship was wrecked in the sea with all the men on board at the very moment when Antigonus met his death on land, watched by the shepherd. So all those who were implicated in exposing the child met the same fate in the same instant as did Antigonus. But O, the noble conflict between joy and sorrow that raged in Paulina ! With her one eye down cast in grief for the loss of her husband ; the other one uplifted in joy that the Oracle had come true. She lifted the princess from the earth, and enfolded her in her arms, pressed her to her bosom in a a clinging embrace, that she seemed unwilling to release her for fear of losing her again !

First Gent. The dignity of this act was a worthy sight for kings and princes ; for the scene was dominated by the kings and nobles.

Third Gent. The most moving portion of the scene, which brought tears into my eyes, was when the king frankly narrated the manner of the queen's death, confessed his cruel part in it and repented of his cruel treatment to her ; the princess heard all with rapt attention and her-heart was heavy with anguish and sorrow ; Then passing from emotions to emotions, varied in their sorrow, she cried 'Alas !' and I would say she wept in

blood and not in tears, for I am sure my heart also wept blood in sympathy. Those who were hard-hearted by nature, even turned pale, some fainted, all suffered in sympathy with her : I am sure if the whole world witnessed this ; there would be universal sorrow at that moment.

First Gent. Have they returned to the court ?

Third Gent. No, the princess, hearing of her mother's statue, in Paulina's possession, went along with others in eager desire to the place to see it and would have supper there. This statue was made by the great Italian artist Julio Romano, who had taken many years to make it, and finished it only recently. This sculptor, if possessed of the gift of unmortality and thereby could infuse life into his work of art could deprive Nature entirely of her creative function. His statue of Hermione is so faithful to the original, that they say, when one saw it, one would be tempted to speak to it and expect it to reply as if it were Hermione herself.

Second Gent. I knew Paulina had some great matter there on hand ; For she used to visit that distant house alone twice or thrice a day. Shall we also go there and take part in the rejoicings.

First Gent. Where else would one go if he would get access there ? Every moment will see some gracious occurence and if we are absent we shall miss the knowledge of all we desire to know. Let us go there. [*Exeunt Gentleman.*

Aut. Now, if I had not the taint of my past life in me, good fortune would have befallen to me now. I brought the old man and his son aboard the ship and presented them to the prince. I told the prince of what I overheard of their conversation about the bundle and some other mystery : but the prince, who was doting on the princess, whom he thought to be shepherd's daughter, was worried over her sea-sickness, he himself was sea-sick since, the inclement weather continued ; and so this mystery remained undiscovered. But it is immaterial, whether it was discovered here or there ; For even if I could get the credit of this discovery, it would not helped me to receive any reward on account of my past misdeeds.

Enter Shepherd *and* Clown.

Here come the shepherd and his son whom I did a good

turn against my will, and they appear in good apparels as mark of their good fortune that has befallen them now.

Shep. Come, my boy, I am too old to have any more children, but thy sons and daughters will be born gentleman and ladies.

Clo. You are well met sir, you refused to fight with me the other day because I was not a gentleman. And now, do you see these clothes on me? Say now that you do not see them on me and think me still not a born gentleman? Say that I am a liar, and I shall challenge you to fight with me and try whether I am not a born gentleman now.

Aut. I know you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and so I have been all the time during the last four hours.

Shep. And so have I been a gentleman, boy!

Clo. So you have been, but I become a gentleman before my father had become one, for the prince took my hand first and called me brother; and then two kings called my father brother; and then the prince my brother and the princess my sister called my father, father; and so we wept, and there was the first gentleman-like tears that we ever shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed may more in future.

Clo. Ay, or else, it would be such a hard luck, especially when we have become so properous. (But instead of prosperous, he says preposterous—a malapropism).

Aut. I humbly request you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your honour and I request you to a good report of me to my master, the prince.

Shep. I pray you, son, do; for we must be gentle, now that we are gentlemen.

Clo. Will you mend your ways?

Aut. Yes, I will, if it pleases your honour.

Clo. Give me thy hand, I will swear to the prince that thou art as honest a true fellow as any in Bohemia.

Shep. You may say so, but do not swear on it.

Clo. Why, now that I am a gentleman, why should I not swear? Let rustics and yeomen farmer say it if they must; I as a gentleman must swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son?

Clo. Even if it be false, a true gentleman may swear it on behalf of his friend and I will swear to the prince thou art a valiant fellow and you would not get drunk, yet I know that you are not a brave fellow and that you would be drunk. But I will swear it and I wish you were a bold fellow.

Aut. I shall be as bold, sir, as it lies in my power.

Clo. Yes, by any mean prove yourself a bold fellow; Do not trust me if I do not wonder how you would dare to be drunk, not being a brave fellow. Listen; the kings and the princes, our kinsmen, are going to see the queen's statue. Come, follow us, we will be kind to you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE III.

A chapel in PAULINA'S, *house.*

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, Lords *and* Attendants.

Leon. O grave and good Paulina, how great are the consolations and comforts I have received from you!

Paul. What, sovereign sir, I failed to do well, did bear an honest intention behind it. All my services you have thoroughly repaid; and your visit to my humble house, that you have condescended to do with your brother king and the prince and the princess, betrothed pair of heirs to your throne, is an additional grace and favour granted to me. This I shall fail to repay it even if I serve you till the last breath of my life.

Leon. O, Paulina, we cause you trouble while we bestow the honour of our visit upon you. But we came to see the statue of my queen. We have passed through your gallery, and with great contentment have persued the curious and excellent pieces of art, contained in it; we did not see that which my daughter came here to see the statue of her mother.

Paul. As she had lived peerless, unequalled in excellence by any one on earth, her statue, I believe, excels all that you have seen or produced by the hand of man. Therefore I keep

it apart—separate from all pieces of art. But here it is ; now prepare yourself to see a statue, as true to life as ever sleep resembles death behold and say it is well-done.

[*Paulina draws a curtain, and discovers Hermoine standing like a statue.*

I like the mute admiration with which you appreciate the statue, it shows better the sense of your wonder and admiration. But yet speak : first, you, my lord, do you not think the semblance is fair ?

Leon. Her natural pose ! chide me, dear statue of my queen, so that by your speech I may say indeed "Thou art Hermione!" or rather, you are more like my queen, soft and tender-hearted as a child, in your silence, O statue, you resemble the grace of my queen. But, yet, Paulina, Hermione had not wrinkles on her face, not at all so aged when she died as this statue.

Pol. O, neither much older nor wrinkled !

Paul. It proves only the greater excellence of the artist's craftsmanship: He allows the passage of time, sixteen years and he represents her as she would have been if she had lived to this day.

Leon. Yes, she might have continued to live to this day and much to my comfort as her death is now so disdressing to my soul, pierced with sorrow. O, thus she stood, when I first wooed her with such life of majesty, and the warmth of life as now by contrast she stands cold in the shape of a statue. I feel ashamed: does not the statue rebuke me for being more marble-hearted than the statue itself ? Oh, royal statue ! There is magic power in thy majesty and grace, which has vividly reminded me of my past evils even as it seems that it has for a moment extinguished the life out of your daughter, who stands by me, turned to stone in rapt admiration of her mother's statue.

Per. And pray allow me to kneel before the statue and ask her blessings and do not deem it as superstition. O, Lady, dear queen, you died even as you gave birth to me, please give me your hand to kiss.

Paul. O patience ! the statue has been just finished : and the paints on it are not yet dry.

Cam. My Lord, your sorrow was much too sorely felt and borne ; even sixteen winters had not blown away that burden

of your sorrow not sixteen summers could heal : no joy could have continued on so long and no sorrow could coutinue so long without perishing much earlier.

Pol. My dear brother, allow me, who is the cause of such heavy sorrow to share it with you and so that through my sympathy and suffering you may great partial relief.

Leon. Do not draw the curtain.

Paul. You should no longer gaze on it, otherwise you may fancy soon that it moves.

Leon. Let it alone. I wish I were dead, but that I think, well. I see already (the statue moving) who was it you say, made the statue ? See my lord would you not deem it breathed? And do not you think those veins truly blood coursing in them ?

Pol. The statue is a perfect piece of sculptor—master done. The very life seems to warm up her lips.

Leon. The fixed eyes seem to have motion in them, we are deceived by artist execution of the Sculptor.

Paul. I will draw the curtain now : My lord is so much rapt in admiration that he will soon think the statue moves and lives.

Leon. O, sweet Paulina ! I wish you make me think that she is alive for the rest of my life. The madness of that pleasure to think her alive can never equal any amount of sanity of this world. Let it alone.

Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have cause you this excitement. But I could afflict you with greater wonder !

Leon. Do, Paulina ! For this affliction has a sweet taste and as welcome and wholesome as any restorative. Still, I think, she breathes ! what fine chisel of the artist could curve marbel so as to make it breathe out ? Let no man laugh at me, for I will kiss her.

Paul. My good lord, for bear to do so ; the red paint is still moist on her lips, you will spoil it if you kiss it, you will stain your own lips with moist paint. May I draw the curtain over it ?

Leon. No, not these twenty years !

Per. And I will gladly stand here so long and watch the statue.

Paul. You must not do it. Please leave this immediately or you should be ready for more amazement. If you can stand this calmly. I will make the statue move indeed; make her descend and take you by the hand : but then you will think— I am assisted in this, inspite of my protests, by evil powers.

Leon. What you can make her, do; I shall be content while I watch you do it ; What words you make her utter, I shall be glad to listen : for I think if you can make her move, you can make her even to speak.

Paul. All I need is your credence and faith first. Then let all stand still : let us procceed now ; those, who think it to be an unlawful act of devil ; now that I am going to work on the statue, may leave my house.

Leon. Proceed ; nobody must leave the place.

Paul. Strike music ; let music bring her into life and let her awake from the sleep of death. Time has come ; descend from the pedestal and be stone no more; approach; strike amazement on the face of all beholders here. Come, leave your grave empty : move away from the pedestal, give back your suspended animation to death for life redeems you from death. Do not you see, she moves, she moves ?

[*Hermione comes down.*

Do not be frightened : All she does is innocent as my magic is lawful. Do not forsake her until you see her die again ; for then, you would kill her for the second time come, offer your hand. When she was young you wooed her ; now has she to turn a suitor in her old age ?

Leon. Oh, She is warm and alive ! If this be magic, let it be an art as lawful as eating.

Pol. She embraces him (*in wonder*)

Cam. She hangs about his neck ; if she has come to life, let her speak also.

Pol. Yes, and tell us, in truth how and where she had lived so long or how she had been resurrected from the dead.

Paul. You would have considered as an incredible story if you had been merely told that she was alive ; but it appears to

you, she is alive; though as yet she had not spoken. Wait for a little while and O, fair lady! please step in to reunite your parents; kneel down and ask your mother's blessings. Turn, good lady; our Perdita is found.

Her. You gods, look down and pour down your blessings upon my daughter's head! Tell me, mine own. Where hast you been preserved so long? Where did you live? How did you find thy father's court? For, as you shall hear soon, I have clung to life so long, so that I might see my child again, when the Oracle held out the hope, as Paulina told, that I should see my child once again.

Paul. There is ample time for the narration of all these; others would also likewise, if you start now, like to relate some of it and weary you at this tense moment of joy. Go together, and communicate and share your joys with every one. You are all winners of fortune. I like an old turtle, shall take my flight to some withered branch of an dead tree and lament the loss of my mate, who will never be found again, till I die!

Leon. Oh, sing no more that sad strain! Paulina! As I accept my wife with your consent, with my consent you must accept a husband of my choice. This is an agreement and retified; between us by our own promise. You have restored to me my lost wife. How you did it, we shall know by and by; for I thought I had seen her actually dead and I had been offering prayers upon her grave. I shall not seek far to get a husband for you for I partly know his mind. Come, Camillo, and take her by the hand. Camillo's worth and honesty are well-known and we, two kings are willing to vouch for it. Let us now go from this place. And, my queen, please welcome my brother, Polixenes, I beg your pardons, for I put unjust constructions and evil suspicions upon your mutual regards. This prince is your son-in-law and son of Polixenes; by the will of Heaven, he is to be married to your daughter Perdita, whom he loves. Good Paulina, lead us from here to a. place where we shall at leisure ask and answer how each one of us fared in the wide interval of time, which separated us so long. Come, Paulina, lead us away without further delay. [*Exeunt.*

PART V

NOTES & EXPLANATIONS

NOTES

Act I. Scene I.

The action opens with a short prose dialogue between Camillo and Archidamus. Polixenes, king of Bohemia is on a visit to the kingdom of Sicilia where his boy-hood friend, Leontes rules. Leontes and Polixenes know each other from their childhood and are fast friends. After the death of their fathers, friends had separated to become kings of their respective countries. Though many years have rolled on after they assumed the burden of kingship, they kept up their friendship, exchanging gifts, letters and loving embassies. The irony lies in the prayer of camillo for their continued friendship. Archidamus echoes the prayer and he compares the simplicities of Bohemia with the luxuries of Sicilia. Camillo, the lord of Sicilia will play an important role in the development of the plot. But Archidamus appears in this scene only to function as a chorus in the play. As a lord of Bohemia he is greatly impressed with young prince Mamillius of Sicilia, and Camillo exists the great promise that he hidden in the young prince of becoming a great king. "It is a gallant child." This introduction of Mamillius, who would die soon after, serves to set early in the play the central theme, which according to Wilson knight is : "youth is conceived as a power ; as a renewer of life and antagonistic to death."

This scene is remarkable for its easy style of prose and Shakespeare's employment of dramatic irony. Hopes of continued friendship between the two kings and the bright future of Mamillius, expressed so piously and fervently by the two Lords are to be flighted swiftly as the action of the play turns to develop in the next scene.

ll. 2-4. We are supposed to hear the closing portion of the conversation in this scene. The two Lords enter the stage talking to each other and when in front of the stage, their whispers become audible to the audience, when Archidamus speaks out loud the first sentence and the play begins in earnest. Archidamus says to Camillo, that if the king of Sicilia

would in future come to Bohemia, and if Camillo would accompany him as Archidamus has come to Sicilia with Polixenes, he would find a great difference between the simplicities of Bohemia and the luxuries of Sicilia. The conversation is in careless, colloquial case.

l. 6. **Visitation**—visit.

l. 8. **Shame us**—"Though we cannot give you equal entertainment, yet the consciousness of our good-will shall justify us"—Dr. Johnson.

l. 11. **freedom of my knowledge**—true knowledge of the simplicities of Bohemia.

l. 12. broken sentences show a shrug of the shoulders and express the inability of Bohemia to match the luxuries and magnificence of Sicilia to entertain a royal guest.

ll. 13-14. **sleepy drinks**—Drinks inducing sleep so that inadequacy of entertainment in Bohemia would be forgotten and forgiven. **Unintelligent**—being not able to find out **insufficience**, lack of proper entertainment as a host.

l. 16. Courteous reply of Camillo, saying they do not deserve such praise and gratefulness for the reception they had accorded to the king of Bohemia and his train. Thanks are much more than when they had willingly served for the guests.

ll. 18-19. I express my heartfelt thanks for the cordial welcome and rich entertainment you have accorded to us.

ll. 21-22. **trained together in their childhood and there rooted**—possibly, by the association of ideas the training of vines and young trees suggested **rooted**—Furness.

l. 24. **mature dignities**—dignity of Kingship in their maturety.

l. 26. **royally attorneyed**—'Nobly supplied by substitution of embarries etc. Dr. Johnson.

l. 28. **a vast**—Shakespearian sense a vast expanse of sea. Vast is applied to time as well as space.

l. 29. **opposed winds**—opposite points of the compass.

ll. 31-34. In this speech two notes are struck which reverberate in the heart, when these bright anticipations are soon afterward turned to anguish and dismay by the wholly unexpected, jealous, frenzy of Leontes.—Lady Martin.

l. 34. **my note**—my observation.

l. 36. **physics the subject**—affords a cordial to the state, has the power of assuaging the sense of misery. **The subject**—is plural in sense.

ll. 42-43. If the king had no son, they who went on crutches in their old age, would, yet for the love of life wish to linger on to see an heir born to this King before they died. The irony of the speech is that the king would have no son after the untimely death of Mamillius.

ACT I. SCENE II.

King Polixenes is ready to depart from Sicilia, where he had stayed a guest of Leontes for nine months. He thanks his friend for all kind hospitality he had received from him. Leontes presses him to stay a week more. But he would not prolong his visit at the request of his friend. Leontes turns to his wife Hermione to entreat his friend to put off his departure. Upto now all is joy and happiness between the friends. But the moment Polixenes yields to the request to the Queen to, stay, Leontes is a victim of the green-eyed monster—Jealousy. The atmosphere after then is charged with passion and frenzy.

During familiarity, born innocence and purity of heart emboldens Hermione to treat her husband's friend, with shows of affection, and kindness. She must have been entertaining Polixenes, for the duration of nine months of his stay, sharing with her husband the great bond of friendship for him. Leontes had approved so long of her intimacy and goodness that prompted her to be so familiar with his friend, staying with him as his guest. Her natural goodness and courtesy in the company of Polixenes, could very well be interpreted by her jealous husband's suspicion as prologues and incitements to lechery. And innate jealousy in the very nature of Leontes bursts forth with volcanic fury the moment Polixenes agrees to prolong his stay at the request of Hermione. All his love his true friend and loving wife is turned into gall destroying for his finer feelings, sentiments and reason. Memories of past occurances and incidents in which his wife and friend have passed innocent hours of idle enjoyment rush into his frenzied mind like a whirlpool ; and the suspicion of the moment turns into a dead cruel certainty.

This morbid fancy becomes an obsession which constantly inflames his imagination, hardens his heart, embitters his disposition, tiger-fierce revenge wakes up in him to cruel persecution of his faithless wife and treacherous friend. It strikes us with wonder, if not incredibily, at the suddenness of its birth. It is not to be explained away as the weak judgment of a wilful person. For it carries within it a dynamism expressed in quick action which is allied to the very nature of Evil and Sin. Leontes is convinced and determined as well to wreck vengeance on his supposed wrongs. Polixenes, for his betrayal of friendship, must die, his faithless wife must pay for her sins with death. He calls Camillo and commands him to poison Polixenes. Càmillo fails to enlighten the darkened soul of Leontes ; Finding it useless to argue with his master agrees to poison Polixenes that very night.

But Camillo fights with his conscience, as his loyalty is in conflict with-his honesty. Knowing full well the innocence of Hermione, he could not kill Polixenes. He goes to Polixenes, arranges for his flight and accompanies him to Bohemia. This sudden flight and treachery of Camillo more than convinces Leontes of his wife's infidelity. From this passionate rage and benighted jealousy action of the play would flow to a tragic intensity into the end of the third act.

l. 1. **Nine changes**—Hunter interpreted the words as nine quarters of the moon ; nine weeks. Hudson meaning "nine lunar months" is necessarily the correct one or Leontes could not speak of Perdita being an illegimate child.

l. 1. **Wat'ry moon**—The moisture of moon, Shakespeare associates moisture and moon in other dramas also compare **Hamlet** I. i. 118. 'the moist star upon whose influence Neptuene's empire stands. **A Mid-Summer Night's Dream**—II i. 103. 'the moon, the Governness of floods.

l. 1. **hath**—It may be plural form or its nominative may be shepherd's note.

l. 2. **Shepherds**—Shepherds feeding flocks by night were great observers of the heavenly bodies.

l. 6. **For perpetuity**—for ever.

l. 6. **Cipher**—nought. "Nothing can express the measure of our gratitude or cancel our debt.

l. 8. **'We thank you'**—to imply 'all the thanks unsaid, as a nought added to a figure multiplies all that precedes.'—Herford.

moe—adjectives in Anglo-Saxon or Old English and Middle English were declined like the nouns and were in both Singular and plural forms. **More** was used with the singular nouns and **moe** with the plural nouns.

ll. 9-10. Leontes speaks for the first time and we are supposed to feel in this utterance nascent jealousy breaking through the gracious remark.

l. 12. **That may blow etc.**—This is a difficult passage. Deighton thinks the expression may be elliptical, and as 'fears' that a thing may happen necessarily involves 'hopes' that it may not, the full expression would be 'I am questioned by my fears as to what may happen, and only hope that no sneaping (nipping, or pinched with cold) winds etc."

Dover Wilson's explanation of this passage is :

"What Polixenes fears is conspiracy or faction at home the breeding of which every fresh day's absence encourages ; and it is absence which may blow on nipping winds to nip the breeding conspiracy in the bud and tell it that it put forth shoots too like itself".

We can get a meaning from this sentence but which cannot be reconciled to grammar.

l. 16. **can put us to't**—to drive us to extremities.

l. 19. **gainsaying**—here refusal.

ll. 19-27. This strength of refusal contrasts with the weakness of acceptance later at the request to Hermione. Force of the denial is in the iteration : *none*, none i th 'world'. The effect of intense earnestness of Polixenes heightens the effect when he yields to the requests of Hermione.

ll. 22-23. **Were necessity etc**—I should have sacrificed my necessity to your interest, it had been a case of real necessity for you, by prolonging my stay with you.

ll. 24-25. **Which to hinder...a whip to me**—To hinder which would be a punishment to me, although you inflicted it out of love—Furness, to hinder which would be to make your love to me a punishment.

l. 29. **drawn oaths**—That is, so as to make her success the greater.

l. 31. **Satisfaction**—satisfactory accounts.

l. 32. **by-gone day**—yesterday.

l. 33. **Ward**—a point of defence in fencing.

l. 34. **strong**—means strong argument.

l. 36. **he shall not stay**—Note how the mother, to whom her own boy was inexpressibly dear, speaks in her allusion to the son of Polixenes, of whom no word has hither to been said —Lady Martin.

l. 37. **Thwack him sence with distaffs**—A distaff is a cleft stick about three feet long on which wool or flax was wound for spinning by hand. Hermione with her women would use distaffs to drive him away. Here she shows a sense of humour.

l. 38. **adventure**—used as a verb, meaning here dare to ask.

l. 40. **Commission**—consent.

l. 41. **Let**—means here to stay, allow himself to stay.

l. 41. **Gest**—"literally, a stage of a royal progress or journey ; hence—the time allotted for such a stage or halt."—Wilson Knight.

l. 43. **not a jar o' th' clock**—not a whitless.

l. 44. **What Lady she—what** in illiptical expression means **any**. The meaning is 'I love you not less than any Lady loves her Lord'.

l. 47. **Limber**—limp, flabby.

l. 48. **Unsphere the stars.**

In Ptolemaic astronomy, the moon and the stars were supposed to be fixed in hollow crysalline spheres, which were made to revolve by the highest sphere, the primum mobile, and in their revolutions of varying velocity, made music—Furness.

ll. 52-56. **force me to keep you a prisoner etc**—An interrogative turn is given to the sentence. During the guest's long stay of nine months, the Queen had become so familiar with her husband's friend ; that friendship sweetened

by courtesy and companionship emboldens Hermione even before the presence of her husband most likely to hold the hand of Polixenes, and with a laughter in her eyes ; asks "shall I force you to stay here for a week more as a prisoner or as a guest ?" This playful persistancy and "undisguished marks of intimacy may flow from bold innocence and invulnerable loyalty but this display of sweetness mixed with dignity may also at once rouse in Leontes the dormant jealousy.

l. 53. **Pay your fees**—an allusion to a practice of English law which in the past extracted a fee from all prisoners whether guilty or acquitted.

l. 57. **import offending**—imply my committing some offence.

l. 62. **Lordings**—little lords.

l. 63. **behind**—means no worry of the future.

l. 65. **to be boy eternal**—"The 'eternal' consciousness of childhood is distinguished from the sin-born time-consciousness of man.—Wilson Knight. This is also a piece of irony, as the jealous husband watches them in the back-ground, as childhood innocence is talked of.

l. 66. **verier way**—more of a merry or mischievous boy

l. 68. **changed**—exchanged.

l. 70. **The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dreamed doctrine**—means instruction or teaching. Innocence of childhood and ignorance of sin Shakespeare puts emphasis on, as a back-drop for the outburst of Leontes jealousy that would follow soon after.

ll. 72-73. **weak spirits—etc.** If 'weak spirit's i.e. innocence of childhood were not grown into stronger passions of manhood later.

ll. 73-75. **We should......hereditary ours**—We would be cleared of even heriditary sins. The original sin of Adam would be washed off by the purity and innocence of childhood, and we could boldly ha ve protested our innocence to heaven.

l. 76. **tripped**—fallen in sin.

l. 76. **O my most sacred Lady**—Polixenes' first words in reply show the severence with which the serene purity of Hermione had inspired him—Lady Martin.

Furness thinks if Leontes had not retired and heard Hermione thus addressed by Polixenes, his jealousy could not have started into life.

l. 80. **Grace to boot** !—That is 'though temptations have grown up, yet I hope grace too has kept pace with them.

l. 81. **devils**—tempters.

l. 87. **At my request he would not**—This is vexed comment from an irritated jealous husband, who is by nature susceptible to jealousy.

l. 89. **Never** ?—"In acting, how much should be indicated in the tone of Hermione's "Never ?" Have you forgotten, it asks, your long wooing, and the consent it at last won from me ? Will not the words I then spoke rank for ever the highest in your regard ? Leontes, quite taking her meaning, but liking to be entreated says 'Never but once ! Then comes her charming rejoinder—so pretty, so coaxing, something like Desdemona's to Othello when pleading for a gentle answer to Cassio's suit"—Lady Martin.

l. 90. **When was't before ?**

She knows it well enough, but thirsts to hear him say it. Her delicious light-heartedness is a foil to his gloom—Dover Wilson.

l. 92. **tongueless**—not talked of.

l. 93. **Waiting upon it**—that follow it.

ll. 94-96. **heat an acre**—run an acre's length i.e. 40 poles or a furlong. Women would a lot for their husbands by kind treatment but force or ill treatment can draw very little of kindness from women. **But to the soul**—let us return to our subject.

l. 102. **Three crabb'd months— crabbed**—means perverse irritable, sows, harsh. This protracted wooing extraordinarily long for Elizabethan days, is a noteworthy indication of Hermione's character—Furness.

l. 104. **clap**—put your hand in mine.

l. 108. **Too hot, too hot**—Coleridge remarks : the morbid tendency of Leontes to lay hold of the merest trifles and his grossness immediately afterwards, "paddling palms etc. followed by the strange loss of self-control in his dialogue with his boy."

l. 109. **To mingle etc**—Extreme intimacy of friendship between a man and a woman may end in unlawful passion for each other.

l. 110. **Tremor Cordis**—Latin trembling of the heart.

l. 112. **may a free face put on**—appear as courtesy and innocence.

l. 112. **derive a liberty**—issue from free manners of a hostess who is lavish in generosity.

l. 114. **agent**—one who does or shows it.

l. 115. **Padding palms**—Compare "Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand ?" Othello II, 259 holding each others palms in an amorous way.

ll. 117-18. **Then to sigh etc**—To blow a mort is a hunting phrase, signifying to sound a particular air, called 'a Mort' to give notice that the deer is run down or killed. The sigh is that of an exhausted and dying deer and the smile is natural and easy. Leontes hints that Hermione's sigh denotes complete surrender and the end of the chase—Dover Wilson.

l. 119. **Brows**—Othello makes the same allusion when he complains (Act III. iii. 283) of the pain upon his forehead.

l. 120. **I' fecks** !—indeed !

l. 121. **bawcock**—fine fellow, good fellow ; a term of endearment.

l. 121. **smutched thy nose**—a natural touch in Shakespeare : "a flying particle of smut upon a child's nose and to make it turn to wonderfully effective account in stirring a father's heart, agitating it with wild thoughts, and prompting fierce plays upon words and bitter puns"—Cowden Clarke.

l. 125. **Virginalling**—still playing with her fingers as a girl playing on the virginals a pianoforte.

l. 126. **Wanton**—is used in the sense frolicsome.

l. 128. **Pash**—head, **shoots**—horns-the sign of a cuckold-husbands of faithless wives and supposed to have invisible horns on their heads.

l. 132. **O'er dyed blacks**—A black dye being used in too great quantity make the cloth rot upon which it is put. Blacks are often such dissembling mourners.

ll. 133-34. **As dice .....mine**—the manipulation of the dice according to the desire of a dishonest gambler. **Bourn**—boundary.

l. 136. **welkin**—blue eye : an eye of the sky-blue colour.

l. 137. **collop**—Used metaphorically as being a portion of his flesh.

l. 137. **can thy dam ?**—It is possible that your mother is wanton ?

l. 138. **Affection ete** : many interpretations are possible : Affection is apostrophised and told that when full bent is given it, man may receive a stab in his centre or heart. It makes those things possible which are conceived to be impossible. **Affection** may mean Love, sensual love or lust natural tendency, instinct, even imagination. Intention may mean intensity, eagerness of desire. So Furness interprets the meaning of this line as Love carried to an extreme pierces the soul. Or "Imagination ! thy intensity pierces to the very centre and goes to the very root of one's being—Deighton.

l. 139. So you make impossible things possible. Leontes thinks that the purity of his wife is now corrupt : thereby making what he once thought impossible, possible.

l. 140. **Communicat'st with dreams**—turn dreams into reality, by turning suspicion. into conviction in a jealous mind.

How can this be ? disjointed questionings of a heated brain, connect it with **can thy dam ? may it be ?** of Line 137.

l. 141. **With what ; unreal etc**—

Thou are in cooperation with what is unreal.

l. 142. **Then 'tis credent**—If love can associate with unrealities, it is credible that love can have a definite reality to base upon.

ll. 143-144. **beyond commission**—It alludes to the commission he had given Hermione to prevail on Polixenes to defer his departure.—Singer.

ll. 144-46. **I find it......of my brows** :

My brain is affected and poisoned by affection within and without my brows have hardened-hunting at his cuckoldom.

l. 147. **unsettled**—disturbed.

l. 148. **what cheer ?** The change from moody reverie is abrupt as the hand of his friend falls on his shoulder. With an war smile he dissemble a forced gaiety.

l. 151. **Nature will betray its folly**—

nature is natural affection here.

l. 152. **Pastime**—an object of ridicule to sophisticated people.

l. 154. **Methoughts**—It seemed to me, Grammatically inaccurate.

l. 155. **Twenty-three years**—How old was Leontes ? He must have been at least thirty. Othello was a much older man.

l. 157. **Ornaments**—swords.

l. 159. **Kernel**—sapling.

l. 160. **Squash**—The meaning of the word is found in **Twelfth Night**—I. v. 166—'Not yet old enough for a man nor young enough for a boy', as a **squash** is before 'tis a peasecod."

l. 161. **Eggs for money**—a proverbial expression, used when a man sees himself wronged and makes no resistance.

l. 163. **dole**—share, may his dole in life be to be a happy man—Johnson.

l. 166. **matter**—object of my thought.

l. 168. **Parasite**—a friend, flatterer.

l. 171. **Thick my blood**—make me melancholy.

l. 172. **officed**—did duties of an attendant.

l. 172. **walk**—retire or withdraw.

l. 176. **rover**—a naughty child.

l. 177. **apparent**—heir apparent-dearest to me and claimant to Hermione—a double meaning Dover Wilson finds.

l. 178. **shall us**—shall we.

l. 179. **bents**—inclination.

l. 180. The imagery is of angling or fishing give line—allow the first greater movement once looked so that it would be easy to land afterwards.

l. 183. **neb**—beak, mouth, **bill**—kiss.

l. 186. **forked me**—a cuckold.

l. 189. **Clamour**—Popular derision. Leontes is thinking of his subjects disapproved of his wife's conduct.

l. 196. **Sir Smile**—a hypocrite probably he is watching furtively Polixenes who is at this moment smiling.

l. 200. **Physic**—medicine.

l. 201. **It is a bawdy..... predominant**—compare Edmund's speech in **Lear** I. ii 114. 'We make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and the stars; as if we evere villains on necessity, fools by heavenly compulsion, knaves, thieves, and treachers, by spherical predominance, drunkards, liars, and adulterers by an enforced obedience to planetary influence."

l. 207. **the disease**—the misfortune of having faithless wines.

l. 212. **make his anchor hold**—to make him stay.

l. 213. **Came home**—failed to hold.

l. 215. **material**—urgent.

ll. 216-17. Already Leontes feels that whispers are abroad about his wife's infidelity and Camillo's words had a hidden meaning. For the last man to know of a wife's infidelity is her husband.

They are with me already—even casual observers are aware of it, **rounding**—murmuring.

l. 217. **So forth**—the evil sense may have been acquired from the legal proclamations of degraded persons as 'Rogues, vagabonds, sturdy beggars and **so-forth.** It may mean cuckold here.

l. 218. **Gust**—That is taste it—Steevens,

l. 222. **So it is**—So it happens, it is not.

l. 223. **Pate**—head.

l. 224. **conceit**—conception, thought, **soaking**—Thy conceit is of an absorbent nature will draw in more etc.—Steevens.

l. 224. **Blocks**—the wooden mould on which the crown a hat is formed.

Dover Wilson interpret the line as your understanding is quick and will absorb more than that of ordinary 'blockheads'. 'Soaking' and blocks both refer to the process of dying hats.

It is the absorbent quality of wooden hat-blocks which Leontes has in mind when he speaks of Camillo's conciet as 'soaking' and that 'blocks' may mean **blockheads**—is only a subaudition—Furness.

l. 226. **Head-piece**—The choice of the word, possibly still influenced by 'block'—here it means intelligent persons. **lower messes**—the lowest degree about the court. At the dinner table occupying the below the great salt-cellar placed in the centre, they were people of inferior rank.

l. 227. **Purblind**—Wholly blind.

l. 236. **Chamber-counsels**—Camillo alone knew of Leontes' secret sins. Furness thinks of this reference to the past life of Leontes has a bearing on the sudden attack of jealousy in Leontes.

l. 241. **seems so**—which seems like integrity.

l. 242. **To bide upon it**—my abiding opinion is.

l. 243. **hoxes**—to cut the hary strings or back sinews of cattle so as to disable them.

l. 244. **restraining**—preventing.

l. 245. **Grafted etc**—completely confiding in you.

l. 247. **rich stake**—the honour of Hermione.

l. 243. **Puts forth**—exposed to view.

ll. 256-57. **If industrially I played the fool**—'I was deliberately negligent.

ll. 259-60. **Where of the execution etc**—

'Of which, the execution, when once effected, proclaimed its non-performance to have been wrong—Clarke.

l. 265. **Visage**—That is, give me a particular instance of my trespass, bring me face to face with it—Furness.

ll. 266-68. From this speech we find the tormented storm within the mind of Leontes, expressed in laboured utterance.

l. 267. **eye-glass**—eye sight, **thicker**—more opaque.

l. 272. **slippery**—unfaithful.

l. 275. **hobby-horse**—a wanton. All women are slippery—Burton in his Anatony of Melancholy.

l. 281. **present**—instant.

l. 281. **'Shrew**—curse.

l. 283. **As deep as that**—as great as the sin of which you accuse her, granting that sin was true.—Furness.

l. 285. **career**— a gallop at full speed.

l. 287. **breaking honesty**—transgressing the laws of chastity—Dover Wilson.

l. 291. **the pin and web**—a disease of the eye.

l. 294. **Nothing**—reiteration of 'nothing' shows that Leontes is obsessed with a fixed idea.

l. 297. **betime's**—before it is too late.

l. 301. **hovering temporizer**—temporizer is time-server hovering-'like a hawk, hesitating between two objects beneath it—Dover Wilson.

l. 305. **Glass**—the hour-glass.

l. 311. **Thrifts**—interests.

l. 314. **benched**—placed and promoted to the position of honour.

l. 316. **bespice**—mix it with Spices or poison.

l. 317. **lasting wink**—means death.

l. 318. **Which draught..... cordial**—It would solace the tortured heart of Leontes, if Polixenes would drink the poisoned cup presented by Camillo, as his cup-bearer.

l. 321. **maliciously**—malignantly.

l. 322. **crack**—flow in nature.

l. 323. **Sovereignly**—supremely honourable.

l. 324—**T'have loved the**—Camillo is about to tell Leontes how much he had loved him. **Make that thy question**—i. e. make the love of which you boast the subject of your future conversation and go to the grave with it. "If you doubt the queen's unfaithfulness you may go rot."

l. 333. **blench**—to start off, to shrink. Leontes means—"could any man so start or fly off from propriety of behaviour ?"

l. 334. **Fetch off**—kill.

l. 353. **What case**—In what a position am I !

l. 355. **Who in rebellion etc.**—who is being a rebel to himself, not truly loyal to his own nature, desires that his subjects should be equally disloyal by doing deads which show no real fidelity to hir —Furness. **So too**—'in rebellion, but there against anointed kings.—Dover Wilson.

l. 363. **break-neck**—The inversed term, **neck-break,** destruction. **happy star reign now**—That's may some good Providence care for my country, now in so evil a plight. —Dieghton.

l. 365. **to warp**—change for worse.

ll. 373-74. **A lip of much contempt, spceds from me etc.**—Seeing Polixenes, his jealousy is roused and he with difficulty play the part of a feigned friendship.

l. 374. **Consider**—After this Hudson places a full stop, and connects 'what is breeding' with the next line with the following note : 'Does not Camillo', reply fairly suppose the clause after 'consider' to be interrogative ? And where is the objection to taking "consider as used absolutely or without an object expressed ?"—Furness.

l. 381. **changed complexion**—This refers to Camillo's blanched cheeks, the sight where of reacts on Polixenes and causes him to blanch also.

l. 388. **Basilisk**—the popular idea of a basilisk in the sixteenth century from Pling. There be in India the basilisks which have the sight so venomous that they kill all men and so do they all birds and beasts. Basilisks kill their victims with their very breath and if a basilisk but set his eye on a man, it is enough to take away his life.

l. 392. **Clerk-like experienced**—The speaker compliments Camillo with being a gentleman, a scholar, and a man of knowledge in the world, for that is meant by 'experienced' they have been all united in one epithet—Capell.

l. 394. **In whose success**—in succession from whom. —Dr. Johnson.

l. 397. **Ignorant concealment**—'ignorant' is here used proleptically ; that concealment which involves ignorance on my part—Deighton.

l. 400. **conjure**—adjure, use magic arts.

l. 403. **Incidency of harm**—immediate danger.

l. 411. **cry 'lost' and so good night** !—we are lost and farewell for ever

l. 416. **To vice you to 'it**—to draw, persuade you. The character called the **Vice**, in the old plays, was the **tempter** to evil—Heath.

l. 419. **the Best**—perhaps Judas, who betrayed Jesus Christ.

l. 421. **A savour**—This refers to the prevalent belief, possible largely due to the Bible, and not even yet died out, that infection so taints the air that it can be perceived by the nostril—Furness.

l. 424. **Swear this thought over etc**—"Sir, though you should protest your innocence never so often, and call every star and saint in heaven to witness to your adjuration ; yet jealousy is so rooted in my master's bosom, that all you can say and swear will have no force to remove it."—Theobold.

l. 429. **whose**...**faith**—this folly which is erected on the foundation of settled belief.

l. 436. **this trunk**...**impawned**—'Trunk' is here used with a double meaning. That Camillo means his **body**, he shows by 'this', laying his hand on his breast ; that he may also mean a **chest** or **coffer** is shown by the word 'impawned'. —Furness.

l. 437. **Whisper**—used as a transitive verb.

l. 441. **discovery**—revelation, disclosure.

l. 446. **Thereon his execusion sworn**—'Whose death as a sequel to his conviction has been predetermined'—Deighton.

l. 447. **Saw his heart in's face**—compare Duncan, in Macbeth I. iv. II saying—'There's **no** art to find the mind's construction in the face.'

l. 448. **places**—preferments or honours—Steevens.

l. 458. **Good expedition......suspicion—**

An obscure passage and hence much discussed by the critics. White says that 'Shakespeare himself might be able to tell us what he meant when he wrote it ; no one else', of all critics, Furness interprets most wisely when he explains it as "May my hasty departure prove my best course, and bring what comfort it may to the gracious Queen whose name cannot but he linked with mine in the king's thoughts, but who is not yet the fatal object of his ill-founded suspicion."

l. 462. **avoid**—escape, depart.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Some hours pass when this scene opens, after the last scene of Act I. The conversation between the mother and the son "reveals the changefulness of Hermione's mood with regard to her son, as indicative of her condition at the time.

"Is there, even in Shakespeare, any passage more charming in itself, or more cunningly devised to reveal to an audience the the main purpose of the play, than the brief scene with which the Second Act begins ? The boy Mamillius, of whom Archidamus had spoken, as 'the gallant child ; the gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into his note, unconscious of the delicate condition of his mother has fatigued her with his caresses and the eager importunity of his questions. What mother could long keep such a darling from her side ? Hermione could not and presently she call him back to her"—Lady Martin. In a great rage Leontes went to Hermione's room where the little Prince Mamillius was beginning to tell his mother and her Ladies-in-waiting a story.

Just then Leontes comes in, and after saying many cruel things to Hermione he sends her to prison.

Poor little Mamillius is so unhappy when he sees his mother taken away by soldiers that he grows ill with unhappiness.

Leontes sent two of his noblemen across the sea to sacred Delphos for the Oracle of Apollo to declare Hermione's guilt. He had already, moreover declared that there is a plot against his life and crown and Hermione is in league with Polixenes and Camillo.

ll. 7-11. **Not for......pen**—One is tempted to connect these lines with the Dark Lady of the sonnets.

l. 12. **I learned it......faces**—That is by careful study of women's faces, but possibly with the secondary sense of watching the looks with which women examine each other's personal appearance—Deighton.

l. 18. **Wanton**—sport.

l. 20. **Good time encounter her**—means a prayer for safe delivery.

l. 23. **And tell's a tale**—Burton in his **Anatomy of Melancholy**—mention's the ordinary recreations which we have in winter merry tales of Knights, Queen's Lovers, Lords, Ladies, Giants, Dwarfs, Thieves, Witches, Fairies, Goblin etc... all are pleased to tell old stories by the fireside.

Furness Quotes Milton's L' Allegro—'to the spicy nut-brown ale, With storie's told of many a feat. Thus done the tales, to bed they creep, By whispering winds soon lull'd to sleep !

l. 25. **A sad tale's best for winter**—Here, from the month of Mamillius we hear the title of the play.

l. 31. **crickets**—Mamillius refers to 'yond' Ladies in waiting with their bitterings and chirping laughter—Furness.

l. 35. **Scour**—hurry away.

l. 36. **censure**—judgment.

l. 37. **lesser knowledge**—'O that my knowledge were less—Dr. Johnson.

l. 40. **Spider**—Spiders were believed in those days to be venomous.

l. 45. **hefts**—heavings.

l. 50. **discoverd**—revealed.

l. 51. **Pinched thing**—a trick, a puppet, a boy.

l. 64. **lean to th' nayward**—are inclined to disbelieve me.

l. 71. **brands**—outward signs of disgust.

l. 72. **O I am out**—compare Coriolanus. V. 3. 41.

'Like a dull actor now, I have forgot my part and I am out.

l. 78. **Adultress**—In a kind of stupor Hermione listens to these vituperations, until Leontes brand her to the wonder-stricken circle of his lords, as in adulteress. Upon this the indignant denial leaps to her lips. But at the word 'villain' she checks herself. The name 'villain' must not be coupled with his—her husband and a king and with a voice softened, but resolute, she adds 'you, my Lord, do but mistake'—Lady Martin.

l. 83. **call a creature of thy place**—one occupying your lofty position.

l. 84. **barbarism**—here means common people.

l. 86. **mannerly distinguishment**—distinction which manners demand to be observed.

l. 90. **federy**—confederate, accomplice.

l. 90. **One that knows what she should etc**—one that knows full well that it is shameful knowledge even if it is confined to her and her lover.

l. 94. **That**—to whom, **vulgar**—common people.

l. 99. **to say**—by saying. **throughly**—is thoroughly.

l. 102. **The centre**—That is if the proofs which I can offer will not support the opinion that I have form, no foundation can be trusted. **The centre** is the earth of Ptolemaic system which held the earth to be fixed and centre of the universe.

l. 104. **a far off guilty**—'I shall hold the person in a great measure guilty, who shall dare to intercede for her'.—Theobold or that is guilty in a remote degree—Dr. Johnson.

l. 107. **aspect**—In Astrology, relaltive position of the heavenly bodies as they appear to an observer on earth at a given time. Here the joint look of the planets upon the earth.

l. 115. **Shall I be heard ?**—Leontes had commanded, 'Away with her to prison !' a short while ago, Petrified by astonishment, none of his courtiers had obeyed the command. He now asks in his fury, 'Shall I be heard' that is **obeyed** ? When Lear disinherits Cordelia and cries "Call France !"—the circle of courtiers stand as spell-bound, as they do here about Leontes, until Lear shouts 'who stirs ?'—Furness.

l. 118. **good fools**—to her companions she addresses as a term of endearment.

l. 121. **action**—charge or accusation.

l. 122. **for better grace**—She is undertaking a campaign for her honour.

l. 134. **my stables etc.**—

Many interpretations are possible of this passage. According to which it means—'I will degrade my wife's chamber into a stable or dog kennel. They are fed as horses in the morning ; every one neighed after his neighbour's wife ! Halliwell's explanati on is—

'Antigonus says that if Hermione is false, he has than no faith in his own wife, and will keep her in her chamber with the same strictness that he does a horse in his stables, he will make a stable of her bed chamber, fie his wife to the manger or rack. Other examples of interpretations we quote below 'As my stallions and mares are looked after, kept appart and under ward, so shall my wife be kept.

Or

If the Queen be false, then are women mere animals, and holding my wife as a bestial. I will lodge and keep my brood mares with her and her as them !

Keep—may mean lodge, shut or fasten or to keep a personal watch over one's wife.

Or

Where Paulina lodged, were she unchaste,
World be a fitting stable for her husband.
for then he would naturally, as a cuckold,
be a horned cattle.

l. 141. **Putter on**—an instigator or plotter.

l. 143. **lam-damn**—may be this word has more fury than meaning. It may be interpretated in different ways as thrash the life out of him or take away a man's life. Dr Johnson thinks it as rid the country of him, condemn him to quit the land. Other critics read the meaning as bury him alive' or 'damn his by forbidding his body interment.'

l. 149. **glib**—geld, castrate.

ll. 152-53. **but I do see't etc**—Malone explains the passage as ! I see and feel my disgrace as you Antigonus now feel me or my doing thus to you and as you now see the instruments that feel, i.e. my fingers.'

l. 162. **Instigation**—impulse.

l. 166. **in skill**—cunning, design, purpose.

l. 172. **Overture**—openness, disclosure, publicity.

l. 176. **touched conjecture**—'conjection' is the subject of touchėd not the object. Their familiarity was as clear as conjecture could reach, that lacked no proof but sight.—Furness.

l. 173. **Lacked sight only, nought for approbation—Approbation**—means Proof. Nothing of proof but, the real sight.

l. 185. **of stuffed sufficiency**—of abilities inn than enough.—Dr Johnson.

ll. 189-192. **Though I am satisfied**—Leontes wants the confirmation of the Oracle not to supplant his conviction of his wife's infidelity, as much as a means to satisfy Antigonus and the lords. "In this revealing the working of Leontes' jealousy, Shakespeare does not a whit overstep the modesty, of nature"—Hudson.

l. 192. **ignorant credulity**—belief born of ignorance.

l. 194. **free person**—that is accessible to all.

l. 196. **Left her to perform**—He has before declared that there is a plot against his life and crown and that Hermione is federary with Polixenes and Camillo—Dr Johnson.

ACT II. SCENE II.

In the outer room of a prison in Sicilia Paulina enters with a gentleman and wants to see the queen. Leontes, anticipating her more, has ordered the governer of the gaol not to admit her to the presence of the Queen. Paulina however contrives to meet Emilia, the attendant of the queen, who informs her of the birth of a daughter to the queen in prison. Paulina takes the new-born baby from the Queen to present the child to the king, by which she thinks, she would be able to soften the heart of Leontes.

l. 19. **No stain**—'Here is such a fuss to make that which is no stain at all a stain so black that it can not be coloured—Furness.

as passes all colouring—"as outdoes all the arts of painting"—Hudson.

l. 30. **lunes**—madness and fits of lunacy, tantrums.

Paulina exclaims in anger. Her diagnosis of Leontes' conduct towards his queen as sheer madness.

l. 45. **free**—innocent.

l. 46. **Presently**—instantly.

l. 52. **wit**—intellectual power.

l. 55. **come something nearer**—

Paulina is not actually inside the prison, but stands without at the Gate or Entrance and Emilia asks her to enter or to come further within it.

Dover wilson thinks Paulina and Emilia are on the outer stage ; and as Emilia speaks, she motions with her hand towards the inner stage or one of the side doors and then exits.

l. 57. **to pass it**—I know not what penalty I shall incur as the consequence of or for letting it pass.—Furness.

ACT II. SCENE III.

Leontes is carrying a heart within him torn by jealousy and he is on the verge of madness. He is contemplating revenge on his faithless wife and treachrous friend. Leontes, in this scene, is pacing to and fro in the gallery of the palace. Paulina forces herself into his presence. She places the new-born infant at its fathers feet. She is follwed swiftly by her husband, Antigonus, and lords.

Angry king had a duel of wit and exchange of hard words with Paulina as she insists, that the child is the king's own and Leontes blindly asserts its bastardy. Paulina is forced out of king's presence ; and she leaves the child behind. Antigonus, as the husband of the refractory wayward Paulina, becomes the victim of King's wrath, roused by Paulina's audacity and obstinacy.

Antigonus promises to do the bidding of his king by swearing on his sword after he had persuaded the king to save the

child from the cruel death by burning. Leontes orders Antigonus to bear it to some remote and desert place outside the king's dominion and leave the child, a victim of chance and fate for its destruction or survival. Antigonus takes the child with him and departs.

Cleomenes and Dion arrive back from Delphos with the oracle after twenty-three days. Leontes orders for an open trial of the Queen where he would read the oracle before the assembly of his noblemen.

l. 4. **harlot king**—'harlot' was originally used of either sex indifferently. It means little more than fellow :

l. 5. **arm**—Beyond my reach, beyond the aim of any attempt that I can make against him 'blank' and 'level' are terms of archery. plot-proof beyond the range of shot.

l. 8. **moiety**—a portion.

ll. 12-17. **To see his noblness etc.**—

Leontes' description of the sickness of the young prince, occasioned by grief at the shame of his mother, gives exactly the symptoms to be expected in such a case of nervous disturbance in a child, arising from grief and shame.—Bucknill. Furness thinks the terrifying looks and brutal violence of his father, his mother's grief and the separation from his mother caused the nervous break-down in the boy.

l. 17. **Solely**—That is, leave me alone.

l. 27. **be second to me**—help me, assist me.

l. 30. **free**—innocent, 'more free from that particular taint which is the ground of her husband's jealousy.'—Furness.

l. 35. **Creep**—muffled sounds disturb the king more than louder noises.

l. 41. **Gossips**—sponsors whom the king will need for the baptism of his new-born child.

l. 48. **Commit**—may mean inprison.

Committing honour—is a sarcasm ; you do not commit honour but dishonourable crime or sin.

l. 50. **La you**—May mean, lo ! behold as an interjection.

l. 52. **stumble**—It is said that even a stumbling horse will not stumble when going at full speed—Stearns.

l. 56. **comforting your evils**—encouraging you by a vicious compliance to persist in those evils.

l. 62. **the worst about you**—a fling at the courtiers who, Paulina thinks, inflame the jealousy of the king by their acquiscence without protest. Were she a man, the worst of these courtiers, she would vindicate her mistress's honour against the king's suspicion, in single combat.—Furness.

l. 67. **mankind witch**—bold masculine, as if she were a man.

l. 68. **intelligencing**—one who acts as an intermediary.

l. 74. **Woman-tired**—hen-pecked.

l. 75. **Dame Partlet**—This is the name of the hen in the old story of **Reynard the Fox.** Also in Chaucer's **Nonne Prestis Tale.**

l. 76. **Crone**—A **crone** is an old toothless sheep : thence an old woman.—Steevens.

l. 79. **forced baseness**—Leontes had ordered Antigonus to take up the bastard. Paulina forbids him to touch the princess under that appellation. Dr. Johnson. In **Lear** Edmund says, why brand us they with base—bastard ?

l. 89. **compelled to't**—on account of his supreme, autocratic principle.

l. 91. **Calleb**—a trull, a drab, a jude.

l. 93. **brat**—of uncertain origin.

l. 97. **The old proverb**—The proverb is in Overbury's character of 'A Sergeant !' The devil calls him his white son ; he is so like him, that he is the worst for it and he takes after his father—Staunton.

l. 102. **tricks**—lineament.

l. 107. **yellow**—the colour of jealousy.

l. 109. **lozel**—a bad worthless fellow.

l. 115. **It is an heretic etc.**—religious persecution condemned heretics to be burnt at the stake. Hudson, from this speech of Paulina, thinks Shakespeare was a Protestant and a true Christian.

l. 154. **I am a feather**—The constant plea of an obstinate head strong man on the point of yielding—Furness. Leontes

naively betrays the weakness of conviction and with which underlies his violence—Herford.

l. 160. **Lady Margery**—"A 'Margery-Prater' was a cart term for a hen, and Lady Margery is therefore, a variant on 'Dame Partlet'—Dover Wilson.

l. 160 **Mid-wife**—Is this word 'mild wife' ?

l. 168. **Sword**—It was in ancient days the custom to swear by the cross on the handle of a sword. In the pagan world of Greeks, it is an anachronism.

l. 182. **Strangely**—extraneous, foreign as a stranger cast the child without provision.

l. 189. **Sir, be prosperous**—Antigonus takes his leave with two wishes.

The first, that the king may enjoy more prosperity than such a deed as this of exposing the child could with any right **demand**, or in reason **expect,**. The second wish is, that the **blessing** of Heaven may protect the poor child, **condemned to be exposed,** against the intended effects of its father's **cruelty**.

l. 192. **loss**—exposure.

l. 193. **Posts**—messages.

l. 198. **beyond accompt**—beyond any of which we have account, unprecedented.

l. 206. **burthen**—He had yet to learn how much heavier a burden his heart would have to bear—Lady Martin.

l. 207. **Think upon**—meditate upon my order.

ACT III. SCENE I.

This scene could as well be the last scene of Act II. Cleomenes and Dion are arrived from Delphos, as we know from the preceding scene. They are before an inn upon a high road in Sicilia. Cleomenes and Dion are easing their legs, as they wait for fresh horses. So think Dover Wilson.

"After all the prophetic vehemence of Paulina and the insane passion of Leontes", Lady Martin, feels that "something in a gentler strain was needed to calm the emotion of the audience and lift them into a serener air, before showing Hermione upon her trial."

l. 4. **it cause me**—"It" may relate to the whole spectacle **habits**—dress, costume of the priests of Delphi.—the seat of the oracle.

l. 9. **ear-deafning**—refering to the manner the oracle uttered the prophecy.

l. 10. **event**—The result will be as advantageous to the queen as the journey has been pleasant to us.

l. 14. The time is worth the use on't :

'If the event proves fortunate to the Queen .....the happy issue of our journey will compensate for the time expended in it, and the fatigue we have undergone.

ACT III. SCENE II.

A Court of justice : at the back of the stage Leontes is seated on a chair of state ; his Lords and officers about him. A crowd of people in front of the dais where the king is seated. Leontes starts the proceedings of the trial and calls for the prisoner to appear before the court.

Hermione is brought in by the guards and Paulina and other ladies attend to her. As murmurs of anger and sympathy from the crowd subside, the officer reads the indictment. Hermione is accused of high treason, of committing adultery with Polixenes, king of Bohemia, and of conspiring with Camillo to kill the king. She had been also guilty of advising and aiding Camillo and Polixenes to fly away by night from Sicilia.

In a dignified and eloquent speech Hermione asserts her innocence. She would welcome death but she is more concerned about her honour. She finally appeals to the oracle to prove her innocence.

The oracle proclaims : 'Hermione is chaste, Polixenes blameless, Camillo a true subject, Leontes a jealous tyrant, his innocent babe truly begotten, and the king shall live without an heir, if that which is lost be not found'

Nobles and commoners rejoice at this :

Leontes, angry and baffled shouts

'There is no truth at all in the oracle'
The session shall proceed ; this is more falsehood.

At this psychological moment a servant enters in great haste and announces the sudden death of prince Mamillius. Hermione faints and is carried away by Paulina and other ladies.

Leontes mourns for his sudden misfortune and realises his folly and says : 'Apollo's angry and the heavens themselves do strike at my injustice.'

Paulina returns to announce the death of Hermione to the king. Paulina chastises the woe begone king with the valour of her tongue mercilessly.

Humbled by grief Leontes patiently suffers as he hears Paulina's cruel words. In a chestened and subdued mood, wrought by suffering and repentance he vows to spend the rest of his life shedding tears over the graves of his wife and son, killed by his cruelty.

Stopford Brooke remarks that the scene is intended to bring out the deep penitence of the king, to prepare for future happiness—sixteen years away—and to make clear that his guilt was not rooted in his nature, but was the result of a sudden storm of evil, overwhelming a nature, naturally noble. When Paulina at last forgives, the storm dies down and the scene ends in a strain of quiet sorrow.

l. 6. **Even**—Justice shall have its due course ; equal to the guilt, or the innocence, which shall appear in the queen upon her trial, equal, impartial.

l. 7. **Purgation**—proving her innocence ; the excessive perturbation of mind in Leontes is expressed in broken sentences.

l. 18. **pretence**—a scheme laid, a design formed.

l. 26. **Integrity**—"my virtue being accounted wickedness, my assertion of it will pass but for a lie"—Johnson.

l. 28. **But thus**—But as I have to speak, this is what I say.

l. 29. **as they do**—The fervour, faith, courage, yet simplicity, summed up in these three syllables, it would be difficult to match—Cowden Clarke.

l. 35. **which**—which unhappiness.

l. 36. **history**—Tragic tale, **pattern**—find parallel.

l. 37. **to take**—impress.

l. 38. **owe**—own.

l. 42. **for life etc.**—"Life is to me only grief and as such only is considered by me ; I would, therefore, willingly dismiss it—Dr. Johnson.

'Life and grief Hermione holds now to be inseparable and would willingly be rid of both.

l. 44. **'Tis a derivative from me to mine**—Similar leutiment in Ecclesiasticus iii, II.—'The glory of a man is from the honour of his father ; a mother in dishonour is a reproach unto her children.'

l. 49. **with what etc.**—"Hermione adjures him to reveal in what way, since Polixenes came, she had so strained her conscience or her marriage oaths by unseemly behaviour as to merit this public trial."—Dover Wilson.

encounter—with Polixenes, Since he came, in what blameable manner have I met his friendship ?

With what encounter have I strain'd to appear thus ? **uncurrent**—here unallowable ; **strained** means to go astray, to swerve from the right path.

l. 56. **wanted Less impudence**—sense ; had more impudence.

l. 59. **More than mistress**—'I must not acknowledge myself guilty of faults imputed to me, for which I am not answerable—Herford.

l. 71. **for conspiracy** –'I am an utter stranger to its taste, and should be so even if it were served up for me to try. —Deighton.

l. 76. **Wotting**—knowing : from Anglo-Saxon verb **witan**—to know.

l. 81. **level**—'my life—the actions you impute to me and your dreams are on a level'—Furness. Her life is within the range of his idle suspicions'—Irving.

l. 86. **concerns**—Troubles you without availing with us.

l. 87. **Like to itself**—as a brat should be cast out.

l. 91. **Sir, spare your threats etc.**—Hermione's las speech at the trial is, I am apt to think, the solidest piece of eloquence in the language—Furness.

l. 93. **bug**—ghost, holigoblin, scarecrow.

l. 100. **it**—its.

l. 101. **post**—posts to which play-bills were affixed, we know from allusions in old plays, or posts to which were affixed the royal offiicial summons for a session.—Furness.

l. 104. **of all fashion**—'of all degrees, high and low alike'.

l. 106. **Limit**—'before even I have regained a limited degree of strength'—Halliwell.

l. 109. **no life**—After Hermione has ended her defence, a thought about her honour flashes on her mind. She does not care for life, 'I prize it not a straw', she exclaims. She speaks for her honour.

l. 115. **'Tis rigour and not law**—means it is tyranny dictated by revenge and not according to law.

l. 122. **Flatness of my misery**—That is how low, how **flat** I am laid by my calamity.

l. 123. **of pity not revenge**—'from the first she transcends all blind resentment and has true pity for the man who wrongs her'—Drowden.

l. 143. **mere conceit**—pure conception.

l. 144. **Speed**—of the events of the queen's trial.

l. 144. **Is dead** :—'And even in her daughter's embrace it seems hard if his mother should have utterly forgotten the little voice that had only time to tell her just eight words of that ghost story which neither she nor we were ever to hear ended !—Swinburne.

Upon this, a cry echoes through the hall like a death-knell : the cry of a soul from which all happiness, all hope, are gone ; the cry of a broken heart, which shakes every other in the assembled crowd ; a cry that will ring in the ears of Leontes even after, and that even now chases from his brain every mad delusion—Lady Martin.

l. 161. **tardied**—delayed to execute.

l. 162. **though I with death**—though I with death did threaten him not doing it and with reward did encourage him, it being done.

l. 164. **being done**—it being done.

l. 166. **practice**—Treachery, strategem.

l. 169 **rust**—The dark growth of cruelty and suspicion which has overlaid me.

l. 171. **blacker**—This vehement retraction of Leontes is a sign of his violent temper and his present agitated mind conscious of its guilt.

l. 172. **O, cut my lace, test my heart etc.**—

this 'chilling dash of rant' may mean Paulina is not really convinced that the queen was truly dead.

l. 174. **wheels-racks, fires, flaying, boling are**—all different forms of punishment or instruments of torture.

l. 183. **spices**—serves only to season it, to give it a zest. A small but characteristic portion.—Herford.

l. 185. **of a fool**—'being a fool naturally, last improved thy folly by inconstancy'—Coleridge.

l. 191. **devil**—"A devil would have shed tears of pity o'er the damned ere he would have committed such an action" —Steevens.

l. 204. **tincture**—Paulina gives four signs of death, which if they existed, would go a long way to enforce her opinion, although it is confessedly a difficult medical problem to fix upon certain signs of the recent cessation of life.

The signs she gives are the pallor, the lustreless eye, the cessation of breath, and the loss of animal heat—Bucknill.

l. 207. **heavier etc.**—These things are too heavy for all thy afflictions, self-inflicted by way of penance, to remove; nothing but despair remains for you.

l. 222. **receive affliction**—Paulina sees that she has gone too far, and has moved the grieved king too much. Do not take my petition to Heaven for vengeance too much to heart—Dover Wilson.

l. 224. **minded**—reminded.

l. 225. **good my liege**—Paulina imagines that the king does not listen to her, so deeply bowed is his head and closely veiled are his eyes—Furness.

l. 227. **fool again**—Fool as I am to remind you again of the Queen.

l. 232. **I receive etc.**—I appreciate your bitter truth. I would rather listen to your recrimination than suffer your pity.

l. 239. **recreation**—restoration to health.

ACT III. SCENE III.

We are in this scene transported from Sicilia to a desert part of Bohemia near the sea.

The ship, with Antigonus and Leontes' child, is driven by a storm upon the coast of Bohemia. Antigonus, according to his oath to the king, leaves the child dressed in rich clothes, on the deserted sea-shore. While going back to the ship, Antigonus is pursued and killed by a bear. Perdita, the kin's daughter is found by a Shepherd and his son. The Shepherd carries the child home and brings her up as his own daughter. And the ship which bore the child is lost in the sea.

Two parts of the play—the first part with a distinct tragic note and the second part with a bucolic atmosphere, a fit background for comedy—are linked together in this scene.

Hudson thinks of this clever plot construction and imaginative arrangement of the scene by Shakespeare, as very cleverly done. This scene also helps with the succeeding scene where the Shepherd and his son appear to keep the continuity of the plot inspite of the yawning gap of time in the interval.

l. 1. **Perfect**—Certain, well assured.

Compare : **Cymbeline**—Act III i—73-75.

I am—**Perfect.**

That the Pannonians and Dalmations for their liberties are now in arms.

The idea of a maritime Bohemia is taken from Greene. "Egistus, king of Sycilia, who in his youth had been brought up with Pandosto, desirous to show that neither tract of time, nor distance of place could diminish their former friendship, Provided a navy of ships and sailed into Bohemia to visit his old friend and companion."

Shakespeare has transposed the two kingships in this play.

l. 2. **Bohemia**—

Ben Johnson remarked to William Drummond of Howthornden in 1619 :

"Shakespeare, in a play, brought in a number of men saying they had suffered ship-wreck in Bohemia, where there is no sea near by some hundred miles."

l. 6. **blustery**—roaring of the wind.

21 2. **I never saw vessel of like sorrow so filled, so becoming.**—Antigonus describes an expression which only the greatest masters have realized in art; grief the most poignant rather enhancing the beauty of a countenance than deforming it. Stopford Brooke finds in the appearance of the astral body of Hermione in the dream of Antigonus the image of the motherhood of the abandoned child.

l. 26. **became the spouts**—shed torrents of tears.

l. 33. **Perdita**—the lost one.

l. 39. **toys**—trifles.

l. 40. **superstitiously**—"contrary to the Protestant doctrine that 'the spirits of the dead may not walk again."—Dover Wilson.

l. 47. **character**—the written account: 'that which marks you what you are i.e. thy description, the writing afterwards discovered with Perdita.

l. 49. **still rest thine**—'Poor Blossom, good speed to thee.' which may happen, despite thy present desolate condition, if fortune please to adopt thee (thou pretty one!), and remain thy constant friend :—Staunton. 'Which may—if Fortune please, both breed the pretty, and still rest thine.'

"May this gold not only serve for thy up bringing but a portion of it remain unspent for your subsequent use.

l. 55. **Lullaby**—this word is taken from Green's **Pandosto** 'shall thou have the whisling winds for they lullaby, and the salt sea, instead of milk.

l. 56. **a savage clamour**—This clamour was the cry of the dogs and hunters, then seeing the bear he cries, 'this is the chase'.

l. 57. **I am gone for ever**—Sir Walter Raleigh does not approve of this final exit of Antigonus. Henslowe's Bear–Garden must have supplied a bear for this scene to the Globe theatre.

l. 59. **ten**—ten seems to be too early for sowing wild oats; some editors would correct it to sixteen.

l. 62. **ancientry**—elder people.

l. 63. **boiled brains**—seething brains.

l. 69. **barne**—a child, bairn in the Scotch form.

l. 70. **Child**—a female child.

l. 92 **land-service**—in the military sence clown uses this expression – Warburton.

Service may signify a course of dishes at table the Clown says,—'And then to see what was dished up on land'—Funress.

l. 95. **flap-dragoned**—swallowed it.

A flap-dragon is a small combustible body, fired at one end, and afloat in a glass of liquor. It is an act of a toper's dexterity to loss off the glass in such a manner as to prevent the flap-dragon from doing mischief—Jonson.

l. 106. **Your charity would have lack footing** –

Your charity would have no place to stand upon or as Dover Wilson interprets this line : referring to the fashion of day for establishing charitable foundations, such establishments, of course, not being encouraged by heirs, of which the clown was one.

l. 110. **bearing-cloth**—This is the fine mantle or cloth with which a child is usually covered when it is carried to the church to be baptized—Percy.

l. 113. **Changeling**—The child that had been stolen away by the fairies and not one left behind.

l. 114. **a made old man**—Your fortune's made by this advertitious treasure—Theobold.

An echo from Greene's **Pandosto** :

"The good man desired his wife to be quiet ; if she would hold peace, they mere **made** for ever.

l. 115. **Well to live**—You are well off as regards living. You are well to do.

l. 118. **Keep it close**—To divulge the possession of fairies 'gifts was supposed to entail misfortune. Thus Ben Jonson— 'A princes' secrets are like fairy favours, wholesome if kept; but poison if discovered—Staunton.

l. 122 **next way**—nearest way.

l. 127. **curst**—cross-grained, ill-tempered, fierce, irascible, angry.

l. 129. **good deed**—Thrive and do good was probably a familiar expression.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The hiatus in the sequence of time is bridged here by time itself presented on the stage as the Chorus. Before the next act opens, sixteen years pass after the end of third act. The speech of the chorus at first is an apology for the violation of the unity of time in the play, by the dramatist. The idea of mutabilitly and change associated with time makes it triumptant over Nature. Time also establishes custom and law and destroys them at its will. Time creates and destroys everything on earth. Greene must have all these ideas about time in his mind when he gave the title of his novel as **Pandosto or the triumph of time.**

In his plays and poems Shakespeare contemplates often on the relation between Time and Nature, Time and death, Time and Timelessness.

Hotspur, in Henry IV part I, speaks out in agony before his last moments expire :

> But thought's is the slave of time, and life time's fool
> And time, that takes survey of all the world
> Must have a stop.

In his sonnet No. 15, Shakeskeare writes :

> Where wasteful time debabeth with Decay
> To change your day of youth to sullied night.

Again in Sonnet No. 19,

> Yet do thy worst, old time ; despite thy wrong,
> My love shall in my verse ever live young.

Thoughts that underlie the speech of time as the chorus may be Shakespeares's own ; but the modes of expression and form are so flat that critics like Heath and others would like to believe this chorus as an interpolation of the players and not the genuine product of Shakespeare's pen. Hudson remarks :

"Certainly if Shakespeare wrote this chorus, his hand must have lapsed from, or forgot, its cunning for the time" —Workmanship is at once clumpsy, languid and obscure. Shakespeare, indeed is often obscure ; but his obscurity almost always results from compression of thought, not from clumsiness of tongue or brain."

Perhaps Shakespeare felt after completing the play that exigencies of the stage—production demanded an interlude after the end of third act. Or in the middle of a rehearsal of the play, it was found that the glaring gap of time so wide that some connecting scene was suggested by the players themselves and Shakespeare wrote this scene in a hurry for the players.

This scene is an interlude connecting the two parts of the play. For as Hudson says : "During the first three Acts the interest of the play is mainly tragic : the scene is densely crowded with incidents ; the action hurried, abrupt, almost spasmodic ; the style quick and sharp, flashing off point after point in brief, sinewy strokes ; and all is rapidity and dispatch ; what with the insane fury of the king, the noble agony of the Queen, the enthusiasm of the Court in her behalf, and the king's violene toward both them and her, the mind is kept on the jump ; all which, if continued to the end, would generate rather a tumult and hubbub in the thoughts, than that inward music which the title of the play promises ; not to say that such a prolonged hurry of movement would at length become monotonous and wearisome. Far otherwise the latter half of the play. Here the anticipations proper to a long, leisurely winter evening are fully met ; the general effect is soothing and composing ; the tones, dipped in sweetness, full gently on the ear, disposing the mind to be still and listen and contemplate ; thus making the play, as Coleridge descirbes it, 'exquisitely respondent to the title !

Thus the two parts of the play, so different in tone and atmosphere are linked together into a unity by this introduction of Time as the Chorus.

l. 4. **Impute it not a crime etc.**—It is no sin that sixteen years pass in silence before the story is taken up again and unfolded in the plot of the drama. Time can establish and overthrow custom and law in the self-same hour.

ll. 8-9. **Law...custom**—Reasoning of time is not clear ; he seems to mean that he who has broken so many laws may now break another ; that he who introduced everything may introduce Perdita in her sixteenth year—Dr. Johnson. Laws and customs of drama may be an alternative meaning.

ll. 10-11. **The same I am**—Her time entreats that he may pass as of old, before any order or succession of objects, ancient or modern, distinguish his periods—Dr. Johnson.

l. 15. **Now seems to it**—as my tale now seems : stale in comparison with the glistering at hand.—Furness.

l. 16. **my glass**—Time is an old man with a bald pate, with a forelock, and he carries a scythe and an hour-glass.

l. 21. **mentioned**—The chorus did not mention it before Hudson's text reads 'remember will A mention'd son of the king's etc.'

l. 25. **Equal with wond'ring**—equal to the admiring amazement it excites—Chafton.

l. 26. **list**—wish.

l. 28. **adheres**—concerns, pertains.

l. 29. **Of this allow...If even you have etc**—Thus Time concludes his apology for the interval of sixteen years. The Chorus says : Approve of my conduct in sliding over sixteen years if you found ever any worse entertainment than this play; if you have not done so, my sincere prayer is that you may never feel this disregard of the unity of time in this play.

This may be a defence against Ben Jonson's ridicule and sidney's complaints. Sir Philip Sidney, in his **Apologic for Poetrie**, 1595 complains that the dramatic authors of his time are "faulty both in place and time, the two necessary corporal actions. For ordinary it is that two young Princes fall in love. After many traverses, she is got with child, delivered of a fair boy, he is lost, groweth a man, falls in love and is ready to get another child and all this in two hour's space ; which how absurd it is in sense, even sense may imagine, and Art hath taught and all ancient examples justified."

We meet King Polixenes and Camillo after sixteen years, after their flight from Sicily in a room in the palace of King at Bohemia. Camillo longs to return to Sicily as Leontes, the repentant king of Sicilia had sent for him. Polixenes wants to keep Camillo longer and tries to dissuade him from going back to Sicilia. Polixenes talks of his son, Prince Florizel, who is constantly absent from the palace and is keeping the company of a shepherdess, in the home of her old father. Polixenes resolves to go in disguise with Camillo and follow the prince to the Shepherd's house.

l. 2. **Sickness**—suffering.

l. 3. **fifteen years**—should be sixteen years.

This is a slip of Shakespeare's ;he intended the number to be sixteen. It is evident from Time's speech.

l. 4. **aired**—to lead forth to lend about or living and breathing abroad.

l. 19. **heaping friendships**—I will for the future be more liberal of recompence, from which I shall receive this advantage, that as I heap benefits, I shall reap friendships as I confer favours on thee I shall increase the friendship between us. **Friendships**—friendly service—Dr. Johnson.

l. 31. **missingly**—I have observed him at intervals.

To miss—to feel the want of, to regret the absence of.

'Observed him to be missing' is another meaning.

l. 34. **Which look upon his removedness**—

Those who observed his absence from court, 'I am having the youngman kept under my observation. father is setting spies upon his son.

l. 35. **from very nothing**—from abject poverty

l. 40. **grown into an unspeakable estate**—become amazingly rich.

unspeakable—inaffable, which can not be properly described.

l. 45. **But I fear**—But to be it is significant that the beauty of the Shepherd's daughter draws my son.

Angle—a fishing rod, the baited look.

l. 47. **Question**—talk, conversation.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

Autolycus dressed in a ragged jerkin sings happily standing on a field-path leading to a stile, near the Shepherd's cottage. He is a rogue and watches the clown going on his way to the market to purchase things for the coming sheep-shearing festival. Autolycus hides behind a bush and overbears the clown's soliloquy. He staggers forward and falls upon the ground and cries out for help. The clown lifts him up and while leaning on the Clown, Autolycus picks his pocket. The rogue tells the Clown that he has been robbed and beaten and stripped of his fine clothes and left on the way side. He is glad and glvats

over his mischief done to the Clown and resolves to attend the sheep-shearing festival for further mischief.

The song of Autolycus takes us to bucolic life with all its flowers and birds and innocent maidens. Autolycus is a merry rogue and enjoys his fooling and robbing of the Clown. Our moral judgment is laid asleep as we laugh at his wit and gaiety while he fleeces the Clown.

l. 1. **peer**—short for appear.

l. 2. **doxy**—A woman beggar, a queen.

l. 4. **red blood**—the red blood of spring reigns in the place of the pale blood of winter.

l. 7. **pugging**—excites my stealing propensity as I see other men's sheets drying on the hedge.

l. 8. **For a quart**—for by the sale of the stolen sheets I could buy a quart of ale.

l. 11. **Aunts**—This may mean a woman of character or hoydens.

l. 13. **Three pile**—costly velvet.

ll. 15-22. **But etc.**—But that is no reason why I should be downcast; by the light of the moon when I have able to carry on my petty thefts, and when I seem to be going wrong, to have lost my way, I am then going in what is the right path for me—that is, I am most successful in thieving. If tinkers are allowed to live and wander about the country carrying with them their leather sack for tools and freely plying their trade, then there is no reason why I should not give an account of my occupation, or openly avow it when put in the stocks. —Deighton.

Stock—an instrument of torture and punishment.

l. 23. **My traffic is sheets etc.**—When I am on the tramp, people may expect to have their sheets stolen, just as when the kite is building they may expect to have odd pieces of linen carried off if left on the drying lines after washing or exposed anywhere in the open air. He is the human kite that carries off everything that comes in his way—Furness.

l. 24. **Autolycus**—In Greek mythology, Autolycus was the son of Mercury, the patron god of thieves. **littered**—born.

l. 27. **die and drab.....Caparison**—with gaming and women, I acquired these rags.

l. 28. **Chilly cheat**—picking pockets or play at false dice.

l. 28. **Gallows and knocks**—The resistance which a hieghway man encounters in the fact, and the punishment which he suffers on detection, withhold me from daring robbery and determine me to silly cheat and petty theft—Dr. Johnson.

l. 29. **For the life to come etc**—

This line reminds us of Macbeth hesitating to risk his peace of mind for days and nights to come. But Autolycus will have to terrors of the gallows hanging over him, the thought of what the next day may bring shall never break his slumber; all thoughts of his future living shall be forgotten in sleep.—Furness.

l. 32. **Every 'leven wether tods**—Eleven sheep yield a tod—that is—28 lbs. of wool.

l. 34. **Spring**—trap.

l. 35. **counters**—pieces of false money used for wanting the coins.

l. 42. **Three-man song-men**—Singers of songs in three parts.

l. 43. **means**—tenors.

l. 43. **Puritan**—a cheerful Puritan singing psalms to lively tunes.

l. 45. **Warden**—a kind of pears.

l. 47. **a race**—root.

l. 50. **me**—Dr. Johnson thinks this word should be blotted out. The Clown is frightened and calls the Trinity in prayer.

l. 59. **great matter**—is a good deal indeed.

l. 84. **troll-my-dames**—a game like bagabelle or it may mean a wanton woman.

l. 90. **no more but abide**—And yet it will barely or with difficulty remain—Staunton. **abide**—stay for a time.

l. 92. **ape-bearer**—One who had an ape and carried with him wherever he went or a Juggler with words.

l. 94. **compass'd a motion etc.**—a puppet show, he was a man with a puppet-show.

l. 98. **prig**—here it means a thief.

l. 99. **Wakes**—feast of the dedication of a church, formerly kept by watching all night. The local annual festival of an English Parish observed (originally on the feast of the patron saint of the church), as an occasion for making holiday, entertainment of friends, and often for village sports, dancing and other amusements (N. E. D.)

l. 119. **Unrolled**—Begging gypsies were in gangs and companies in Shakespeare's time. From this noble society he wishes he may be unrolled if he does not and so.

l. 120. **Jog on jog on**—The words of the song are in the **Antidote against Melancholy**, 1661.

l. 121. **hent**—to seize.

ACT IV. SCENE III.

For simple purity and sweetness, the scene which unfolds the loves and characters of the Prince and Princess is not surpassed by anything in Shakespeare. Whatsoever is enchanting in romance, lovely in innocence, elevated in feeling, and sacred in faith, is here concentrated, forming, all together, one of those things which we always welcome as we do the return of spring, and over which our feelings may renew their youth or ever. So long as flowers bloom and hearts love, they will do it in the spirit of this scene—So writes Hudson in praise of this exquisite bucolic scene.

This scene opens in a room in the Shepherd's Cottage. Florizel and Perdita are dressed for the Sheep—Shearing festival. Perdita, in a flowery gown has a garland on her head. She is Flora and Florizel is her attendant swain.

The Shepherd, Clown, Mopsa Dorcas and other come in, and Polixenes and Camillo, both disguised are among the guests. Polixenes struck by her charm and grace thinks of Perdita as the Queen of curds and cream.

From the Shepherd Polixenes learns that Doricles, the Prince in disguise dancing at the moment with Perdita, is sincerely in love with her. Autolycus enters as a Pedlar, singing merrily. He plays his tricks on the shepherds and shepherdesses gathered round him. Then there is a dance of satyrs.

Polixenes talks with the Prince and learns from his lips how deep he is in love with Perdita and the Shepherd proposes to unite the hands of the lovers. Then Polixenes throws off his disguise, reveals himself as the king and pronounces his curse upon the innocent lovers. He forbids the prince to enter the Shepherd's cottage on pain of death, curses the Shepherd as a traitor, humiliates Perdita as an excellent piece of wichcraft and departs in anger.

Camillo stays behind and helps the young lovers to run away. Florizel is to take Perdita to the court of Leontes, King of Sicilia. Camillo assists them to escape from Bohemia. Autolycus is forced to exchange garments with the prince, who, accompanied by Perdita and Camillo enters a ship that lies in the harbour.

Autolycus who poses now as a courtier sees the Shepherd and the Clown, who are on their way to the king's court to prove to the king that Perdita is not the shepherd's daughter he fardel and box, they picked up sixteen years ago by the sea-shore. Instead of taking them to the king's court, Autolycus takes them to the Prince on board the ship. And they all with the Prince eventually would land in Sicilia.

Two things critics fail to understand and to condone. One is the sudden outburst of Polixenes harsh and grateful, the other his foolish neglect which gives opportunity for the Prince to escape.

l. 1. **unusual weeds**—Perdita is dressed as Flora—the goddess of flowers.

l. 2. **peering**—appearing.

l. 6. **extremes**—extravagance of your praises or extravagance of his conduct in obscuring himself in a swain's wearing.

l. 8. **The gracious mark O'th' land**—'the object the nation's pride and hope'—Clarke.

l. 10. **pranked up**—adorned.

l. 11. **mess**—(1) literally one of the groups of persons, normally four (sitting together and helped from the same dishes) into which the company at a banquet was commonly divided.

l. 14. **Swoon**—She should blush to see the Prince so obscured, and swoon to see herself so pranked up.

l. 17. **difference**—the difference between his rank and hers.

forges—produces, fills me with awe.

l. 22. **bound up**—a metaphor from book and book-binding.

l. 23. **flaunts**—finery, rich clothes.

l. 24. **apprehend**—conceive.

l. 25. **The god themselves etc.**—

Compare **Dorastus and Fawnia**—"The Gods above disdain not to love women beneath. Phoebus liked Sibilla, Jupiter too, and why not I Fawnia? One something inferior to these in birth, but superior to them in beauty.

And yet Dorastus shame not at thy shepherd's weed; the heavenly gods have sometimes earthly thoughts. Neptune became a ram, Jupiter a bull, Apollo a Shepherd etc."

The gods also have assumed human shape and disguise to love earthly women. They even assumed the shape of beasts to make love to daughters of men. Jupiter became a bull to carry away Europa. Neptune, changed Theopane into a sheep and carried her away from her suitors and transformed himself into a sheep to win her love. Apollo became a Shepherd to woo Isse, daughter of Macarews.

l. 34. **Since my desires etc.**—My love has no lust in it, nor his lust would destroy his loyalty to her.

l. 39. **Or I my life**—She will forfieit her life. Or it may mean, when she is parted from Florizel by the king she would weep out the rest of her days.

l. 41. **forced thoughts**—Thoughts far-fetched, and not arising from the present objects.

l. 56. **Pantler**—the servant who had charge of the pantry where bread was kept, like butler (bouteillier) who had charge of the cellar where bottles of wine were kept.

l. 74. **Rosemary and rue**—Spenser spoke of this herb Rosemary as the cheerful and refreshing Rosemarie. With its evergreen leaves and fine aromatic scent. It is the herb sacred to remembrance, and therefore to friendship. It is the plant that delights in the sea-spray—**Ros marinus** or **Ros maris**. The word has no connection with rose or mary. **Rue**:

ophelia distributes the same plants—'There's rosamary, that's for remembrance, there's rue for you ; we may call it Herb of grace. Rue is a medicinable herb.

l. 79. **ancient**—Perdita's excuses for offering Rosamary is that the garden are at this season barren of such flowers as belonged to the period of life which precides age the gallivors.

l. 83. **nature's bastard**—Carnation and gallivors (a kind of carnation) are produced by artificial crossing.

l. 85. **ships**—twigs cut for planting or gratting.

l. 87. **art**—transmission of the pollen from one flower to another of a different colour.

l. 90. **over that art**—Over those arts which change Nature there rule laws which Nature makes. This passage shows Shakespeare's Intimate knowledge of plants and flowers, his love of gardening and the country.

l. 97. **So it is**—it is uttered by Pendita with her eye on Florizel the "gentle scion" to marry the wildest stock'.

l. 100. **dibble**—instrument for making holes in the ground for planting seeds.

l. 116. **O, Proserpina etc.**—It is evident from **Venus and Adonis** that Shakespeare had read Ovid. These lines are an evident reminiscence of the passage in the fifth book of the **Metamorphoses** :

And as she from the upper part his garment would have sent

By chance she let her lap slip downe, and out her flowers went.

Wagon—Carriage.

Prosperpina, the daughter of Ceres, while gathering flowers at Enna, was carried off by force by Pluto or Dis, the god of Hades.

l. 119. **and take**—bewitch, fascinate.

l. 120. **Violets dim**—

Shakespeare joins the breath of Cytherea (Aphrodite—goddess of desire) with the eye-lids of Juno in this comparison. It refers to the fragrance of Violets.

ll. 122-125. **That die unmarried**—grows in the shade, hidden from the Sun, her lover, bold oxlips—because the flower stands erect and faces the sun.

l. 126. **Crown imperial**—a tall yellow flower.

l. 127. **Flower-de-luce**—tris or lily.

l. 129. **Corse**—corpse.

l. 134. **Whitsun pastorals**—the Theatrical performaces at whitsuntide.

ll. 143-46. **Each your doing**..**queens**—musical cadence and bul of motions caught from the waves of the sea flow from the lips of Florizel. Your manner in each act crowns the act, acts are queens, sovereign in nature, supreme in excellence.

are queens—may mean the acts of a queen.

l. 149. **Unstained**—that is pure-minded

l. 152. **Skill**—reason.

l. 160. **makes her blood look out**—that is makes her blush.

l. 161. **The queen of curds and cream**— a white-pot' queen—in Western May-games, white-pot is a kind of custard —Dover Wilson.

l. 168. **boasts himself**—proudly declares that he owns.

l. 169. **a worthy feeding**—a good farm-pasture.

l. 171. **sooth**—truthful.

l. 176. **featly**—gracefully.

l. 184. **tell**.—count.

l. 189. **doleful mater etc**—This is inn in the vain of Bottom's 'very tragical mirth' in **A Mid Summer Night's Dream**.

l, 193. **bawdry**—indecency.

l. 195. **Dildos and fadings**—obscure words used as refrains of ballads.

197. **gap**—break in the song.

l. 201. **conceited**—clever. **unbraided**—untarnished.

l. 204—**points**—a pun : laces with metal tags as well as points in an argument.

l. 207. **Inkle**—a kind of linen tape.

Caddiss—literally Worsted yarn, here used as short for caddis ribbon! from which garter etc. were made.

l. 209. **Sleeve-hand**—Urist-band, cuff.

l. 210. **Square**—embroidered yoke of a garment.

l. 219. **Cypress**—Crape, black lawn.

l. 222. **Bugle**—black head of glass, Cyclindrical in shape so as to be threaded on to a dress or in the form of bracelets.

l. 224. **quoifs**—head-dresses, **stomachers**—belts.

l. 227. **Poking-sticks**—These were heated in the fire and made use of to adjust the plaits of ruffs—Steevens.

l. 242—**Plackets**—a petticoat.

l. 244. **kill-hole**—or kiln-hole, a small building, or hovel containing a furnace for drying grain etc, or for making malt—a convenient place for a quiet talk—Dover Wilson.

l. 246. **Clammer**—make silent.

l. 248. **Tawdry-Lace**—a silk 'lace' or neck-tie worn by omen in the 16th and early 17th centuries, so called because S t. Andry (St. Etheldreda) died of a tumour in her throat which she regarded as a just retribution for the vanity of the splendid necklaces worn in her youth—Dover Wilson.

l. 255. **of charge**—Valuable.

l. 262. **carbonadoed**—cut in slices.

l. 272. **ballad of a fish**—In 1604 was entered on the Stationer's Registers : 'The most true and strange report of a monstrous fish that appeard in the form of a woman from the waist upward seen in the sea.

l. 320. **meddlar**—a sharer.

l. 324. **men of hair**–nimble, that leap as if they rebounded.

l. 324. **Saltiers**—satyrs.

l. 326. **gallimaufry**—a hotch potch.

l. 328. **bowling**—smoothness of a bowling green.

l. 335. **by the squier**—as measured by the square or fool rule.

l. 349. **marted**—marketed.

l. 350. **Interpretation should abuse**—put a wrong construction upon it.

l. 351. **Straited**—find it difficult.

l. 356. **not delivered**—not yet sanctified by marriage.

l. 361. **The fanned snow etc**—perfectly white, twice sifted by North Wind.

Compare **A Mid Summer Night's Dream**—That pure congealed white, high Taurees' snow Fann'd with the eastern wind turns to a crow when thou hold'st thy hand—Act III. 2,146ff.

l. 371. **swerve**—turn to admire.

l. 374. **Commend them and condemn them**—That is employ them to her service or consign them to hell and ruin.

l. 379. **By th'pattern etc.**—By the unsullied nature of my own thoughts, I estimate his.

l. 381. **bargain**—a betrothal.

l. 384. **One being dead**—speaks of his father's death.

l. 396. **alt'ring rheums**—weakening rheumatism.

l. 413. **mark**—bear witness to.

l. 414. **divorce**—separation.

l. 419. **Fresh piece of excellent witchcraft**—a beautiful creature exercising such fascination over others as if you know witchcraft.

l. 421. **Cop'st with**—meetest with.

l. 425. **Knack**—worthless toy.

l. 428. **Farre from Deucalion**—even going back before the Flood. Deucalion was the sole survivor of the deluge, which destroyed humanity. So he is the ancestor of human race.

l. 432. **Yea, him too...unworthy thee**—Yea, worthy of him, too, who apart from his royal blood, has proved himself unworthy of you, through his unfilial deception—Dover Wilson.

l. 439. **I was not much afoard**— :

"Her natural loftiness of spirit breaks out when she is menaced and reviled by the king. The sun looks on the cottage she says, as brightly as on the court. Her love lifts her above all fear. A momentary touch of sorrow and love makes her

turn to Florizel, 'Will't please your, Sir, begone ?" —Stopford Brooke.

l. 446. **Queen it**—play the queen.

l. 455. **Where no priest shovels in dust**—Meaning that he shall be buried under the gallows, without the burial service.

shovel's in—to cover as in a grave.

l. 462. **plucking back**—being pulled back.

l. 463. **not following my leash unwillingly**—not following the leash at all, not even unwillingly.

l. 471. **How often etc**—The noble indignation of Perdita is expressed here and she remains quietly down cast, with a silent reserve worthy of Hermione's daughter—Cowden-Clarke.

l. 476. **And mar the seed**—Campare **Lear** III ii 8 crack nature's mould, all germens spill at once.

l. 478. **fancy**—love.

l. 482. **Do bid it welcome**—That is unreason madness.

l. 487. **Wombs**—contains ; substantive used as a verb.

l. 496. **Tug**—contend.

l. 503. **Hark Perdita**—Perdita stands aloof while Florizel talks with Camillo, then the Prince hastens to convince her of his faith and persuade her to his views. In the meantime audience would hear the soliloquy of Camillo—which will reveal the plan to the audience.

l. 504. **He's irremovable**—He is irremovably resolved.

l. 507. **Purchase**—obtain.

l. 511. **curious**—particular.

l. 518. **as thought on**—in a degree to his appreciation of them.

l. 525. **disjunction**—separation.

l. 529. **discontenting**—incensed, **qualify**—pacify.

l. 535. **the unthought-on accident**—The unsuspected discovery made by Polixenes.

l. 548. **divides him**—Leontes would talk of past unkindness and his present good will he feel towards you and your father.

l. 551. **Faster**—quicker,

l. 552. **Colour**—pretext.

l. 562. **sap**—soundness.

l. 570. **Prosperity's the very bond of love,—**

Prosperity secures loyalty and love from others while affliction or adversity changes the shows and sincerity of that loyalty and love.

l. 573. **take in**—overcome.

l. 575. **these seven years**—for many years to come.

ll. 577-78. **She is as forward for her breeding as she is 'th' rear' our birth.**

She is as forward in respect of her breeding as she is backward in respect of her birth.

Or

She is as forward in respect to education and manners, as she is backward in respect to birth compared to me.

l. 579. **instruction**—education.

l. 584. **medicine**—physician.

l. 589. **appointed**—equipped.

l. 595. **pomander**—a ball composed of perfumes, worn to sweeten the breath and preserve from infection in time of plague.

l. 598. **hallowed**—sacred relics. **table-book**—memorandum-book.

l. 603. **pettitoes**—trotters.

l. 606. **placket**—petticoat.

l. 608. **my Sir's**—The Clown's.

l. 612. **Chonghs**—a kind of bird.

l. 629. **discase**—undress.

l. 635. **flayed**—undressed.

l. 642. **Let my prophecy come home to ye !**

May the prophecy I have just uttered, viz fortunate mistress' ! prove a true one.

l. 648. **disliken**—disguise.

l. 649. **For I do fear eyes over**—I fear overseeing eyes.

l. 655. **O Perdita ! what have we twain forgot—**

Just a dramatic expedient to introduce a conversation apart.

l. 670. **What a boot**—what great advantage would this exchange bring me.

l. 674. **clog**—encumbrance, that is Perdita.

l. 676. **Therein am I constant to my profession—**

Autolycus has just come to the conclusion that this year the very gods connive at rascality, so that even if it were a piece of honesty to tell the king, he would not do it ; he will be constant to his knavery and conceal it—Furness.

l. 679. **yields a careful man work**—yields a watchful rogue.

l. 682. **none of your flesh and blood —**

At the time of danger the old shepherd and his son are willing to save themselves from the king's wrath, by sacrificing Perdita selfishly and unhesitatingly.

l. 702. **fardel**—bundle.

l. 709. **excrement**—beard.

l. 719. **They do not give us the lie**—Autolycus as belonging to the military class mysifies the rustics by saying tradesmen often give solders the lie, by telling lies about their wares. For this soldiers instead of paying with stabbing steel pay with money.

l. 721. **given us one**—to charge us with lying tradesman often give us soldiers the lie but being soldiers they dare not cheat them. This contradictory statement the clown refers as taking himself with the manner.

l. 727. **measure**—The stately tread of courtiers.

l. 729. **insinuate**—Cajole, to talk with condescension and humility—Malone.

l. 730. **toaze**—Comb out, (wool etc.) hence-elicit by close examination.

l. 731. **cap-a-pe**—from head to foot.

l. 738. **Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant—**

As a suitor from the country the clown supposes his father should have brought a present of game, and therefore imagines, when Autolycus asks him what **advocate** he has, that by the word 'advocate' he means a 'pheasent'. In Shakespeare's time, justices of the peace, would do nothing without a present.

l. 748. **by the picking on's teeth**—

It seems that to pick the teeth was at this time a mark of some pretension to greatness or elegance.—Dr. Johnson.

l. 762. **hand-fast**—'In custody; properly in mainprise, in the custody of a friend on security given for appearance'—Delius.

l. 768. **germane**—related.

l. 782. **aqua-vitae**—elixir.

l. 784. **prognostication proclaims**—That is in the hottest day foretold in the almanack.—Johnson.

l. 786. **Traitorly**—treacherous.

l. 789. **being something gently considered**—a delicate hint of a bribe from the shepherd.

l. 793. **close with him**—accept his offer.

l. 804. **moiety**—half a portion.

l. 810. **show our strange sights**—That is jewels etc. of the infant Perdita.

l. 829. **a double occasion**—two-fold motive, gold from the Shepherd as well as Service to the Prince.

l. 824. **turn back**—recoil.

l. 825. **aboard him**—on board the ship.

l. 831. **matter**—profit.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Chastened and penitent Leontes, we meet again after sixteen years. Remorse and sorrow had kept company with the miserable king all these years and he is purified by his sufferings and he had nourished the memory of his beloved wife all these years. All the wrongs he had done to her, calamities he had brought upon his own head by his insane jealausy, he had washed away with tears of sorrow and anguish. Chastened and subdued by his sorrows, Leontes, we feel, has made himself worthy of Hermione's forgineness, which would again

bring happiness and peace in his life. Long repentance truly and sincerely done is ever accepted by God. Most likely, Shakespeare learnt this christain truth in later life so that dominant note of his later plays harps on repentance and reconciliation, charity and forgiveness.

Attended by Paulina and his courtiers, Leontes is in a room in his palace in Sicilia. Cleomenes urges him to forget his evil and forgive himself and implores him not to die unwedded and heirless, for the sake of his people, it not for himself. But Leontes would still mourn for his peerless wife. Paulina makes Leontes promise not to marry till she finds a fit Lady for him and unless Hermione can be restored to life.

A gentleman just then announces the arrival of Florizel and erdita at Leontes' court. Florizel tells the king that he has been sent by his father Polixenes to greet him. The Prince introduces Perdita as the daughter of Smalus, king of Lybia, whom he had recently married. He is taking back his newly-wed Lady to Bohemia. Dismissing his retinue to continue their journey home, he has arrived in Leontes' kingdom with his wife.

A messenger from king Polixenes imforms King Leontes of Florizel's escape from his home with a Shepherd's daughter. Polixenes requests an immediate arrest of Florizel and Perdita.

Polixenes and Camillo are once again in Sicilia, closely following the Prince and on their way to the court.

In despair, Florizel confesses the truth to Leontes, who appears to be not unsympethic towards the young Prince.

From one of the speeches of Hermione we get a hint that Hermione may be still alive, and that she would be restored to her husband.

l. 6. **whilst I remember etc.**—Leontes attains full purification in the end. Weakness in him becomes strength; pride, humanity ; remorse, repentance, sudden judgments, temperate acts ; sorrow , sympathy with others ; punishment, a a means of progress ; violence, steadfast obedience to law. As to his native jealousy, it had been worked through. Thus comments Stop Ford Brooke. His state of mind is now in calm and all passion spent.

l. 8. **in**—about, as regards.

l. 10. **True, too true**—First **true** is the last word of Leontes' speech. It jumped out of its place. What the king say is absolutely complete with the word **true** in the end. Therefore, the reiteration of the word true by Paulina makes sense.

l. 14. **From the all that are something good etc.**—

This is a favourite thought : it was bestowed on Miranda and Rosalind. See 'But you, O you, so perfect, and so peerless, are created of every creature best'—**Tempest** III i. 57 ; also 'Thus Rosalind of many parts, by Heavenly Synod was devised, of many faces, eyes, and hearts, to have the touches dearest prized.—**As you Like it**—III. ii. 148.—Dr Johnson.

l. 18. **She I killed ?**—Mr. Jameson thinks Paulina in her cutting speech forces the painful truth, like a knife, into the already lacerated heart of Leontes. The purpose of Paulina is to keep alive the memory of his queen and of his own cruel injustice. Furness, on the other hand, extenuates Paulina from the charge of her own cruelty to the king in thus offending him. For Paulina is fighting single-handed against the influence of the whole court against the king's own secret inclinations. So the past must be kept ever present before the king in her attempt to hinder him from marrying again. "To effect this, no speech can be too strong, and no stab go too deep. We can only then begin to forgive him when we find that he cannot forgive himself."

l. 22. **the time more benefit**—more suitable to this occasion.

l. 29. **Incertain lookerson**—That is, bystanders, who will not know what to do, who will be paralysed by the anarchy likely to ensue.—Deighton.

l. 30. **The former queen is well**—compare **Antony and Cleopatra**— II. v. 83. 'We use to say the dead are well.' or Macbeth-Act III. ii. 22. 23.—'Duncan is in his grave, After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.'

l. 38. **tenour**—purport.

l. 45. **contrary**—opposed.

l. 53. **squared**—acted in accordance with.

l. 58. **On this stage, where we offenders move etc.**—

Theobold's remark of this passage is : 'It is obvious that the grammar is defective ; and the sense consequently wants

supporting. He thinks Paulina and the king offended the dead queen's ghost with the subject of a second match. Perhaps the author intended to point it thus—'Again possess her corpse (and on this stage where we offenders now appear soul-vext) And begin **why to me ?** Why to me did you prefer one less worthy Leontes insinuates would be the purport of Hermione's speech—Malone.

Or

'where we offenders now appear soul-vext' may be another meaning of this line.

l. 61. **incense**—incite.

ll. 63-67. In this speech of Paulina we note a subtle irony and a hint of Hermione coming to life again. This irony is in line so also.

l. 75. **Affront**—set face to face, confront.

l. 82. This is an overt statement which indicates that Hermione is still alive.

l. 90. **out of circumstance**—without ceremony.

l. 97. **grave**—This means the beauties, which are buried in the grave.

l. 99. **Your Writing**—The gentleman evidently is a poet retained in the service and pay of Leontes.

l. 107. **This a creature etc.**—If she found a new religion, she would convert all those who profess other sects and follow her.

l. 109. **Not women ?**—Paulina with humour questions 'would she convert women too ?"

l. 120. **He dies to me again when talked of**—The grief of a son's loss by a mourning father is so poignantly expressed that we are reminded of Shakespeare's own bereavement when he lost his young boy.

l. 123. **unfurnish me of reason**—I shall be so emotionally stirred up that I shall lose control of myself.

l. 131. **Goddess**—Goddess is a climax.

l. 132. **I lost a couple etc.**—The king's meaning is this : 'He had lost a pair of children, who might have stood the wonder of two words, the objects of admiration to gods and men ; as this young prince and princess did, in his opion.

l. 140. **at friend**—as a friend.

l. 142. **Worn time**—old age.

l. 143. **seized**—disabled him.

l. 149. **Offices**—kindwords of goodwill.

l. 151. **behind-hand slackness**—makes me realise how slow I had been in my offer of sincere friendship to him again.

l. 160. **Tears proclaimed his**—This invention and deliberate lie of Florizel creates a painful impression.

l. 170. **Do climate here**—reside here.

l. 187. **amazedly**—in a confused manner.

l. 195. **Endured all weathers**—remained constant in all varying circumstances.

l. 202. **diverse deaths in death**—tortures.

l. 203. **The heaven sets spies upon us etc.**—During the recitul of lies by Florizel, Perdita kept all along a dignified silence. Now when they are betrayed, the truth bursts forth from her with a new dignity and she exclaims : 'Gods will oppose now our marriage.'

l. 206. **The stars etc.**—The stars will come down to earth first before our marriage would be celebrated now.

l. 207. **The odds etc.**—Fortune is as unfavourable to us as Prince and Princess, as when we were shepherd and shepherdess.—Singer.

Fortune is a cheater who beguiles princes and shepherds alike with his false dice.—Dover Wilson.

The degree of probability, the odds, the balance in favour, will be the same for the high-born and the low-born. Fortune will favour Florizel no more than she favours Doricles and the case is so hopeless that the stars will kiss the valley first, and Fortune will not intervene—Furness.

l. 217. **Chase**—harass.

ll. 219-20. **Remember etc.**—when you were as young as I am now.

l. 225. **Your eye hath too much youth in't**—Paulina hinks Leontes is in love with Perdita. In Greene's novel andosto actually does fall in love with Fawnia, his own daughter.

l. 226. **Gazes**—locks.

l. 228. **Even in these looks**—Semblance of his dead queen in Perdita makes Leontes gaze at her with admiring eyes.

l. 230. **Your honour etc.**—if your love is honourable still.

ACT V : SCENE II.

As Harness says ; probably this scene is given in narrative that the paramount interest of the play may rest, as it ought to do, with the restoration of Hermione. Dr. Johnson thinks, on the contrary, the two kings might have met on the stage, examined the shepherds and the young lady might have been recognised in sight of the spectators. By throwing the scene into narration Shakespeare deprives us of a really powerful scene. May be as Dr. Johnson says, the poet lost all interest at this point and felt exhausted and instead of two powerful scenes of dramatic interest, he bypassed one in narration and concentrated his energies on the restoration of Hermione. Furness thinks Shakespeare was afraid of his actors, who, might, by a single false expression, have made the scene of recognition of Perdita degenerate into merely a comedy but a farce and end amidst uproarious jeers of spectators.

Some critics like Gernius admire the mere relation of the two kings meeting as a rare masterpiece of prose description.

But we all wish that Shakespeare had made a scene in the p ay, of the recognition of Perdita. In imagination we can all relcreate the scene, but what poetry and dramatic possibilities could not Shakespeare create out of this material ! Possibly with some such idea in his mind, Quiller-Couch protested 'In Leontes' recognition of his daughter there is nothing at all to weaken—rather everything to strengthen, and lead up to, and heighten—the great recognition of Hermione.

l. 4. **after a little amazedness**—after the first shock of discovery.

l. 8. **broken**—disconnected.

l. 11. **notes of admiration**—exclamation marks. They were greatly astonished.

l. 12. **cases**—here both eye-lids and sockets.

l. 17. **importance**—That is import a spectator could not find out whether the symtoms were issuing out of joy or sorrow.

l. 30. **Truth were pregnant by circumstance—pregnant**—is clear, perfectly evivent, or if ever truth were stored full by circumstance. **Pregnant**—Shakespeare uses in the sense of fulness.

l. 37. **The affection of nobleness**—disposition or quality of nobleness, That is noble affection. The noble quality which Nature reveals above her peasant's breeding—Furness.

l. 46. **countenance**—outward expression.

l. 47. **favour**—face.

l. 52. **clipping**—embracing.

l. 53. **Weather-bitten**—corroded by weather,

conduit—drain pipe, conducts, representing a human figure, were heretofore not uncommon.

l. 55. **lames report**—can not be described properly and adequately.

l. 59. **Like an old tale**—Is this an echo of the title of the play 'The Winter's Tale' ?

l. 72. **one eye declined etc.**—'with one auspicious and one dropping eye.

l. 73. **elevated**—raised in joy.

l. 76. **losing**—being lost.

l. 81. **angled mine eye (caught the water...etc.)**—attracted my eyes and made me shed tears.

l. 83. **attentiveness**—listening.

l. 88. **most marble**—That is most petrified with wonder or those who had the hardest hearts.

l. 95. **Julio Romano**—Julio Romano was born in 1492 and died in 1546. Romano enters boldly into Shakespeare's Heathen world. Only excuse is that it is a wilful anachronism.

Julio Romano was a disciple of Raphael from Vasari we know that he was a master of three arts, painting, sculpture and architecture. "Ape of Nature" is a title accorded to more them one painter by his flatterers ; it was given, among others, to Giotto's disciple Stefano.

l. 96. **Eternity**—a portion of the Divinity. If as God he could breathe life into his creation, would bequile Nature of her custom. He would out-do Nature. **Cusotm trade**—would draw her customers from her.

l. 103. **for she hath privately etc.**—This is in short the history of how Paulina had visited the house where Hermione stayed for long sixteen years twice or thrice every day and kept her secret well guarded.

l. 104. **removed**—placed far away from the madding crowd.

l. 105. **piece**—add to.

l. 109. **unthrifly**—neglecting an opportunity of witnessing such 'grace.'

l. 112. **dash**—handicap.

l. 120. **not have relished**—Would not have been relished by the kings and Florizel.

l. 142. **preposterous**—quasi—prosperous.

l. 151. **Swear**—here to take an oath, the other meaning is the use of bad language, and words of swearing. The clown has the notion, like all Elizabethans of Shakespere's time that swearing is a mark of a gentleman.

l. 155. **boors**—husbandman, peasant.

l. 155. **Franklin**—a yeoman, a man above a villain but not a gentleman.

l. 159. **a tall fellow of thy hands**—'tall' means bold or courageous. 'fellow of thy hands' means a man of execution or valour ; a man of his hands—Gifford.

l. 168. **Good masters**—protectors and benefactors. It was the fashion for an inferior, or suitor, to beg of the great man, after his humble commendations, that he would be **good master** to him—Whalley.

ACT V. SCENE III.

In a chapel in Paulina's house we shall witness the resurrection of Hermione. Leontes, Polixenes, Florizel, Perdita, Camillo and Paulina are on the stage with lords and attendants. At the upper end of the stage is a niche with a curtain before it. Paulina draws the curtain and discovers the figure of Hermi-

one. All is wonder and admiration. Paulina offers to make the statue move. With solemn music strike up, the statue comes down from the pedestal. Hermione puts her arms round the neck of the king and after a long silence looks at her daughter and invokes the blessing of gods upon her kneeling daughter.

So as Dowden remarks. "At the end there is a resolution of the dissonance, a reconciliation. Its significance here is ethical and spiritual ; it is a moral necessity."

l. 8. **answer**—repay.

l. 9. **We honour you with trouble**—Compare Macbeth Act I Scene VI. 12. 14. Herein I teach you.

How you shall bid God'ild you for your pains.
And thank us for your trouble.

l. 12. **singularities**—rare pieces of art.

ll. 19—20. **the life as lively mocked**—mocked means imitation life imitated as perfectly as sleep imitates death. Pautina is laying emphasis on the colouring of the statue as Hermione could never pose herself exactly as a statue, nor look like one.

l. 21. **I like your silence**—There was a dead awe-struck silence when the curtains were gradually drawn aside by Paulina. She has to encourage Leontes to speak—Lady Marton.

l. 32. **As she lived now**—As if she might have been living now.

l. 42. **standing like stone**—Her department as she stands gazing on the statue of Hermione, fixed in wonder, admiration, and sorrow, as if she too were marble, 'O royal piece, There's magic in thy majesty' conveys a touch of character indirectly ; so Mrs. Jameson thinks, and serves to give a more finished effect to the beautiful picture.

l. 49. **sore**—thickly.

l. 54. **Let him that was the cause etc.**—Let him (that is myself) who was, though unintentionally, the cause of this, have the power by his sympathy to divert upon himself so much of this grief as he may justly make his own.—Deighton.

l. 63. **Would I were dead**—But that, me thinks, already I am in heaven and looking on an angel.

l. 67. **fixture**—though her eye be fixed (as the eye of a statue always is), yet it seems to have a motion in it ; that tremulous motion, which is perciptible in the eye of a living person, how much soever one endeavour to fix it.

l. 76. **No settled senses etc.**—The illusion that the eye moved gives in its mad joy which no sanity or reason can bestow.

l. 96. **Or those that think it unlawful business**—Let those go on, and depart, who think it is unlawful business I am about ! **Or**—another reading of this word is **on.**

l. 99. **be stone no more**—The real charm of this statue-scene is the silence of Hermione amidst so much tumult of emotions conflicting passions, awe-struck wonder. She had done her part as a stone-statue, not only in this scene but through long sixteen years in religious seclusion.

l. 109. **O, she's warm**—This is the grand climax in Leontes' emotions in this scene. From feelings of disappointment he passes in turn to the whole gamut of amazement on to delirius as raptures Hermione descends and puts her arms round his neck. Lady Martin, as Hermione had noted her impressions of the scene. Macready was Leontes. Admiring the great actor she remarks ;—"he was Leontes' very self ! His passionate joy at finding Hermione really alive seemed beyond control. Now he was prostrate at her feet, then enfolding her in his arms. I had a slight veil or covering over my head and neck, supposed to make the statue look older. This fell off in an instant. The hair, which came unbound, and felt on my shoulders, was reverently kissed and caressed. The whole change was so sudden, so overwhelming, that I suppose I cried out hysterically, for he whispered to me. 'Don't be frightened, my child ! don't be frightened ! control yourself !" All this went on during a tumult of applause that sounded like a storm of hail. Oh, how glad I was to be released, when, as soon as a lull came, Paulina, advancing with Perdita, said, 'Turn good Lady, our Perdita is found ! A broken trembling voice, I am very sure 'was mine as I said, 'you gods, look down' etc. It was such a comfort to me, as well as true to natural feeling, that Shakespeare gives Hermione no words to say to Leontes, but leaves her to assure him of her joy and forgiveness by look and manner only, as in his arms she feels the old life, so long suspended, comeback to her again."

l. 111. **She embraces him**—The effect of wonder on Polixenes. With him the feelings of the spectators become entangled between the conviction of death and the impression of life, the idea of a deception and the feeling of reality. Mrs. Jameson.

l. 117. **Like on old tale**—By iteration of the words 'old tale' in the play Shakespeare wants to emphasise on nature of the fiction, improbable and incredible, on which the play has been founded.

l. 129. **Upon this push**—**push** is impulse given, a setting in motion, special occasion.

l. 130. **relation**—narration.

l. 132. **Winners**—That is you who by this discovery have **gained** what you desired, may join in festivity, in which I, who have lost what never can be recovered, can have no part.—Johnson.

partake—participate.

l. 147. **What ? look upon my brother**—Leontes is it seems drawing attention of Hermione to his long-lost new-found friend Polixenes.

This unfolds a charming and delicate trait in Hermione ; remembering how sixteen years ago her innocent freedom with Polixenes had been misconstrued, and keenly sensible, even amidst the joy of her restoration to child and husband, of the bitter penalty they had involved, she now turns from him, when they meet with feelings of mingled modesty and apprehension.

l. 152. **Lead us hence**—compare the last lines of the Merchant of Venice : 'Let us go in,

> And charge us there upon interrogatories.
> And we will answer all Things faithfully'.—Furness.

Part VI

APPENDIX TO THE WINTER'S TALE

[Questions with Suggestion for Answers]

APPENDIX

QUESTIONS WITH SUGGESTION FOR ANSWERS

Q. 1. Write a short note on the four chief periods in the dramatic art of Shakespeare.

Ans. Relying on external and internal evidences, critics have distinguished four chief periods in the evolution of the dramatic art of Shakespeare. During the formative period of his genius, Shakespeare had retouched the plays of earlier authors and imitated his immediate predecessors who as Scholar-poets were trying to create the New Drama.

As Dowden observes—'From each of his predecessors Shakespeare gained something for his art, and he quickly surpassed them all. From Marlowe he learnt the use of that majestic measure, blank verse, first heard on a public stage in the tragedy of *Tamburlaine* ; and it became ductile in his hands and capable of infinite variety. From Greene he learnt the use of the rhymed couplet, which he employed with such happy facility in his earlier plays. Kyd it may have been who instructed him in various pieces of rhetorical sleight of hand in verse, and could be adopted to the expression of dramatic passion or to the control of that expression. The prose of lively dialogue, with quick turns of wit and repartee, which we find in the first comedies of Shakespear, was in large measure derived from Lyly."

The first period constitutes the years of experiment, with exercise in retorching the plays by earlier authors ; Shakespeare remodelled old plays like *Titus Andronious* and *Henry VI* for the stage reproduction by his company of players. He wrote light and graceful comedies like *Love's Labour lost*, and *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* ; *The Comedy of Errors* is a farce, while *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is a masque. To this period belong the earleir historical plays and *Romeo and Juliet*—the lyrical tragedy of youth and passion and hopeless fate.

In the second period of his authorship Shakespeare wrote the two parts of *Henry IV* and *The life of Henry V*. History

and comedy blend together in the character of falstaff and in King Henry V he creates the apotheosis of valiant royalty. His treatment of history had influence upon the development of his art and a richer maturity of his genius. This richness of his art goes into the creation of his high comedies— *Much Ado About Nothing*, *As You Like It*, *Twelfth Night* and *The Merchant of Venice*. His craftsmanship is evident in the neat construction of his plot and as a dramatist he creates the unmortal womanhood in Portia, Beatrice, Viola and Rosalind.

In the third period, roughly from 1600 to 1610 with the grandeur and terror of his art Shakespeare wrote tragedy after tragedy in steady succession—*Hamlet*, *King Lear*, *Macbeth*, *Othello* The tragic gloom and melancholy of this period reaches its height of darkness and cynicism in *Timon of Athens*.

In the final period however, Shakespeare seems to have regained his serenity and calmness. In the final plays like *Cymbeline*, *The Winter's Tale* and *The Tempest*, Shakespeare, in a serene and tender light, creates an atmosphere of romance where yet the memory of fate and the sense of tragedy hang like mist on the horizon of it. There is a grave and quiet undertone even in the midst of all the mirth and hilarity of life. These later plays are enriched by the wealth of profound imaginative thought and intellectual suggestion, and yet they lose no intensity and passion. 'They are calm and faultless and that is all : in their marble perfection we see the true unsullied greatness of their author.'

Q. 2. "With the plays and sonnets in our hands we know much more about Shakespeare than we know about Dickens and Thackery'—G. B. Shaw. Comment on the Statement.

Ans. See the First chapter—*The Enigma* in *The Life of Shakespeare*.

Q. 3. What kind of a personality of Shakespeare emerges to your mental vision from the known facts of his life ?

Ans. See Chapter 14 of *William Shakespeare—"Shakespeare the Man-Still an Enigma*.

Q. 4. Write a short history of the origin of the drama in England.

Ans. England possesses a theatrical literatrue independent in its origin, characteristic in its form, and faithfully reflecting the feature, moral, social, and intellectual of the people among whom it arose. After the Norman Conquest, the clergy imitating the practice in France, introduced spectacles representing episodes from Biblical History and the lives of the Saints for religious instruction. These religious spectacles, for their sacred nature were called *Mysteries* and *Miracles.* Their form and the spirit were derived from the ritual of the church.

The earliest play, written in French by Geoffrey is the Mystery play of St. Katharine, performed at St. Albans in circa 1100 A. D.

In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries these plays were composed by monks and acted by monks, the Cathedral was turned into a theatre ; the stage—usually a graduated platform in three divisions—was placed near the high altar ; the costume came from the rich vestry of the church. The stage arrangements, were simple ; the three platforms represented, Heaven, Earth and Hell ; the action being a combination of the supernatural and human.

With the introduction of secular performers, the Mysteries passed from the church to the churchyard, and so into the streets. Guilds were formed in the thirteenth century, who arranged their Corpus Christe processions and their Corpus Christi dramas. The portable stage was set up in the street. The chief plays still extent are the Corpus Christi Mysteries of York, Wakefield, and Coventry ; and the Whitsuntide plays of Chester.

The Creation, *The Fall*, *the Story of Cain and Abel*, *The Deluge*, *the Massacre of the Innocents* and *the Crucifixion*—these and the *lives of the Saints* were generally written in mixed prose and verse ; with feeble attempts at characterisation, humour and pathos.

An instance of comic episode we find in the Wakefield Miracle play, when the obstinate refusal of Noah's wife to enter the ark at last is overcome by the logic of the beating she receives for her resistance and scolding.

The Mystery, the only form of dramatic respresentation continued its popularity upto the forteenth century and survives to day in the Passion play of Ober-Ammergau.

A tendency to symbolical rather literal representation usherd in the Morality play the first step towards the secularisation of the drama. It supplanted the Miracle plays in the beginning of the fourteenth century.

The theme of the Morality play became a vehicle for conveying a religious moral by means of symbolism for which abstract or allegorical action was introduced in which the dramatic personae were abstractions. Instead of the Deity and angels, saints and patriarchs, we have characters here like Every Man—the symbol of humanity, Lusty Juventus, a symbolic figure representing the follies and weaknesses of youth, and such personifications of abstract qualities as Good Counsel, Repentance, Gluttony, Pride, Avarice and the like. The Devil, the Vice or Clown came from the Mystery Play to enliven the audience even here. Some of the Moralities extant are *The Cradle of Security* and *Lusty Juventus*. Later in the fifteenth century, the spirit of Renaissance gives a new shape to Morality plays for instance, Skelton's *Masque of Magnificance* is the refined creation which transforms morality into the elagance of a Masque.

Interludes with their tone of merriment and farcical elements doveloped side by side with the Moralities. Chief among the three interludes of John Heywood in the famous *Four P's*, a merry interlude of a Palmer, a Pardoner, a Potycary, and a Pedlar.

The dumb-shows in Mysteries and Moralities and Tableaux Vivants on a wheeled platform forming part of a religious procession or introduced in great halls during banquets are also to be taken into account while tracing the progress of dramatic art in England from its rude infancy.

With all these advancement of dramatic art, receding further at each step from its purely religions origin, led inevitably to its apotheosis—the creation of the modern drama,—the scenic representation, by means of the action and dialogue of human personages, of some event of history or of social life, borrowing inspiration and guidance from the classical dramas.

From now on dramatic composition would class themselves into two great categories of comedy and tragedy. The first comedy born of the national genius was *Ralph Roister Doister*, written by Nicholas Udall in 1541. In 1556, John Still wrote the second famous comedy, *Gammer Gurton's Needle*. *Gorbodac*

by Thomas Sackville and Thomas Norton was the first tragedy, written in 1561.

Q. 5. Give a brief description of the stage and the play-houses in the days of Shakespeare.

Ans. Before the appearance of playhouses in London, amateur actors, often the domestics of the sovereign and the nobles, performed plays at Court, in the palaces of aristocrats, in the universities, and in the Inns of courts. Strolling players, under the supervison of the Office of the Revels wandered about the country and performed wherever they could find an audience, preferably in the town halls and in the courtyard of inns. These players were classed with musicians, singers, gogglers and tumblers. They were, however, protected against the severe law of the time, by letters-patent and the livery of their master. Theatrical devices were simple in those days. The hall of a college, palace or nobleman's house could easily be converted into a stage and auditorium. The dais or elevated platform at the upper-end of the hall was a ready-made stage ; with the addition of a curtain and a few scenes covered with tapestry, it fulfilled the requirements of that primitive condition of scenic art. At the inn, however, the stage was formed by a platform set up in the centre of the yard. The spectators stood upon the ground infront of it. The inns of those days in England were built round an open courtyard, along each storey of which ran an open gallery and this opened doors and windows of the rooms which were occupied by the guests, who used to step out of their rooms into the gallery to witness a performance.

With the increase of popularity of dramatic entertainments, in many places and particularly in London, special societies or professional actors came into existence and special buildings were constructed for their exhibitions. The earliest of these were *The Theatre* and *The Curtain* in Shoreditch, built in 1576. At one period London possessed a dozen of public theatres, the most celebrated being *The Globe*, with which was associated Shakespeare's company. It was built in 1599, burnt to ashes in 1613, during the performance of Shakespeare's *Henry VIII.*

On the Surrey bank of the Thames, the great majority of London theatres flourished, free from the jurisdiction of puritanical corporation. Famous among them are *The Globe*, *The*

Hope, *The Theatre* and *The Swan.* Externally they were octagonal or hexagonal, internally oval or circular. The buildings were open to the air but a Thatched roof protected the stage and actors from the weather.

The most remarkable peculiarity of the Elizabethan theatre was the total absence of painted scenery. A few screens gave the cators their opportunities of exit and entrance. Sometimes a board on which was written the name of Rome, Athens, Florence or London was exhibited on the stage in order to give the audience the idea of the location of the scene. Yet details were not overlooked, a bedroom on the stage possessed a bed, a tavern was represented on the stage with a table covered with bottles and tankards ; a gilded chair gave the idea of a palace. At the back of the stage was erected a permanent wooden balcony, about nine feet above the ground, and this served as a wall of a castle or beseiged city as in *Coriolanus* or the outside of a house as in *Othello* (Act I Scene I, Brabantio talking to Iago and Roderigo) or the balcony scene of *Romeo and Juliet.*

Yet on this bare wooden plateform rich costumes were worn by the actors, though little attention was paid to chronological or national accuracy. The Costumes, however, were rich, graceful and picturesque. The curtain opened perpendicularly in the middle, and occasionally traverses or curtains divided the stage into several apartments.

The cost of admission was small, even for private boxes. Usually the play started at broad daylight, in the afternoon, with three flourishes of a trumpet and continued for two hours or so. The signal was given for the play by the hoisting of a flag from the summit of the theatre. This remained floating throughout the performance. At the end of a piece, or between acts the clown or jester performed a jig—a declamation in doggerel verse, accompanied by a farcical dancing. This comic actor, who could improvise witticism was very popular among the audience and if he was a talented actor as Tarlton Kempe or Arnim, he enjoyed enormous popularity as the clown or Jester.

The whole stage was hung with black sometimes when a tragedy was on the stage. On ordinary occasions the stage was strewn with rushes, and it was not unusual for 'the fine gentle-

man to sit amid the full business on the stage, displaying their splendid clothes."

Female parts were invariably taken by boys of young men. Women did not appear on the stage till after the Restoration.

The property and profit of the theatre were divided into a number of shares, held jointly by principal actors who engaged the services of hired men for inferior parts. The profits were considerable and the career of a talented actor was very lucrative. Shakespeare must have started his career first as an actor and later on, became a man of property as a successful dramatist. Besides most of the dramatists of the age, were, like Shakespeare, actors by profession.

So the Elizabethan drama has that directness and vivacity which we associate with the stage mechanism—the knowledge of which was indispensable for a successful playwright. Shakespeare as an actor and author who wrote hastily to supply the constant need of new plays in those days of short 'runs' was following a tradition established by the University Wits, in order to cater for the popular taste, in mingling his work with an alloy of coursness, violence and buffoonery. The University Wits were generally Young men of strong passions and they joined the actors hoping thereby to obtain an easy means of subsistence at a time when both as playwright and actor one could succeed in life. And these University Wits like Green Lodge, Nashe, Kyd, Marlowe and Peale were predecessors of Shakespeare, from whom he learnt the tricks of the trade as a playwright.

They were the leaders of the New Drama. "The restlessness of such men as Greene, Nashe and Marlowe is an unmistakable sign of the spirit of Renaissance : they were men over whose minds the charm of Italy had exerted its influence, with all its good and all its evil. In their hands, the drama ceased to be religious, or even to be the vehicle of unorthodox satire ; it was consecrated to an art and to a spirit whose extraordinary and self-contradictory qualities are best to be studied in the thoughtless lives and miserable deaths of these men, and at the same time, in their abnormal sense of artistic beauty. They may be regarded as early sacrificers to their art : after their own day, the player-actor seems to have ordered his life better and to have profited by their sinister examples as well as by their methods ; and prudence and

industry certainly had their reward in the case of Burbage, Alleyn and Shakespeare.

Q. 6. Is it likely that Leonte's jealousy has been long maturing ?

Ans. See the chapter on Characters of the Play.

Q. 7. "The Hermione of the first act is a different woman from the Hermione of the fifth act." Examine the statement and support your view with illustrations from the play.

Ans. See *Hermione* in the chapter on characters of the Play.

Q. 8. State some differences between the play and Greene's novel upon which the play is based.

Ans. See Introduction, the chapter on the Source of the Plot.

Q. 9. Write a short note on the atmosphere of *The Winter's Tale.*

Ans. See Introduction.

In the first three acts of the play the tragic element is contributed by the jealousy of Leontes, gathering in frenzy till in the end it causes wide-spread mistery and distress. The Prince Mamillius dies of grief at his mother's trials and tribulations. From the prison Hermione is led to suffer the indignity of a public trial. The child born in prison is taken out by Antigonus for destruction in the desert at the command of the cruel king.

The oracle of Delphi exonerates the innocent Queen after the death of Mamillius, and after the cruel command of the king to destroy Perdita is executed by Antigonus. The Queen dies of grief and Leontes is left lamenting to repent his folly. This atmosphere of gloom and tragedy is linked with a promise of hope and future reconciliation by the Oracle of Delphi. Hermione is sustained in her misery and suffering through sixteen long years, by this hope that the lost child would be found, after which only a reunion with the repentant king would once again bring sunshine to her life.

The romantic framework of the play lifts the vills of dark clouds of tragedy with the pastoral epidose in the fourth act. The bucolic atmosphere of the sheep-shearing Festival in which Perdita presides as a queen of curds and cream, dances with her beloved Prince Florizel, and welcomes with flowers Polixenes and Camillo, disguished as shepherds, sets the tempo of this happy transition from tragedy to romance which is heighted by dance and joy of the shepherds in the Festival.

The pastoral scenes with shepherds and shepherdesses, with Autolycus in their midst playing his tricks, depict the aspects of the country life. The very sheep-shearing festival—the gathering of the rustics, dance and music and a pedlar, who is a rogue and pick-pocket brings before us an atmosphere of country life during Elizabethan days. All the flowers mentioned by Perdita are English flowers—'Carnations and streak'd gillyvors,' 'rosemary and rue' and 'marigold that goes to bed with the sun.' There is a reference also to a popular morris dance in 'whitsun pastorals.'

Time and the bucolic atmosphere wipe away the tragic atmosphere of the preceeding three acts of the play and our mind is attuned to the future happiness in store for Leontes, and Hermione secured in peace and reconciliation which would end the play.

Q. 10. 'The Winter's Tale is more moving on the stage than in the reading.' Discuss.

Ans. Time, the chorus does not appear very convincing in creating an illusion of continuity of time between the tragic half of the play and the latter portion of pastoratism and comedy with which the reunion and reconciliation are effected in the end. But on the stage during the performance of the play the two independent parts cohere, with or without the chorus Time. The long pastoral scene is a cunning device in greying out the tragic gloom and in springing for through dance, music and association of flowers an atmosphere when love and goodness would again prevail. And the statue-scene convincingly performs this miracle on the stage.

See the question No. 11., *On the Statue-Scene.*

Q. 11. Write an appreciation of the Statue Scene.

Ans. Though the narration of the Discovery of Perdita in the last Act is moving yet Dr. Johnson thinks that the two

kings might have met upon the stage, and after an examination of the old shepherd, the young Lady might have been recognised in sight of the spectators.

What was the motive of Shakespeare for conveying by narrative what he might have made so pathetic in representation ? Evidently Shakespeare wanted the statue scene to be impressive and so wisely placed the recognition of Perdita behind the scenes. After such a powerful scene as the reunion of friends and the finding of Petdita, some of the effect of the statue scene, coming immediately after would be lost to the audience. Shakespeare thus avoids the weakening of the effect of the statue scene.

Besides Shakespeare was fully conscious of the thin partition that lies between tragedy and comedy. Furness observes : Thus here, merely let us vividly picture to ourselves what might be fairly termed the joyous, ebullient antics of Leontes, first begging pardon of Polixenes, then hugging Florizel, the worrying Perdita with his embraces, then wringing the Odd Shepherd's hand, who was crying vigorously and probably with superfluous noise—and I think we shall be quite aware that unless all the characters were assumed by actors of commanding power, the scene would degenerate into farce and end amid uproarious jeers."

There was an immense possibility of effect on the stage of the statue scene ; and Shakespeare knew fully how to exploit the situation on the stage. Producers of Shakespeare's plays down the centuries fully appreciated its powerful effect on the stage representation and history of the stage bears witness to many a successful presentation of the Statue Scene. In 1802, Kemble the great actor and producer presented on the stage *The Winter's Tale* in all the splendor of decoration and power of acting that he could impress upon it. Boaden in his *Life of Kemble* expresses his admiration of the Statue Scene thus "In Paulina's chapel Mrs. Siddons stood as one of the noblest statues that even Grecian taste invented. The figure composed something like one of the Muses in profile. The drapery was ample in its folds and seemingly story in its texture. Upon the magical words, pronounced by Paulina : 'Music ; awake her ! strike !' the sudden action of the head absolutely *startled*, as though such a miracle really verified the marble ; and the descent from the pedestal was equally graceful and affecting."

This statue-scene has hardly its parallel for enchantment even in Shakespeare's theatre. The star of his genius was at its zenith when he composed it; but it was only a Siddons that could do justice to its romantic perfection. So Campbell wrote after he witnessed Mrs. Siddon's performance of Hermione. Campbell records his admiration in these words; 'Mrs. Siddons looked the staute, even to literal illusion; and whilst the drapery hid her lower limbs, it showed a beauty of head, neck, shoulders, and arms, that Praxiteles might have studied. The heart of every one who saw her when she burst from the semblance of sculpture into motion, and embraced her daughter, Perdita, must throb and glow at the recollection.

The wonderful effect of the Statue-scene is recorded by an admirer when Miss Helen Faucit appeared as Hermione on the stage at Edinburgh in 1847.

"The turning of the head, and the earnest gaze of the full eyes by which Miss Faucit, with the skill of a great artist, breaks the transition from repose to motion, was magical in effect, and made the suspended blood to throb. And when she descended from the pedestal, with a slow and gliding motion, and wearing the look of a being consecrated by long years of prayer and sorrow and seclusion, it sēemed to us as if we looked upon a being almost too pure to be gazed on with unveiled eyes. What words can paint the mingled expression of wistfulness, of regret, of forgiving sadness, with which she gazed on Leontes? The memory of all that fearful wrong—her standered honour—her dead son—her outcast daughter—her long years of isolation and grief—was to be read on that wondrous spirit-face, and with it a forgiveness that one felt to be divine. The penitence and 'saint-like sorrow' of Leontes in 'that wide gap of time', during which he had mourned 'The sweet'st companion that e'er Bred his hopes out of', had purified him again, so that even she might hold out her hand in·token that he might approach her. He takes the outstretched hand,—his touch brings back all the woman into her heart, and she falls upon his neck with a tenderness exceeding that of former days. In the mingling of this strong human affection with an elevation of lofty and spiritual, there was a moral impressiveness beyond all that we have experienced. It seemed as if that stillness should never be broken,—as if we could not bear, for a season, at least,—to hear the utterance of a creature that looked and moved so,—upon the earth, but not of it.

The solemn tone of Hermione's feelings appeared to communicate itself to the audience, and they felt with what fitness and beauty Shakespeare confines her words to a blessing on her daughter. We write warmly, and yet we feel how poor and meagre all words must be to express the exquisite beauty of this scene. Parts may be indicated, but how portray the continuous beauty of each phase of feeling, each modulation of gesture? Poetry, painting, sculpture;—the best of each,—and something more than these, were there.

Hermione, in the statue-scene, stands before us as she appeared to Antigonus in his dream, 'In pure white robes, like very sanctity.' And the spirit which breathes from her face, where grief has long grown calm, and suffering brightened into a heavenly pity in the pure world of thought where she sojourned during 'the wide gap of time,'—the spirit which bears within it so much of heaven, with all that is best on earth, alone possesses our every faculty. We feel how impossible 'it is for Perdita not to kneel, as she does, before a presence so saintly and august. Our gaze is riveled with the intensity of fascination and, like Leontes, we would fain dwell upon the vision for ever. Serene, majestic, spirit-like, it stands before us,—the perfection of sculpture, yet more; for 'what fine chisel did ever so cut breath."

And anon the solemen music begins to sound, which Shakespeare knew so well to employ in resolving one high-strung mood into another; and Hermione, turning her averted head, gazes with full, sad eyes—oh, so full, and sad, and tender!—upon Leontes.

And Hermione descends from her pedestal, and advances, gliding, like nothing on earth, towards her awe-stricken lord.

And who shall paint the forgiveness, the tenderness, the mingled pity and joy of the look with which she welcomes him to her embrace?

The long, long night of sorrow is past—the dawn of joy has come,—a sacred, tempered, joy, more exquisite for the trials out of which it has grown. 'She hangs about his neck', and then the fountain of her words is again unsealed, and most fitly are her words those of solemn blessing. 'You gods, look down, and from your sacred vials pour your grace upon

my daughter's head !' She ceases, and with the close of this strain of heavenly music the solemnized hearts of the spectators are face to beat once more.

Q. 12. "The recognition scene in the Winter's Tale bears some resemblance to a scene in Euripide's Alcestis." Discuss.

Ans. Alcestis, one of the most beautiful daughters of Pelias was married to Admetus, the King of Pherae in Thessaly. When Hermes came to take Admetus away to Tartarus in Hades. Alcestis was willing to die to save her husband from his death. But when she descended to Tartarus, Persephone refused the sacrifice of Alcestis. Another version of the myth says that Heracles arrived with an olive club. just in time to prevent Hades, who arrived in person, from carrying off Alcestis.

Euripides wrote a play on *Alcestis* and we have translation of the play by Robert Browning.

Heracles or Hercules bring back Alcestis to her husband Admetus from Hades, as he is weeping tears of repentance for allowing his wife to die in his stead. A few lines from *Alcestis* would indicate the shadow of semblance between the recognition scene of The Winter's Tale and *Alcestis* of Euripides.

Heracles—Toward her turn these eyes
And say if she resembles not thy wife.
Rest happy now, and all thy pains forget.

Admetus—O ye immortal gods ! What can I say
At this unhoped, unlooked for miracle ?
Do I in truth behold my wife, or doth
Some phantom of delight o'erpower my sense !

Heracles—This is no phantom but your own true wife.

Admetus—Art sure she is no ghost from the neither world ?

Heracles—You did not think a sorceror was your guest.

As Paulina surely does not resemble the giant Hercules, so the recognition scene of Shakespeare has no earthly semblance to the scene of Euridipes, where Hurcules restores the dead wife to Admetus.

Q. 13. How is Autolycus connected with the plot of the Winter's Tale ?

Ans. Autolycus realises the significance of the exchange of his clothes with Florizel and hangs on the movements of the Prince. Finding the prince running away with Perdita, he takes this opportunity of placing the old Shepherd and his on the ship which was to sail away with the Prince to Sicilia. He also accompanies the Prince to Sicilia.

Thus through his mischief, he plays a part in helping the recognition of Perdita and her reunion with her parents.

See also Introduction. The character of Autolycus.

Q. 14. With Perdita we could not reconcile ourselves with the idea of reunion of Leontes and Hermione. Discuss.

Ans. While Leontes washes away his guilt through repentances and Hermione suffers isolation and misery for long sixteen years. Polixenes saved by the divine will of Apollo is brought up the old shepherd in Bohemia. Perdita is miraculously saved after being exposed to death in the desert in her helpless infancy, in order that she after sixteen years would bring about a reconciliation between the estranged friends and her unhappy parents.

Next to Hermione, Perdita plays a leading part in the happy denouement of *The Winter's Tale.*

Also see Introduction. The character of Perdita.

Q. 15. "Autolycus is a rogue not so much from malice as from pleasure; he takes delight in thievery for its own sake rather than for its gain." comment on the statement.

Ans. See Introduction. The character of Autolycus.

Q. 16. "The jealousy of Leontes is not, like that of Othello, developed with all its causes, symptoms and gradations ; it is brought toward at once, and is portrayed as a distempered frenzy."

Ans. See Introduction, the character of Leontes.

Of all the transformations which the characters in Greene's novel underwent, certainly the most curious is that of Pandosto. Shakespeare's Leontes must be, of necessity, a thoroughly sensual man, dominated by his temperament, and like all such men, incapable of reflection and the slave of imagination.

The very domination of the flesh which begets jealousy in Leontes could just as well under other circumstances have begotten a credulous confidence, and have made him, the case occuring, as blind to the faults of his wife as he is blind to her innocence.

To men of his character, the difference between physical love and moral love does not exist. Leontes loved Hermione less with his soul than with his senses. And his repentance is as sudden as his fault.

(Expand this idea in the light of the analysis of Leontes' character in the Introduction.)

Q. 17. "The character of Hermione exhibits dignity without pride, love without passion, and tenderness without weakness." Examine the statement and analyse the character of Hermione.

Ans. See Introduction the character of Hermione.

Q. 18. "She is a character strongly known from real and common life." Do you agree with this remark as applied to Paulina ?

Ans. See Introduction, The character of Paulina.

Q. 19. "Merely because his wife converses earnestly with his guest, his most trusted friend, after her request had induced that guest to remain longer in Sicilia, this horrible blood thirsty creature turns to a manifold murderer". Comment of this remark on Leontes.

Ans. See Introduction, The Character of Leontes.

Q. 20. 'We have plain indications that the growth of Leontes' passion had been a gradual one.—Discuss this statement of Deighton.

Ans. Deighton thinks that with the memory of Greene's Pandosto fresh in Shakespeare's mind, the jealousy shown in the play as sudden must have been the final growth of maddened frenzy from the cumulative effect of little incidents between the Queen and his friend during his long sojourn in Leonte's palace. At this mad moment in the retrospect Leontes puts a wicked interpretation on the innocent actions of Hermione in the past crowding in his mind with a significance of distortion which turns him to madness. This impression Shakespeare creates by the management of dramatic time, by telescoping the past into the present, and the course of jealousy though sudden is stretched from the present to the past in retrospective but the very past is pin-pointed to the present.

The growth of Jealousy in Green's Pandosto is gradual. So Shakespeare imputes this gradual growth unconsciously to Leontes but the expendiency of dramatic craftsmanship makes Shakespeare show the growth of Lontes' jealousy as sudden maddening fury born at an instant with a flash.

When Camillo tells the king that:

"I would not be a stander-by to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so"

Leontes in a flood of passion recounts from memory past incidents of his wife's familiarity with his friend, imputing to innocence his own hellish interpretation :—

Is whispering nothing ?
Is leaning cheek to cheek ? Is meeting noses ?
Kissing with inside lip ? stopping the career
Of Laughing with a sigh ?—a note infallible
Of breaking honesty—horsing foot on foot ?
Skulking in corners ? Wishing clocks more swift ?
Hours, minutes ? noon, midnight ? and all eyes
Blind with the pin and web but theirs, theirs only,
That would unseen be wicked ? Is this nothing ?
Why, then the world and all that's in't is nothing :
The covering sky is nothing : Bohemia nothing ;
My wife is nothing ; nor nothing have these nothings,
If these be nothing.

Is not this outburst the result of a 'long—continued watchfulness' on the part of Leontes ? Thus it points to a long brooding of jealousy in Leontes. So Leontes' jealous could not have been baseless and unreasoning. If we take this view, then Leontes lacked the simple faith of the noble soul of Othello when he says to Iago.

> 'Tis not to make me jealous
> To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
> Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well ;
> Where virtue is, these are more virtuous.